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MY PILGRIMAGE
TO EASTERN SHRINES
BY ELIZA C. BUSH

MY PILGRIMAGE

TO

EASTERN SHRINES.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

MY PILGRIMAGE

TO

EASTERN SHRINES.

BY

ELIZA C. BUSH.

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THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED,

AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATEFUL AFFECTION AND RESPECT,

IN ADMIRATION OF HER

WORTH AS A CHRISTIAN, AN ENGLISHWOMAN,

A MOTHER, AND A FRIEND,

TO

MRS. COLLINSON,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

To visit the land where our Blessed Lord, taking upon Him the likeness of man, sojourned for a period of thirty-three years, over which He wandered, enduring fatigue and suffering, hunger and thirst, whose people heard His voice and were familiar with His presence, whose mountains He ascended, on whose lake He sailed, whose fields, trees, and customs He brought into the imagery of His parables, has often been the aspiration of many a devout Christian.

When we remember the accounts we have of the fervour of the Crusaders, how men sold all that they had, left country, home, and all which made home dear, for certain hardships and perils, with but little information respecting their route, and much uncertainty as to the means by which their journey was to be accomplished, those amongst us who know by experience that even in these days the tour to the East (as it is somewhat irreverently styled) is one involving considerable anxiety, much fatigue, some difficulty, and not wholly exempt from danger, cannot but admire the fortitude which enabled many thousands of these men to persevere to the end. When we remember, too, that the grand object of the Crusades was at last accomplished, and that under the dominion of a virtuous Christian prince Jerusalem was more than seven centuries ago rescued from the hands of the infidel, how can we understand, to what can we attribute, the supineness of modern Christian nations, who are content that travellers of their race should be tolerated only in places of such heart-stirring religious interest? Every Christian in the Holy Land

bears, as it were, the yoke of the infidel. Has any effort been made to shake it off? The most callous and indifferent can hardly repress a feeling very like shame when he finds himself admitted or excluded from the Holy Sepulchre at the pleasure of the Turkish guards.

It may be that for our humiliation, in the high purposes of God, we are not permitted, like His chosen people of old, to go in and possess the good land. Let us at least, however, be thankful that it is at this day more open to our researches than it ever has been since the Crusading times. These hospitable resting-places, the convents, are ever open to receive the traveller. The religious orders, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, have for a long series of years kept a footing (and a perilous one too often) in this land, though the lives of many have been sacrificed, and their houses have been pillaged in times still recent. Their residence in some parts is never a very safe one, but still they remain, soldiers of the cross, ever faithful at their posts, and what would travelling in Palestine be without them? They have great influence over the people, are familiar with their language and customs, devote themselves cheerfully and kindly to receiving and supplying the wants of an immense number of pilgrims who twice in the year pass through a barren and difficult country; while the traveller is in many parts equally dependent on them for shelter and entertainment, for which it is true he can make compensation, but which no compensation could otherwise procure. These establishments are entitled to the most sincere respect. It is with unmingled pleasure that I bear my testimony to the valuable services and ready kindness of these self-denying and benevolent members of communities vowed to a life of religious and useful duties which they so well fulfil.

E. C. BUSH.

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CHAPTER I.

From Grätz to Trieste—A Pleasant Promenade—Voyage down the Adriatic—The Coasts of Istria, Fiume, Pola, &c.,—Corfu—Government House—A Pasha's Daughter—Round the Morea—Cerigo—Syra—A Turkish Family—Athens—The Piræus—Greek Boatmen—The Streets of Athens—The Tempio del Vento—A Festa—The University of Athens—Temple of Jupiter Olympus—The Theatre of Bacchus—The Parthenon—The Erechtheion.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, before dawn I was in a railway train to leave Grätz for Trieste, most impatient to quit the region of snows, which for several days had marked the course of a most dreary journey from the centre of Germany. "Buon giorno, Signori," said an Italian, stepping into his place—a greeting which, in the language of the sweet South, seemed promising and pleasant even there. A young Hungarian lady, with large clear blue eyes, white forehead, and rosy, plump cheeks, all muffled up in a scarlet knitted shawl, and with a little white dog in her lap, and a fur-clad papa by her side, was going to get warm at Venice for the rest of the winter; and on we all went at cheerful speed, venturing now and then, as morning advanced, to let down a window for a hurried glance without; but the snow-clad landscape presented little that was very attrac-

tive. After pausing for dinner at Steinbruck, a place in the fine Pass of Simmerung, whose jagged mountains edge the defile, we went on from Cilly to Laibach with the additional company of a little lad going to the University. After passing Laibach we crossed many viaducts, and soon seemed to be on very high ground, a terraced route on a mountain side; pines and fir-trees clothing the precipices, and a wide plain extending far below. Visiting Adelsberg could not be thought of, but I was told that at Pentecost the caves were all illuminated, and decked with garlands for the grand festa, when the peasantry danced within those gloomy recesses.

Evening came on, and a sudden change of temperature with it. The early moon and a mild star or two looked in upon us, while the ice melted from the windows, which all day, and for many previous days, had presented a very frosty aspect. I was the first to let them down, and once more to recognize with intense thankfulness the balmy softness of the Italian clime, registering at the same time a kind of vow never more to leave its genial life-comforting warmth for the blustering north.

At Nabresina many quitted the train, but one carriage which was quite full bore on still southwards, arriving in Trieste about nine o'clock. Next morning what a cheerful scene! Ships and the blue sea visible from my window, and on going out a piazza with fruit, vegetables, and sunshine. My first thought was of the ice-bound country I had quitted, where not a blade of grass was to be seen, not a leaf of salad to be had; but I was soon

attracted by groups of peasants in rather pretty costumes, their dark gowns bound with broad bright coloured ribbons, a jacket open in front showing embroidered kerchief with gold clasp, and invariably a nosegay within its folds, white cap with veil turned back and falling in double plait down to the waist, and purple sash with long ends tied at the side. The piazza has a fountain in the midst, with emblematical figures of the four quarters of the globe.

Trieste is a cheerful town, with good shops and a very good hotel, the charges of which are reasonable. From the Locanda Grande in the piazza one emerges in the midst of the country people, with their fresh fruit. The post-office is far off on the other side of the town, past a smaller piazza, with more fruit and food, sold by peasants with good-humoured faces; and across a canal, where vessels are unloading, is the spacious church of St. Antonio, which has some fine pictures. Not far off are some gardens, which in summer are open to the public. The old cathedral is up a steep rising from the large piazza, a good half-hour's walk. I went there on the sixth, and on entering heard the voice of a priest, who from the pulpit was summing up all the deaths of each parish in the past year, the announcement of the numbers in total being strangely thrilling. The church was densely crowded, and a sort of shudder seemed to pervade the mass as the numbers "gathered in" were told. After a pause and prayers, the number of marriages and of births was announced, the whole finishing with music.

A similar ceremony takes place at the same time every year. There are many very old monuments of gold mosaic in this church, in which the history of the saint and martyr to whom it is dedicated is very graphically and rather grotesquely told. One marble figure bearing the palm branch before the altar is very chaste and delicate. There is a fine view from the platform outside over the pleasant sea, and in a garden close by are many old Roman fragments of sculpture.

I remained twelve days in Trieste, always wanting to be off southwards in ships that were going merrily away over the rippling waves. The pier is crowded on Sundays and festas, and from it one quiet evening I saw the range of mountains arching round to Venice, all bathed in rosy light. On the line of coast towards Nabresina is the Castello Mirama, belonging to Maximilian, now Emperor of Mexico, and once his summer residence; a most charming place, of which he must sometimes think even in his Mexican palace. There is a nice road close to the sea for driving to this pleasant abode, and the railway to Nabresina runs along above. A Pharos, or lighthouse, stands out at the extreme end of the Molo, which faces the whole town, and is about two miles in length, forming a semicircle from the entrance of the harbour. Part of the town stands on the hill crowned by the cathedral, and from the sea its aspect is commanding. The principal streets and the harbour present a lively scene at all times. Ships of different nations are constantly lying at anchor, while within the town the

Maltese, Dalmatian, and Greek sailors mingle with the population, and help to form the most variegated groups at every turn.

Mr. Moore, a worthy English merchant, helped me in some business matter that required the signature of the Austrian officials, who, but for him, would have perplexed me greatly. At last everything was arranged, and in great haste, consequent on the arrival of letters only on the previous day, I set off for the long-desired and far distant shores of Palestine.

The coasts of Istria, Fiume, Pola, &c., were passed in the course of the day, and a beautiful moonrise gave another charm to the scene. The whole of the next day we were out of sight of land, the Adriatic playing some rough gambols; but the following morning we had a charming time of it in the calm channel of Otranto. We reached Corfu about mid-day, passing through a narrow strait formed by the island and mainland, wherein on both sides the scenery was very pretty; the delightful verdure of the island gave me, who had so recently seen a snow-covered country, a feeling of intense pleasure, added to the anticipation of setting foot on land. A narrow street, with booths, huge baskets filled with oranges and lemons, still adorned with their leaves and seeming to have been plucked in clusters, leads up to the centre of the little town. Greeks in costume, the short full white skirt, red jacket, close fitting gaiter, and tasseled fez, setting off their dark faces, delicate features, and well-turned forms, and some few Turks, with their heavy

turbans and impassive countenances, attracted my attention on the way to Carter's Hotel, my room in which looked out on the spacious esplanade, with its handsome border of fine trees, and on the picturesque citadel, ivy-grown and ancient in look.

Many of the fortifications at Corfu were destroyed by the English before possession of the island was given up to the Greeks (from some good motive, I was informed), so that the place has at present a ruinous aspect. The Venetians, who built an archway near, had, it is to be hoped, an equally good motive for leaving it standing. There is an agreeable walk along the promenade towards Castrades, returning from which by the spoiled batteries, I re-entered the town by the lofty Venetian gateway. The civil young hostess, doing the office of cicerone, accompanied me to some store-shops, tolerably well supplied, where I obtained a few articles which I had forgotten to purchase at Trieste.

The cession of the Seven Islands by the English has given rise to one murmur, which I heard everywhere, and which indeed was anticipated. "There used to be four thousand English soldiers stationed here, each spending part of his thirteenpence per day, besides wealthy English officers spending no one knows how much," said one long-faced tradesman to me, "and now there are one hundred and fifty Greeks, who don't spend their twopence."

The Government-house at one side of the esplanade, with an archway at each end, through which the views

were charming, and a terrace running all round, had a pleasant aspect. The island, on the whole, disappointed me; but I had not time, nor was it the season to do so, to go far inland, where there are many pretty scenes among its hills and villages. The opposite coast had a fine, bold aspect. A young lady I met had, some time ago, paid a visit, accompanied by her father, to a Pacha's family in that country, living somewhere up among the mountains. On their arrival, the Pacha's daughter was on the stairs to receive them, clad in pink silk and gold embroidery, looking like a figure in a picture, her hair cut short in front, and hanging down in fine plaits on her shoulders, and her yellow boots on, ready to walk with them round the gardens. This young lady was much delighted with a small hand looking-glass belonging to her visitor, in which she delighted to look for hours at her own pretty face.

The English Church service is held in the old parliament house. All the consuls live in a row, in good houses, on higher ground than the rest of the town, commanding a fine view, their *signs*, as we may call them, hanging out in glaring colours.

Before leaving, I visited one of the Greek churches, which I saw all ready for the *festa* of the Epiphany, celebrated by the Eastern Church later than by the Latins. An infinite number of candles, long and short, thick and thin, plain and decorated, made the chief show.

After getting my *billet* for the steamer to Athens, and

having an interview at the consul's, which was a mere loss of time, I was once more afloat at two o'clock; and, I must acknowledge, I admired the aspect of the town and citadel from the sea.

Cephalonia and Zante are names which call up many images of beauty. Indeed, the whole of these Ionian isles are attractive, and would well repay a visit, gems as they are rising from the azure waves of the loveliest of seas, and invested with so much of classical interest. Morning showed us the island of Cerigo, with its barren precipices; and as we coasted the Morea, I felt disappointed at its bare and rugged shores, being accustomed to connect the name of Greece with all that is beautiful and attractive. The place where the old hermit lives, and from whence sometimes in calm weather he comes out to pay vessels a visit, was pointed out from the deck, which, during the whole day, I never quitted, being buoyed up with an indefinite expectation of catching a glow of enthusiasm from the sight of a land every inch of whose soil is associated with the name of some hero or demigod. I caught, however, nothing but a severe cold, which somewhat damped my enthusiasm for the heroic.

In early morning we anchored before Syra; and when I came on deck by starlight, as morning dawned, I had a pleasing view of this beautifully situated town, which rises up a curving hill-side. In the centre I observed a conical eminence, covered with houses, and surmounted by a church. The Pacha of Kandia, his

ladies, children, and servants, came on board; he is a man about fifty, wearing a red turban, ample coat, and full trousers, his scimitar hanging by his side. The ladies were invested in bolster-shaped silk cloaks, of pink, yellow, and other colours, but generally of somewhat dull hues and old-looking; a veil of thin muslin, doubled, covering their faces and heads, but leaving the eyes free. One of them was very pretty, her complexion being of a delicate paleness, her eyes beautifully formed, and with an expression of haughty self-will which showed, I doubt not, that she was the favourite. Two Nubian slaves, one of whom had a large bottle of olives in her hand, were in attendance upon these ladies, the former crouching down on deck, while the latter sat in a line on the seats and chairs. There was also a little girl about thirteen, and two younger children, one of whom they commanded to salute me, and say something. One elderly lady, in a black cloak, seemed to take the lead amongst the group.

The Pacha had his own cook with him, but the steward, to all appearance, received many orders. His family went below, and chose their berths in the ladies' cabin, the children, and even one or two of the ladies, accommodating themselves in the salon. One of them informed me they were going to Stamboul. The Pacha himself looked quite a man of the world, and was going to Constantinople, I understood, to occupy a higher station than that he had previously held.

The steamer sailed with them about mid-day, and

about nine at night came on a terrible storm, to the terrors of which these poor women, who perhaps had never been at sea before, were exposed during the whole night.

Passengers for Athens have to change into a small steamer at Syra, and as, from some cause, the *L'Orient* remained all day at this port, I had time to ascend the house-covered mount of old Syra by a series of flights of steps, a fatiguing enough operation, but showing at every rise a better view. From the summit, crowned by the church and convent of St. Giorgio, the islands of Paxos and Antiparos, with others in the distance, are visible, the high land of Syra itself stretching far out to the right. The lighthouse, ships, and steamers are seen at anchor in the ample circuit of the harbour; and the town itself, with its white, yellow, and red houses clustering down to the very edge of the water, presents a most charming and novel prospect. The guide said that there were about twenty *religieuses* in the convent here, one of whom, an old woman, in a brown stuff gown, and cord, with her head wrapped in white, came towards me as, almost breathless, I was mounting the last steps, and laying her hand on her breast, seemed to give a greeting or benediction.

After gazing on the view as well as the furious wind would permit, I entered the church, a perfectly simple edifice, with an altar-piece of St. George inflicting condign punishment on his redoubtable adversary, looking mildly with his bright blue eyes all the while. Sheltered

behind a parapet wall edging the mount, I looked down on a valley, the sides of which are in summer covered with vines, but wild-looking, and void of habitations. On descending to the town, I passed on through the large piazza, and other streets, in which I saw many nicely-built houses; and, altogether, Syra bore the aspect of a place of some importance, as was testified also by its animation and considerable traffic.

About four next morning we were in motion, and such noisy machinery as this little steamer had I never heard, so vigorously did it keep thumping, scraping, and creaking. When I got up to enjoy the morning under the soft Grecian sky, we passed several islands, the most important of which was Ægina. After entering the gulf there was nothing to behold but bare, treeless coasts all the way, washed by the most translucent waters, and bathed in an atmosphere of a lavender tint. About three in the afternoon we came in view of Athens and the Acropolis, and it was not long ere the bay of the Piræus received us. It was a fine sunny afternoon, and two or three war steamers were in the harbour, looking very trim, while boats and small craft were moving about at its mouth.

I observed the two basements of stone on which once stood the two lions now on each side of the gates of the arsenal at Venice—grim guardians, who once witnessed the naval victories of the conquering Athenians. It is as well they are now removed, when the power of these very Athenians, ay, their very existence, has to be

upheld by foreign influence and gold. Salamis, and the little isle named in accounts of that great engagement which took place near it, lie but an inconsiderable distance from the entrance of the harbour. This, then, was the port from which Themistocles sailed, and where, at last, the hero found a tomb, the spot to which his remains were brought when his noble heart had broken in exile. This very port he had planned, connecting it with the city by the famous long walls, some vestiges of which, here and there, are still to be seen. Here came the angry Spartan, and, long after him, the fierce Turk, to destroy all that remained of this once powerful and polished city and State. And yet Athens lived, lived even in the ruins of those grand temples amid which the modern city now rises. I was now peacefully approaching it, in the quiet and security of civilization, and with all the modern facilities of travel. Wonderful indeed is that series of events which connects the past with the present!

A boat, with two Greek boatmen, in picturesque costume, was waiting, as the steamer came to a stand; and I was hardly seated on a carpet spread over the stern, when, as I was looking dreamily round, a commissionaire handed his book of recommendations; but discreetly put it aside when he saw that none of the common-place arts or artifices of his profession could attract my attention, or induce me to engage his services.

The road to Athens was swampy and poor-looking, and none of those outward accessories that suggest

elevating thoughts of the past were to be seen on it. We met carriages of all grades in considerable numbers. In some of them were no fewer than six merry sailors, three-quarters tipsy; and others were driven by smart Greek youths in the national costume. Now and then Greek ladies, with scarlet velvet cap, and tassel hanging knowingly on one side, or young Greek horsemen, rode dashingly past; but, for the most part, the people had adopted the European dress, and, alas! many of them were most miserable, hungry-looking mendicants. We passed on our way some newly-discovered statuary, which had been taken from excavations near the city; on entering which, our ears were greeted by the strains of a band playing in a square of houses of all sizes, built on patches of ground, without any regularity. Houses of two stories, with balconies and green verandahs, seemed to abound; and we drove through a long street, which led to our hotel. Travellers should make their drivers turn off by the road leading to the Temple of Theseus, which few, entering Athens on that side, will fail to recognise on the right hand. The road passes also under the Acropolis, and through the spacious piece of ground on which stand the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, whence there is a fine view of Mount Hymettus. Such an introduction to the city keeps up those first general impressions which most travellers like to preserve in visiting a place of great interest; and as a consideration which may weigh with those who are more prosaic, it is equally convenient to reach the

hotels. The drive from the Piræus occupies an hour.

After a very short pause of rest, such was my impatience to visit scenes of classic interest, that I at once issued out, and walked down the street in which stands the Hôtel d'Angleterre, the Hôtel de la Couronne, and the Hôtel d'Orient; of which the Couronne has the best view, looking directly towards the Acropolis. One of the first places I visited was the little "Tempio del Vento," at the end of the street, a ruin that has preserved its form, and must have been very ornamental when the ground by which it is approached was lower. It stands just on the rise of the Acropolis, and is still ornamented with figures in a horizontal position, emblematical both of the rougher and of the milder winds. These statues are over each of the four doors by which the winds, of which they are emblematic, must enter. Two of the entrances have been closed up; the whole ruin is very much cracked, and displaced fragments of sculpture lie around.

The *festa* gave great animation to my first sight of Athens, the people in the streets being all in their national costume. On the 20th, I walked through the Rue de l'Université, in which is that seat of learning from which the street takes its name. The University is a large building, which the modern Greeks admire very much; all the more because it is their own work. It is a simple and chaste-looking building, of a faint green colour, with border lines of delicate red. There are six or eight alcoves in front, the prevailing hue in

which is red, situated on each side of a flight of about twelve steps. The courts have handsome railings, with gilded tops; but the two rows of ordinary-looking windows, and the roof, are without any ornament.

From this I passed on to the king's palace, an indifferent-looking, bare, large white house, the garden of which is open to the public every afternoon. There is also another garden, with a profusion of oranges, at a little distance below the palace, which is open to all who choose to enter, as a public promenade. The street Hermes, with convenient shops, beyond this garden, leads from the palace, in the arrangement of which there seems to have been a studied domesticity, for the residence of royalty is close to that of the citizens. The next day I visited the remaining columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, standing above the river Illyssus, thirteen in number, of the Corinthian order. They are burned brown by the sun of so many centuries, as are all the ruins here, constructions of exquisite white marble taking a rich golden hue in some parts. At a little distance from this cluster of pillars are three more columns, the centre one of which fell during an earthquake in 1852, the shock caused by its fall being felt throughout the whole town—at least so said the guide; and certainly it looks as if its fall must have caused a considerable commotion.

The Arch of Adrian, a little further on, looks a mere plaything to anyone remembering those of Constantine and Severus at Rome, and also in contrast with

the three columns. Approaching nearer the Acropolis, I came to the tomb of Lysicrates, or the Lantern of Diogenes, as it has been called from its form. Lord Byron resided just behind this monument of antiquity, in a palace which is no longer standing, and in the vicinity of those sites are now to be seen miserable huts, and women, hardly clothed, coming in from the distant country with mules laden with fire-wood. The theatre of Bacchus, a structure of immense size, once stood near this, at the base of the Acropolis; its fragments have been collected, and on the marble chairs, in a line with the stage, are the names of those to whom they were appropriated two thousand years ago. What a memorial of worldly vanity! Barbarians from a distant isle, scarce known then, an *Ultima Thule*, come and peer at these Hellenic appellations, mounting the steps as the generations of Athenians did when they assembled here in an immense semicircle to witness the dramatic representations of the works of their noblest poets. Mounting higher up the ascent, I looked over on the other side at a more recent Roman structure, where there were contests with wild beasts, and where human beings were not unfrequently torn to pieces in the pastimes of a polished and civilized people. Further on is the wooden gate by which admission is gained to the platform on which the Parthenon stands, guarded from those worshippers of antiquity who, if not thus prevented, would soon carry off every fragment of this glorious remnant of the past.

The broad ancient way of approach by the Propylæa was an inclined marble slope, up which the chariots and horses were driven to the temple, the fragments that remain of this pavement being furrowed and rough, so that the animals' feet might have some hold on it during their upward struggle.

Some modern marble steps on the right hand lead to a small but beautiful little temple, called the "Temple of Victory without Wings," situated on a kind of terrace. Tradition says it was erected on the spot from which Ægeus precipitated himself on seeing the vessel of his son return with a black flag. About six columns are standing, and amongst the most admired fragments is a figure of Victory, with one foot crossed over the other, adjusting her sandals. Some virtuoso, with his hammer, struck off half the little foot a year or two since, a theft of which the guard spoke with great exasperation. The Turks, in 1687, threw great part of this elegant building down, in order to construct a battery, when besieged by the Doge Morosini. The government, under Otho, replaced what remained of its fragments. It seems to have been constructed before the Parthenon, perhaps in the time of Cimon, who died B.C. 449.

Advancing over blocks and amidst fragments of exquisite figures, all of the pure Pentelican marble, I came to the steps of the Parthenon itself. No words can express the admiration, mingled with regret, its contemplation excites. Standing in the centre of the magnificent structure, and looking round on its noble

ranges of columns, I could not but wonder how it looked two thousand years since, when it had the same delicate lavender sky to form a curtain to its magnificent ranges of columns. To the administration of Pericles is due the glory of having erected this admirable edifice, and the master-mind of Phidias planned the perfect work, presiding over the whole, while to his pupils, and also to some of his rivals, particular parts are attributed. The eastern front, as also the colossal statue of Minerva, covered with gold and ivory, which stood in the centre, are thought to have been the work of his own hand. This statue was carried away by the Christians under the reign of the Emperor Justinian, and perhaps went to ornament the Hippodrome of Constantinople. The guide led me on to the Erechtheion, another temple, or rather several temples united, and consecrated to different personages; one to Minerva Polias, another to Pandrosia, first priestess of Minerva. In certain divisions were supposed to have been enclosed the sacred olive, and the wave of the sea which Minerva and Neptune respectively caused to appear there while disputing the supremacy over Athens. The tomb of Cecrops, the founder of the city, was in the Erechtheion. On the whole, a mass of shapeless fragments is all that an uneducated eye can distinguish. In a charming little portico, however, lately restored, are represented six young girls of the virgins dedicated to Minerva, who in the processions carried on their heads what was called the sacred burdens. One of

these figures, on which the architrave rests, was deposited by Lord Elgin, with other spoils, in our dingy British Museum; but its place has been filled with one of *terra cotta.* One almost feels for the exile borne away from this sunny clime, and her graceful companions, as if she could be sensible of our sympathy. The figures altogether, which do not seem to have had a very heavy weight to support, are models of grace.

My guide had much more to show and talk about, such as the grotto of Pan, and other places, but I had seen enough for one day, and heard more than enough, and was ready to return, which we did by an archway and path skirting the west side of the Acropolis, descending to the temple of, and up, the Rue d'Eole.

CHAPTER II.

The English Church—The Hill of Mars—Greek Men and Women—The National Costume—A Greek Wedding—The Ceremonies—The Officiating Priests—The Bride and Bridegroom—A Greek Funeral—Mount Lycabettus—Magnificent View—Ancient and Modern Athens—At Home in Athens—Athenian School Girls—The Theatre of Bacchus—A Day on the Acropolis—The Temple of Theseus—Bas-reliefs—A Greek Dance—Evening Walk—Farewell to Athens.

ON Sunday, the 22nd, I went to the English church, in time only for a very dull sermon; after which I called on two American dames, recommended as keeping a *pension*, but found in them a transatlantic indifference and affected fine-ladyism that would have been insupportable. I was, therefore, glad to get out again into the sweet, natural air, and forget them for ever.

There is a broad, pleasant road, bordered with cactus, leading up to the Propylæa entrance of the Acropolis. From this spot the spectator looks across to the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, where St. Paul's voice was raised in that stirring address, "Ye men of Athens," when a multitude gathered round him to hear the new thing that should resound into the future, and spread the Gospel of truth from pole to pole.

A Greek woman and two children were sitting under the shade of a large cactus near me, in the enjoyment

of air and sunshine, while one of her class, in the cold North, would have been cooking over a fire; and a horseman was coming leisurely up the road, patting his white steed. These men ride well, and look very gallant and manly; but the women are not at all so well set off by their dress, their figures being heavy, and many of them wearing an embroidered kerchief wound round the head, sometimes with a great mass of hair interwoven in its folds, which has rather a heavy appearance. Later in the day I saw a group of peasantry, with their mules, who had evidently come from some distance. Both men and women wore a skirt of coarse kerseymere, old and worn, but edged with a pattern worked in black, a cloak edged in the same way, and a hood with similar trimming and long ends hanging down behind. Their dark faces, contrasted with their white garments, had a very striking appearance. The mother was mounted on one of the mules, but all the rest were on foot. Strings of fowls hung over the necks of the mules; and as they came into the city, they would lift off one of these strings of poultry, and hold them up to people at their windows, offering them for sale, and replacing them when rejected. The poor little bipeds seemed, as far as I could judge, not at all uncomfortable in their peculiar position.

In contrast to this party was a young Greek, with two friends walking on each side, to whom he was talking with great animation. He was handsomely, and even expensively dressed. His jacket was covered with gold

braid, as were also his leggings and red cap, from which hung a gold tassel. His red under-vest was enclosed by a rich girdle, clasping his wasp-like waist, which the full skirt of his white kilt showed off to advantage. There is one class who wear the *bonnet rouge*, with a peculiar plait in it, red leggings, and vest. The Greek men all walk with a stately tread. Large, heavy-made men they are, looking as if they had a will of their own, and would be obstinate and determined if anyone opposed them. This day I visited the new Greek church, which has much gilding, a profusion of colours, and many white marble columns. In the evening, a marriage ceremony was performed in the large saloon of the Hôtel d'Angleterre. The whole suite of rooms engaged for it were lighted up with rows of candles over all the doors, besides the usual chandeliers and lamps. The company all arrived before the bride made her appearance—ladies in full evening dress, of white or pink silk; some officers in uniform, and many wearing the effective national costume, which, whether on horseback, walking, or in the dress-circle, always looks well. The Archbishop Germano (who raised the standard of the Cross in the war of independence in 1821), and five priests, were present to officiate. The former is a fine, dignified-looking old man, with handsome features. When I entered, he was sitting on one of the sofas amidst the general company, attired in his black robe and high cap, distinguished only by a gold chain and cross from the other priests. When the bride, however,

accompanied by her parents, came in, he threw off his black robe, and advanced to the table in the centre of the room, robed in vestments of silk and gold. The whole company gathered round this table, the bride and bridegroom opposite the archbishop. The former, who was a gentle-looking woman, with soft, dark eyes and hair, was dressed in striped white silk, and wore no veil; the latter was a tall, manly-looking fellow, with the chest of a Hercules, wearing the Albanian blue-braided jacket, with pistols and dagger thrust into his belt; and he looked as if he could use them if occasion required their active display.

In the hand both of bride and bridegroom was placed a wax candle, from which long ends of white ribbon were suspended. The priests, on each side of the archbishop, bore, one of them two candles crossed, the other three, and the remaining priests, each holding an open book and candle, chaunted, except one man, attired in black, who kept reading out something in one tone during the whole ceremony. The most interesting part of the service was when the archbishop came to the candidates for matrimony with two rings, which he put on their fingers over the white gloves. After exchanging them several times, the father of the bride took the husband's hand, and put his daughter's into it, the two remaining thus clasped till the immolation of the victims was accomplished. During the whole time they stood side by side, always facing the archbishop, while the chaunting and droning of the priests

was continued without interruption. Two white wreaths were placed on their heads, the gallant Albanian, thus crowned, looking like Mars, so bold and erect was his mien. Each then received a teaspoonful of wine, and was led three times round the table, during which peregrination they were gravely pelted with sugar-plums by the priests, who, bearing candles, went round also. This was the completion of the service. They had still, however, to remain standing, while their near relations passed before them, and kissed them both, after which they took their places on one of the sofas, and received the congratulations of the company. Trays of comfits, with wine and sweet cakes, were now handed round, while the ears of the guests were delighted with music, which continued to be played for about a quarter of an hour, till the wedded pair passed down the stairs.

Some days after this I was present at a funeral. While sitting in a little grove, listening to the faint ripple of the Ilyssus, the forerunners of what I guessed to be one crossed the bridge above. As I was desirous of seeing the ceremony, I hurried up the slope, and was in time to see the cortége. The coffin, which was of scarlet, and adorned with a gilt cross, was borne on two men's shoulders, two women and a lad coming immediately after it. Four priests, and a few funeral assistants, wearing black robes edged with white, and with a white cross on the back, and about thirty people followed. On arriving at the cemetery, the body was

rapidly put under the earth, after which some bedding was burned beside the grave, the women remaining close to it, while the rest of the company sat at some distance, partaking of refreshment. As the linen and pillow were laid on the earth, it was difficult to raise a flame with such heavy materials, but whenever the fire slumbered, the men did their best to revive it again. Altogether there was a strange commingling of barbarism and civilization, of Heathenism and of Christianity, in the ceremonies with which the poor corpse was committed to the earth.

The cemetery is about ten minutes' distance from the bridge. The monuments scattered over it have mostly classical emblems, figures weeping over an urn, a censer with incense rising from it, or a figure extinguishing a torch. At the head of each of the mounds beneath which the dead reposed, were two stakes covered with red.

One fine morning I ascended Mount Lycabettus, a rock-tipped eminence, between two and three hundred feet in height, rising behind the University, and conspicuous from every part of Athens. An immense fragment of rock is stationed, as it were, at a point one-third of the way up, above which is a little hermitage, close under the rocks that form the summit. To gain the top one must go round the mount, and find an access over the rocks to the chapel seen from below. The view from the summit is magnificent. The whole plain of Athens, and the surrounding mountains, Pen-

telicus, Mount Hymettus, over the gulf of Ægina, the Piræus, and Salamis, are embraced in one view from that inspiring height.

The page of history seemed unfolded to me while I gazed on sites renowned in the pages of classic lore, made famous by the deeds of heroes, or associated with the names of poets and sages, whose works, after the lapse of two thousand years, still remain models of all that is excellent in literature. The hills are purple, and sometimes of a faint blue. The air is so beautifully clear in Greece that the sight, piercing the distance, distinctly discerns objects which, if the sky were of a gloomier hue, it could obtain only an uncertain glimmer of. The absence of trees, however, is a great want, and even though marble abounds, the stony ground has a most desolate look.

Lycabettus would have been a magnificent position for a temple; more commanding even than the Acropolis. The little, mean, whitewashed chapel standing on it, dedicated to San Giorgio, might be replaced by some edifice more worthy of a spot so famous. Greece has abundance of marble—Pentelicus is one mass of it. Has Greece no architect, and her sons throughout the world no wealth, to secure the execution of a work so desirable?

On the rising ground of this mount formerly stood a gymnasium, called the Kynosarge, at which, it is said, the Athenians returning from Marathon halted, to observe from the summit the direction taken by the

Persian fleet. In the days of Athens' greatest glory, what a picture must the spectator, who took his station on Mount Lycabettus, have looked down upon—temples, monuments, altars, places for public games capable of holding thirty thousand persons, and other magnificent edifices, that once adorned the city of Minerva, forming altogether a *coup d'œil* of unequalled beauty and grandeur! If he now looks down from the same elevation, what a contrast does he behold—little white modern houses, two stories high, built without any plan, according to the fancy and the means of their different owners; the only buildings of any pretension being the new Greek church and the University. Everything looks cheerful in the new portions of the modern city, but as if it never was destined to form a grand one, or to enter into the faintest competition with the style of the ruins. Ancient writers describe the woods and groves that once grew on the banks of the Ilyssus. Aristotle is mentioned as instructing his disciples under the shade of beautiful trees in the *enceinte* of the Lyceum, where, walking up and down, he delivered those lessons of wisdom which we now know as the Peripatetic philosophy. Now, alas! the country is a desert. The ravages of war and of time have swept away those sacred groves, and we look in vain all around the city for a tree growing wild. The wearied pedestrian sighs for one in the shade of whose branches he may find shelter from the overpowering heat of the sun; for the rows of pepper-trees planted along some

walks round the palace, and an extremely youthful and starvling line of trees of some other description, marking with their lofty sweeping branches the course of a dusty road, are all that meet the eye of the traveller. Those which I saw, in the few gardens that came under my observation, must surely be highly valued by those who obtain the benefit of their shelter. I looked with extreme pleasure on a row of fruit-trees, the beautiful blossom of which I could perceive from my window; and at this early period in the year, I inhaled with delight the delicious perfume of large trees of yellow jasmine, in certain carefully-tended gardens attached to dwellings of an evidently superior order. The houses to which I refer are of dimensions exceeding most in this modest little city. The interiors of such of those more imposing specimens of Athenian architecture as I have seen, are prettily arranged. The house in which I am at present located, is entered by an airy and lofty entrance, the walls of which are built inside of stone, or marble of various colours; and a wide double staircase leads to the upper apartments. The enclosure, on which the windows of the several rooms look, is covered with a glass roof; and galleries run round this inner court. Creeping plants, trained to hang in long festoons from the roof, arch over a time-piece, and shade a charming singing-bird, whose joyous notes resound through the whole abode. It is pleasant on a moonlight night to sit at one of the windows, and observe the waltzers as they merrily circle on the smooth pavement

of the court Such a style of house is only fit for a summer clime like this of Greece.

After a long day's rambling, I was sitting to enjoy the approach of sunset on a rocky eminence surmounted by a modern observatory, with windows of coloured glass, and a cupola adorned with gilt stars and lines, when I was surrounded by a dozen merry children, who had come up the steep clambering like little kids. On questioning them, I learned that they were all at school in Athens, with the wife of the English clergyman. The prettiest amongst them (a little, fair thing, with dancing blue eyes and high colour, who caught up my little white pet, and nursed it on her red petticoat, in the intervals of caressing), pointing to her companions, said, "That one is from Constantinople, that from Alexandria, this from Chalcis, these from Athens—all Greeks but me." "And she's the child L——, of the ——," said one of the group, in broken English. And I then observed, what I had not perceived before, that my little countrywoman's hat was trimmed with ribbon having an anchor in front over her blue eyes, to mark her naval parentage. And, truly, the sailor's daughter was as pretty a specimen of Albion's fair as could be wished. After I had chatted for a few moments with the happy little group, they bade me farewell; and I saw them bound down the hill, leaving me quite the better for their *improvisé* visit. I had been yielding to those melancholy feelings which the lonely traveller at a distance from home cannot always resist, when my unex-

pected *rencontre* with these merry little ones, so gentle and attractive in their manners, restored me to myself, and left a pleasing impression.

This hill commands a charming prospect at sunset. Here we look down on the ruins of the Acropolis and the Temple of Theseus, lighted up by the glow which the setting sun throws over the country; and there is the shining sea outside the Piræus, the tall masts in the harbour, and the line of mountains behind Salamis, with a background of burnished clouds. It is a great pleasure at Athens that the ruins can be enjoyed in an evening walk. None of them are so far from the town as to make a solitary stroll unsafe or inconvenient, and the lonely scenes amid which they are situated are quite exempt from noise or annoyance.

February 12th.—I strolled down in the quiet time, which in all countries of the sweet South is known as *dopo mezzo giorno*, to look particularly at the Cyclopean foundation wall of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, which is said to have been the largest temple erected in honour of the great ideal personage occupying the first place in the worship of the Pagans who were permitted for so many years to lord it over the earth. From the distance at which the few remaining pillars stand, the effect produced by its magnitude can be faintly imagined. Its size must have been overwhelming.

I then went on to the Theatre of Bacchus. Sitting down in the marble chairs, I saw before me the stage beside which the chorus repeated the verses of Sophocles

and Euripides, the immense semi-circle occupied by seats for an audience of thousands upon thousands, an assemblage which must have formed a grander spectacle than any made by the exertions of the actors themselves. There was, indeed, no space for anything like scenic effect in the arrangement of these ancient theatres, though the interest which could call so numerous an assembly together must have been of rather a higher order than the spectacle offered by modern theatrical enterprise. We can, indeed, easily conceive how the spirit of that excited populace must have been moved by the representation of their grand historic reminiscences, and by the utterance of exalted sentiments and patriotic feeling, awakening that enthusiasm for the public good which afterwards found expression in so many acts of devoted heroism.

I entered the gate admitting to the ruins of the Parthenon, at the same time that a group of Greeks, who seemed to have been waiting for admission, went in. Attended by a guard, these countrymen of Leonidas and Themistocles examined all the temples, lingering about to examine the architecture, leaning against the columns, and contemplating the fragments with apparent attention and interest. Another company, who had entered with two priests, I observed doing their utmost to decipher the letters on fallen pieces of sculpture. Fortunately, on the occasion of my visit there was not one party of those English, French, or German sight-seers, who do their utmost to disturb the reflections

of those whose deepest feelings are moved by these venerable remains of the past. Athens has a great advantage over Rome in this respect, that it is too remote for the ordinary run of Cockney sight-seers.

My next visit was to the Acropolis. The day devoted to that citadel of ancient Athens, the sun, after three days of storm and tempest, shining out with unusual brilliancy, revealing everything to us in its most favourable aspect. The amber tint which, in these Southern lands, time has given to the ranges of columns, seemed to take a warmer glow under the influence of that rich and mellow light. As I walked along the outward limits of the whole fortress, the mountains behind Salamis appeared clearly defined, some other mountain tops, not always visible, rising in the clear, transparent atmosphere sharply and distinctly above them. Indeed, a whole panorama of places celebrated by the historic muse was revealed to my eager gaze. There was the long range of Hymettus, Mount Pentelicus, Mount Parnes, and all the undulating hills below, with the wide plain and its olive-wood in the centre, the roads to Marathon and Eleusis, and the city of Athens itself, with the numerous poor huts at the foot of the Acropolis. Continuing to turn my gaze on the other objects of interest in this impressive prospect, I beheld the white palace and the pale green University, the gaily-coloured new Greek church, and the grassy eminences of the Colline des Nymphes, des Muses, the Hill of

Mars, the Temple of Theseus, always presenting so grand an outline from whatever point it meets the eye. In that enviable atmosphere of Greece, every object within the spectator's horizon, however distant within that limit, seemed as clearly defined as those that were nearest to him.

A guard, speaking only Greek, was sent round with me. As my knowledge of that language is extremely limited, I enjoyed the opportunity of wandering about the ruins without the torment of explanations, which, even from those best calculated to give them in detail, amount, too frequently, to little more than conjecture. Though the grand approach to the Propylæa is by some considered to have been divided, I please myself with the idea of its immense width, uninterrupted, having been constructed to form a slope, with the marble roughened and indented. The hollow way in the centre, the trace of which is apparent, might have been arched over, and doubtless served for an ingress beneath, leaving the grand stair sacred from all ignoble use. Then, what a magnificent sweep the rise to the gate-ways must have presented, with the ascent of that marble-clothed slope, the white columns, and the five doorways!

While surveying, with all the interest which it naturally excited, this impressive scene, my attention was attracted by a little bit of sculpture, which lay, half-covered with coarse grass, at my feet, and which, on examination, I found represented a priestess preceded

by twelve figures bearing tambours. The immense square tower is a horrible deformity to the whole Acropolis; and the pedestal of the statue of Agrippa is hardly tolerable. These two erections much annoy the eye, being so out of keeping with the elegant architecture of the temples; but they are so massive, that it would be a work of great difficulty to remove them.

What a lamentable scene of devastation the platform presents!—masses of exquisite frieze, the tops of columns, and bands of marble, the workmanship of which is as light as if they were made of twisted ribbon, all lying about on the fine grass, of which there is an abundant growth. The surface of the ground, too, is much hacked and dug up where excavations have been made.

A few sheep were peacefully grazing about on the hillocks, and some little children were at play on a spot where, doubtless, war and its horrors had once been so rife. Indeed, I had ocular testimony of this fact, for, on looking into what appeared the bed of a cistern, I beheld a number of human skulls and bones. The eminence, at some now remote period, was planted round with olive-trees, which, contrasting with the ancient architecture, must have had a most charming effect. Many a contemplative sage may have taken his evening walk beneath their shade. Would there were such a border now overtopping those rough walls! The earth in which the trees were planted was washed away by storms; and in warfare their trunks were used to complete the defences.

I entered the Pantheon this day by the eastern side, and sat long among those enormous blocks of snowy marble which have fallen in. The statue of the goddess, once enshrined in this magnificent temple, was formed partly of gold and partly of ivory. Occupying the centre of the fane, with her shield beside her and her right arm outstretched holding the javelin, she sat guarded by two sacred serpents, for whom cakes of honey were daily made in the temple. One account says the serpents were kept in the portico ornamented with the statues of nymphs before noticed—I suppose when off duty! I went through the double row of columns on each side of the Parthenon, and remarked that about six were wanting near the centre, so that the temple is as it were divided into two parts. This mischief is said to have been done by the explosion of a powder magazine, into which a bomb fired when the Doge Morosini was besieging the Acropolis came crashing. The Propylæa are said to have been overthrown by a similar accident, though not caused by the enemy. Demetrius, one of the tyrants of Athens, coming up to live in the Acropolis, made these precincts, which were regarded as sacred, a scene of banquetting and unseemly riot, in the midst of which much mischief was done.

Under Turkish rule the female household of the Pasha were established in that part of the Propylæa now called the Pinacotheca site. This beautiful site, into which I would have gladly gone up and lived in it for a time, has been turned in the course of time to very various

purposes. Flocks of sheep and kids, grazing on the steep outside the walls, gave a very peaceful aspect to the approach to the Acropolis. The Pinacotheca contains such remains of sculpture as have been found about the temples, and which, though small in size, are too valuable to be left lying on the ground. One part is devoted to feet and hands, another to heads. My attention was particularly attracted by a noble head with an expression of such calm dignity, that as I stood to make my comments on it I seemed to myself to be taking quite a liberty.

My long lingering visit was at last over. The patient guard who had been denied the privilege of expatiating on so remarkable a specimen of his country's glory had certainly merited a handsome gratuity. From thence I went to the temple of Theseus, a noble structure, which was erected about thirty years before the Parthenon. It is said to have been built in order to receive the remains of the hero whose name it bears, which are said to have been discovered in a neighbouring island, and to have been brought with great pomp to Athens. "The people," writes an old author, "seemed as frantic with joy as if they had found Theseus' living self." The proportions of the temple are admirable, and considering that it has withstood the ravages of time, war, and pillage for more than two thousand years, its state of preservation is wonderful. The marble has taken from the sun a deep tinge, which I can only compare to rust, and yet the colour has a warm beauty in that clear atmo-

sphere. Approached from the road leading to the Piræus the temple stands on a slight elevation, a rising ground clothed with the prickly pear, aloe, and other shrubs. The platform beyond, extending nearly to the base of the Acropolis, is a fine open space, round part of which pieces of sculpture are arranged, among which I observed one immense statue of a female figure without a head, in drapery. There are also several tombs, &c., in this locality. The grassy eminences of the hills of the Nymphs and of the Muses, and the height of the Acropolis, terminate the view agreeably, though the huts and hovels to the left constitute about the worst part of Athens. The *custode* has his little wooden room close by, its two minute windows looking one to the Acropolis, the other to the temple itself, while the door opens on some *chef d'œuvres* of Grecian art. Many an enthusiastic amateur would be ready to exchange a more costly and luxurious one with this old man; and his son and servant, who wear the Greek dress, look very well content with their position. They have their pet singing bird in its cage, their little dog and cat, their bread, olives, and figs, and with these humble means they appear happy. It was once my fortune to seek shelter in their hut during a terrific storm. They opened the temple, first, as a more desirable place for refuge; but when one looked upon a pillar which had been split by lightning in a similar tempest, one could scarcely regard it as a place of security.

By a sudden rose-coloured flash of lightning I saw the celebrated "Soldier of Marathon," a piece of sculp-

ture enclosed in a case like a mummy, with a glass cover. Though the figure is of great height, the face and features are small, and wear a melancholy expression. The hand grasps the sword in the belt, as if about to draw it, the face is in profile, and the armour is finely wrought. The temple is entirely filled with pieces of sculpture and bas-relief. Amongst the latter one is pointed out as representing the death of Socrates. The sage appears to be sitting upon a sort of couch, addressing two or three persons beside him, and two little boys, with their fingers at their eyes, are perceived coming in at the edge.

Among the bas-reliefs was one representing warriors taking leave of a female sitting in a chair, over the straight back of which a young maiden or two were leaning, while a small urchin below was pouting. Among several on which betrothments are depicted, one in which a woman is perceived raising her veil is much admired. What struck me most was an immense tablet, bearing three persons of more than life size, a noble-looking man, a dignified woman, and a boy standing between them ; the mother's hand resting on the boy's head, as if consigning him to the father's care, on his first departure from home for the battle-field.

If the exterior of this temple still remains entire, it is only because pillagers have found it impossible to carry anything away. The interior is stripped entirely bare, even the pavement having been taken up

by some Turk so lately, it is stated, as 1760, to grind into lime for a house he was building. The interior is dark, with only a small aperture or two in the roof. I could not learn which of the sarcophagi was conjectured to be that in which the bones of Theseus were gathered. This hero had been dead eight hundred years when his shadow was believed to have been seen fighting for the Greeks at Marathon, a sight which raised the enthusiasm of his countrymen to such a pitch that they gained the victory. Tradition also says that the place of his sepulture, a cave in the isle of Scyros, was revealed in a dream. After the hero's remains had been conveyed to Athens, the place where his body had lain continued for centuries to be the object of the dearest patriotic feelings of the Athenians, and to this day his memory is commemorated by an annual solemnity, which is at least interesting as being national. On the third day of Easter, a dance called the Labyrinth, which Theseus himself is said to have executed on his return from Crete, and which was formerly gone through with great ceremonies by the young Athenians on a certain day, is performed near the temple.

I saw to-day a dance which, from its intricacy, might have been the same, and perhaps was performed in preparation for Easter. Eight young persons, with long coloured ribbons suspended from a pole made to look like a tree, danced round it, darting in and out and through each other, each one still holding his own ribbon, and forming gradually a pattern with them all above.

They wore swords, and each different movement was entered on after an interval marked by a clash of instruments. The group, which was surrounded at every pause, was on its way towards the Piræus.

There is a superstition extant that if a sick horse is led two or three times round the temple, the probability of his recovery is greater.

There is an agreeable walk along the road passing the side of the palace, and continuing by one rounding the base of Mount Lycabettus, refreshed by a pleasant breeze from the sea, of which there is also a view from it. A Greek church and convent, with three domes, is perceived just off this road. Large flocks of sheep, with their shepherds, are seen sociably gathered in a company, taking their evening meal, with two or three dutiful dogs, dividing their attention between expectant scraps and the movements of their fleecy charges. The town has no lingering suburbs, but seems to terminate at once in a region devoid of habitations. There is no extended drive of any interest except to Eleusis, on the road to which is one of the best views, looking back on Athens, or to some more distant point, such, for instance, as Pentelicus or Hymettus. Arriving at the base of these mountains, a carriage is of no further use. The journey must be prosecuted on horseback to a certain distance, and the remainder of the ascent made on foot.

My last evening at Athens having arrived, just as the sun had sunk I mounted the Acropolis, to take a fare-

well look. The sea was still tinged with a warm hue, and the coast and mountains wore a deep shade of purple. The lofty pillars of the temple of Jupiter Olympus presented an aspect of increased grandeur in the dim light, and seemed to loom moodily over the vast space on which they stood. At the termination of the carnival, I was informed that it is a custom with the Athenian people to assemble there in a sort of general pic-nic.

CHAPTER III.

Departure for Smyrna—Voyage to that City—Landing—Pont des Caravans—Moslem—Call to Prayer—The Mosque—The Bazaar—General view of Smyrna—Château St. Pierre—The Interior of a Mosque—What came of being there—Soldiers' Monument—Hotels—Row across the Bay—Beside the Bay.

FEBRUARY 21ST.—I left Athens between two and three o'clock, and arrived, in less than an hour, at the Piræus, encountering, *en route*, some very powerful gusts of wind, against which the horses could scarcely make their way for some minutes. As I passed through the new garden, a military band, stationed within a little orchestra erected in the centre, was exerting its powers to please some groups of Greek families and strangers promenading. A dusty-looking hotel, with a line of houses, and a little Greek church, formed on two sides a sort of frame for the garden outside its palings; the side next the sea was open, with just a sufficiently wide space for a few carriages to assemble in waiting. I believe there is also another hotel close by, facing the harbour.

The office of the Austrian Lloyds is at the Piræus. My *billet* to Smyrna, seventy francs, and my careful attendant, put me comfortably and quietly on board the

Orient, for Syra. At the Piræus, there seems to be none of the bustle usual in disembarking or embarking, and the boatmen appeared to be very civil. As we were to start at six, we had time to sit on deck and look around us. I observed several boats full of native passengers of the humbler class arrive before the American party came. Amongst the Greeks were a family of four, an old woman, a little girl, and two young men. The mother, it appeared, was going to Mitylene; and one of the sons, who spoke a little French, and manifested much affection for her, begged that I would take her under my protection. Poor thing! I thought of her during the night of storm we had. The cabin chairs dashed from one side to another, while, with the other deck passengers, she was exposed to all the fury of the elements above; and yet, such are the conventionalities of life, that I could not exchange with her the comparative comfort which was to me a matter of indifference.

We arrived at Syra about seven in the morning, made the "trasbordo" to the *Schild* steamer, and left for Smyrna at four in the afternoon; the wind, meanwhile, having fortunately calmed down. Morning brought us to Scio, the ancient Chios. The capital, and a village near it, occupy the centre of a wide stretch of undulating land, some of which looked fertile and woody, a relief to any eyes that had looked on nothing for a month or two but the treeless Greek coast. Leaving this interesting little island, we continued our voyage, in sight

of the high coast of Asia Minor, which some of us had little expected ever to see in the course of our lives, stretching along to the east, till it was broken by the wide and grand opening of the Gulf of Smyrna. The strait by which we approached it, formed by some island, was quite narrow, and we could see the goats browsing on the promontory, a lighthouse on which made known to mariners the way by which they could safely enter or make their exit.

Severe weather drove us poor ladies below for an hour or so; and when I came up, we were nearing a neck of land, with some high poplar-trees, on passing which we were in the Lower Gulf of Smyrna, and opposite the city itself. Smyrna occupies a most admirable position, in a plain on the brink of the sea; and with the mountains of various size and height which form its background, presents a very striking picture. The heights in view were strewn with snow, and rain dimmed the beauty of the prospect before we came to an anchor. Meanwhile, boats came clustering round us, and four heavy-looking Turks in one made us understand that they represented the Dogana, and must "examine our luggage," a suggestion which, made as it was in the midst of pelting rain, and with a wet boat, was, as may well be imagined, enough to throw three ladies, already tired, frightened, and excited, into a state of absolute despair. The gentlemen's persuasive proposition of "backsheesh," however, was at once pleasingly assented to by the doughty officials, and we rowed on

to a landing-place, from which a most dreary-looking, water-clogged lane led to the "Deux Auguste," a comfortless, dull house, all whose windows looked against dead walls. To seek for any other resting-place, however, seemed, in our circumstances, impossible, and we tried to warm and dry ourselves in rooms that were never intended to afford either comfort in the mildest form.

Next morning rose bright and fine, and after calling on the Consul, whom I found sitting in a pleasant sunny room, with a wood fire blazing cheerily on the hearth, and Her Majesty's picture, fair and young, in the early days of her sovereignty, hanging over the mantel-piece. I left the rest of the party to linger about among shops, and set off for the Pont des Caravanes, passing up one nicely-paved street (a distinction, indeed, in Smyrna). The others, however, I soon found so bad, that in order to prevent the necessity of wading through the numerous formidable-looking lakes at the crossings, the guide, at my request, procured me a mule. I think it must have been an hour ere we reached the cemetery, where, under the cypress-trees, were the stones surmounted by the marble turban, the tasselled fez, or the flower showing the humble Turk's, the soldier's, and the female's resting-place. I did not enter, but pressing on to the bridge, went into a garden to observe its picturesque arch, and look at the camels lying down on part of the river's stony bed. The Meles here flows with great rapidity, and, after heavy rains, is so swollen as to

constitute a formidable current, coming down from the mountains. In summer this garden forms, on Fridays, a popular place of meeting for the Turks. The Moslem dispose themselves under the spreading branches of two or three trees, phlegmatically smoking, and *sometimes* speaking. To say, as some guide-books do, that they *promenade*, is an assertion not at all descriptive of their behaviour.

Strings of camels are constantly passing over the bridge, in summer's heat and winter's cold, at early dawn and at closing eve. This patient and useful animal, here in its own clime, has an expressive cast of countenance. I was never so much struck by the difference in their faces, some being far handsomer than others, more gentle or more fierce in their expression. Those of a dark hue were in general the finest animals. There was great variety, too, in their colour, some being of the light hue of a sheep, others of a brown so dark as to be nearly black. A light chain hangs from the hinder trappings of one camel to the head harness of another, along the whole train. Immense sacks, stuffed with wool, support the piles of merchandise which they carry to and from the interior of Asia. Old Bible scenes and stories rose in my mind as I gazed upon them, and tales of the desert, in which I had delighted in childhood, recurred to my remembrance as I looked on the mountains amongst which those steady patient messengers pursued their way day after day, week after week, bringing from lands hundreds of miles

distant the produce we require for the satisfaction of our wants in Europe.

As I returned to the city, the Fakirs on two minarets were calling out to prayer at noonday, "to thank Allah that that hour was come." These ministers of Turkish devotion move to each quarter of the tower, and curving the hands before the mouth, modulate their words in a kind of chaunt that sounds soothingly through the air, especially when heard at a distance. The cry is taken up from minaret to minaret, being repeated at one as it dies away at another. In the Turkish quarter, as usual, the windows were all protected by iron bars, and the houses were secured by massive doors.

The neighbourhood of a Mussulman's habitation is as quiet as the precincts of convents in an Italian or Spanish city. In my progress through the city I arrived at a large mosque, where all the population of the district seemed assembled. Some of the multitude were sitting cross-legged outside the doors, the interior being densely crowded. By the light of chandeliers I could see that the great space in the interior was occupied by thousands of heads. Outside the portico were some poor beings and a few women, who dared not intrude further. My guide wished to draw my mule to the entrance gate, that I might get down and see what was going on; but the guards objected to the animal as well as to its rider. I observed several men washing their feet at the fountain before the mosque, previous to entering the sacred building.

I soon made my way to the Bazaar, where I saw some suits of women's dress, red silk pantaloons, a flowing mantle of yellow satin, a jacket of gold-braided crimson silk, &c. Veiled women were at the different stalls making purchases, attended by Nubian female slaves. As I looked at them I seemed to be re-reading descriptions which I had once read in books of the living realities now before me. It was altogether a most striking scene, with merchants sitting on their carpets outside the stalls, and camels making their way through the sombre avenues, crowded with dark and swarthy faces. This spectacle, however, in which many, doubtless, novel as it was, might find much to interest them, failed to engage my attention for any time, at least on this first survey. I therefore left it, and went up a bell tower in form of a cross, the stone of which is in open-work all through, forming the entrance gate to a handsome church dedicated to a female saint and martyr, believed by tradition to have been the woman of Samaria, converted by that blessed interview with the weary traveller, whose words, as he sat to rest beside the cool well, had such a blessed effect on his hearer. Oh! sweet example, left us by our loving Friend to improve all occasions for the good of others!

The tower is, perhaps, not more than a hundred feet in height; but from its uppermost balcony there is a most superb and interesting view over the whole of Smyrna and the neighbourhood. Looking seaward, you have on the left hand the new Turkish quarter,

situated on rising ground, and the old Turkish quarter, with that of the Jews between them. On the right is the quarter frequented by the Franks; immediately below, and stretching out beyond, the American quarter, towards the Pont des Caravanes; and the Greek quarter behind. The village of Boojeah lies beyond the Meles (the course of which can be traced), towards the mountains; and also that of Boornabat, both places of summer visiting and amusement, about five miles in different directions from Smyrna. The sea and harbour form a delicious panorama in front. In the court of the church and convent described above is a fine tree of large size. It is altogether a place of marvellous tranquillity, in the midst of so populous and thriving a city. I would advise every traveller to mount the tower on the first day of his stay in Smyrna, to mark the divisions of the city and its position with respect to the suburbs. If he does this with care and attention, he will scarce need a guide afterwards.

25*th*.—Pouring rain was the first greeting which I received this morning. As I sat at breakfast, an English lady in the house went off with her baby, recently born in that ancient city, to have it christened. Her husband and a friend accompanied her, the whole party, with the nurse, being stuffed into a carriage of very questionable cleanliness. As they stepped in, they found it necessary to protect themselves with umbrellas from the dripping house-door streams which descended upon them. On the whole, I never saw a more com-

fortless-looking christening-party; and the poor little thing seemed to be of the same opinion, for it screeched frantically all day after it returned, as if making its protest against the fate which had decreed that it should first see the light in a Moslem land.

After mid-day, as the rain ceased, I issued into the dirty lanes constituting the thoroughfares of Smyrna, and kept near the sea, emerging only when an opening presented itself, an opportunity which rarely occurs, except at the side of a *café*. These places occupy every available position on the bay, over which they stand, on rafts and piles. Most of them have steps down to the water; and a party of young midshipmen came to the foot of one as I was looking out over the pleasant waves. There is no agreeable place where ladies can sit to enjoy the beauty of the sea, no promenade where they can enjoy a quiet walk.

The guides here occasionally require a little direction from the traveller, otherwise they are sure to omit some object of interest. Mine, for instance, would have passed the ruins of the Château de St. Pierre, that ancient citadel defended so bravely by the knights of Rhodes, whose walls, black with age, have so long resisted the wearing hand of time and the shocks of so many earthquakes, and as they still stand, preserve at least the outline of this celebrated fortress. The interior is entirely filled up with Turkish houses, and it was curious to look down from the battlements upon those partially-closed and jealously-guarded balconies. Some extremely

pretty faces, holding the white muslin veil half across their features, peeped out from doors as we passed. This movement is instinctive in Eastern women, and is not without grace, however homely the apparel or the person.

Nothing but the shell is left of this once formidable fortress, and it was nervous work clinging round the edges of the battlements. My attention was particularly directed to one little chamber with pink jalousies to its four side windows. The part of the building in which it was situated, rising above the other roofs within the dark walls, seemed, by its appearance, to suggest either that some mysterious story belonged to it, or that a Fatima, with weeping eyes, was gazing through the lattice, hoping vainly for deliverance. There is a tradition that a subterraneous passage exists between this fortress and another on the hill. I could not make out the postern by which the knights, when they had made up their minds that resistance was useless, escaped to their galleys; but it is said still to exist.

Looking back, after I had passed out of the gateway, I observed the Papal arms over it—an unexpected sight, indeed, to see such an emblem of Christianity in a Turkish citadel; and from the fact that they had recently received a fresh cutting, evidently intended to be seen. The guide, observing how closely my attention was fixed on them, said, "Oh! the keys of the fortress." A pamphlet on Smyrna, however, gives, as a reason for the care with which this Christian cognizance is preserved,

some most seasonable help once afforded to Smyrna by Italy.

I determined to endeavour, by some means or other, to obtain a sight of the interior of the mosque. I can scarcely say that permission to enter the precincts sacred to Mohammedan worship was granted to me, but it was not refused. With some misgiving, therefore, having taken off my shoes, I entered, my guide waiting outside, not being allowed, he said, to go in, but perhaps too scrupulous a Greek to put his foot within a Moslem house of prayer. Step by step I advanced, with a feeling almost as if I was dreaming, amongst the turbaned Turks. The centre of the mosque, to my astonishment, was covered with Turkey carpets. At each of the two extremities was a platform, at each end of which, facing a group of cross-legged auditors, was a Fakir, who wore a turban, preaching to the multitude, using a good deal of action, raising his hands upwards, and moving from side to side of his pulpit or chair. From the distance at which I stood they seemed, except when they were moving about, to be sitting cross-legged too. The platforms were continued all round to the entrance door, and had light railings. Above was a gallery, and glass chandeliers hung from the dome or roof. On the white walls here and there were characters on a blue scutcheon, doubtless verses of the Koran. Groups of very venerable-looking men, with white beards and turbans, and generally thin faces, were standing together along the sides of the carpet,

the sound of their voices, as they talked or prayed, being heard as well as those of the four preachers. Some of the worshippers very civilly made way for me, and pointed out where I ought to go to secure the best post of observation. As I made my way as well as I could, a man with a pair of fiery eyes, and the dark face of an Arab, pulled me by the sleeve. I began to retreat immediately, not a little frightened, but an old Turk, after motioning me to keep my place, very unceremoniously boxed my rude assailant, and soundly thumped him out of the mosque, an act in which he was helped by one or two more, the infliction doubtless tending to the lasting increase of the Arab's zeal against the Giaour. After this disagreeable incident, a person showed me up to the gallery, in front of which a few were sitting listening to the Fakirs, and I might perhaps have quietly remained there some time, but fearful of awakening a second demonstration, and glad to resume my shoes, I soon rejoined my guide, who at once informed me of the frantic rage manifested by the over-zealous Moslem who had been expelled. Those who are about to visit the East may learn from my experience that it is not always safe to intrude into a Turkish mosque.

After leaving the temple of Mohammed, I went through more lanes, and over broken ground, past the house of the Pacha or Governor of Smyrna, and the hospital where so many of our own poor sufferers in the Crimean War breathed their last. The cemetery here, which extended up the hill, was strewn with flat stones,

with Hebrew characters, and generally a flower or device before them, such being the memorials with which Israel's race honours the departed. There are no upright monuments or ornamental figures. Above, to the left, under the cypresses, were the white turbans which marked the Turkish graves, and on the summit of the hill a plain monument of white marble, raised, according to the inscription upon it, by voluntary contribution, to the memory of those of our soldiers who died in the hospital at Smyrna. Their names are all carved in full on the stone. Amongst them are those of two nurses, whose lives, like theirs, were sacrificed in the fulfilment of duty. The monument, whose date, I believe, was 1856, commands all the plain, and the surrounding mountains, the bay, and the wide sea beyond, along which our gallant troops sailed up, but a short time before, in strength, pride, and manliness. How many, alas! soon returned, bowed down by suffering, maimed with wounds, worn out with fever, and even exhausted by famine, to remind us that thousands of the same gallant spirits lay in death's long sleep on the terrible battle-fields which they so gallantly contested and won.

The ground is thrown up in three lines, like the enclosure of a camp edging the summit. At the base is a village, close to the water, and further on another cluster of houses; while beyond, amid the trees, is Karath, most of the houses of which have places for bathing attached to them.

I went through the courts of the governor's house on returning. The houses forming one of the courts are used as a prison. The hour was just at hand for the Turks to break their fast, for it was the time of the Ramazan. My guide told me that a bit of bread about the size of his four fingers was all that was given to each of the prisoners. It made me shudder to see the eagerness with which the poor creatures, pressing their faces against the bars, anticipated the distribution even of that moderate allowance for their morning meal. The stalls, as we passed along, had been full of flat cakes, made in a particular way, to be eaten at this sacred time, and when we returned they had all disappeared. The population, indeed, of the whole place seemed to be enjoying their early meal, for hissing and frying were going on on all sides. I saw to-day something which more resembled a family group than anything I have yet witnessed amongst Turks, a man accompanied by his wife and two children. The features of the woman, seen through her enveloping black veil, appeared to be very pretty. As she wore, however, the unshapely cloak with which they generally invest themselves, her figure, of course, looked clumsy. Observing that I smiled at the children as I passed, she saluted me cordially. The man, who seemed to be going on some duty near the palace, quitted her at the foot of a lane, up which she went towards her home, with a child in each hand, just as one might see in England.

A full band seemed to be going its rounds late in the evening; for the nights of the Ramazan are joyous enough, and the Smyrna carnival is always gay. The hotels, however, are unfortunately placed in the dullest lanes of the city; and, spite of their high prices, have not a single recommendation. One can neither see nor enjoy what is passing, nor get a glimpse of the sea; except, indeed, in the "Europa," one of the neat bedrooms of which looks to the bay, so far giving it the advantage over the "Deux Auguste." Although the entrance to it is down a long lane from Frank Street, on the whole it has a more cheerful aspect than the one in which I am; and, perhaps, the proprietor is blessed with fewer olive branches, my host here rejoicing in no fewer than fifteen.

Sunday, 26th, I attended service in the chapel at the English consulate. I came out after prayers, to contemplate the calm waters of the bay, and the scenery by which it is surrounded. I found that the feeling inspired by the spectacle of nature is as nourishing to the soul as half an hour's wordiness. I went in the course of the day to Karsteth, to which I was slowly wafted over in a boat. It is rather a line, along the bay, of different houses, having places constructed within piles projecting from them, than, as B——'s guide says, a bathing-place. The Turkish houses, with jalousies even to the windows immediately over the waves, seemed quite empty of furniture; and the want of trees and shade rendered them still more

unattractive. A bridle path runs all along from the city, from which it is not more than an hour's walk. Horses and people, *en route*, are constantly going towards the fort, which we passed when entering the bay in the steamer.

I landed at a little wooden jetty, and ascending a slight eminence, which was rendered picturesque by a few olive-trees and rocky fragments, I sat down to admire the view. A Turkish ship of war, which was conspicuous on the waters, seemed, as if with a consciousness of its grander proportions and its higher destination, to look down with an expression of *hauteur* on the numerous steamers and merchant sail of all nations crowded nearer the shore. While I was admiring a spectacle which is always attractive, the cannons on shore fired to announce the end of Ramazan (Carême), and the commencement of Beiram (answering to Easter), and in a moment the ship was dressed in flags from stem to stern ; and as soon as the guns in the fort had ceased, she began, from her double row of port-holes, to salute the festival, the mountains giving back the sound of each report with due courtesy.

Several small parties passed by on the path beneath, some of them on horseback, with women, too, amongst them. One man, in a turban, and a handsome youth, were very well mounted. Another group was attended by slaves, who were carrying things for them. The broad-coloured shawl bound round the waist, with the pistols and arms showing their hilts in front, the pointed

shoes, the full trowsers, the bare throat, and the open chest, with a full-coloured kerchief wrapping the head, make every figure that passes in Smyrna a picturesque one. On sea or on shore, one is always sure to see, even among the lower class, some striking costume, to say nothing of the occasional ones of a more ornamental character.

CHAPTER IV.

Railway to Ayasalook—Ayasalook—Cave of the Seven Sleepers—Its Inner Recesses—Ephesus—Fragments of a Temple—The Port of the City—Remains of an Ancient Temple—Ruins—Prison of St. Paul—The Church of St. John—Greek Villagers out for a Day's Pleasure—A Midnight Struggle—Camels—The Railway in the East—Rhodes.

MONDAY, 27TH.—Finding that an English family here was setting off for Ephesus, and the morning being very fine, I at once determined to depart with them, only too glad to leave the dull, cold, noisy hotel, and get rid of that certain bore, the courier. The distance from the hotel to the railway, at a lady's slow pace, is half an hour. The station is near the water, close, I believe, to the Gulf of Boornabat. Our things had been taken round previously by boat, so that we were ready to set off with the train at half-past seven, the fare being more than ten francs. The railway officials round the carriages, who were all civil, were mostly, I observed, young Englishmen. We came to the first stop, not far from the Pont des Caravanes, where many natives were waiting to get in. The women were dressed in full pantaloons, and wore a jacket of bright colour, trimmed with fur, but without any vest; and something to draw over the head. They were sitting

on the ground as we approached; but at a sign from a man by whom they were accompanied, they rose and ran towards him, the pantaloons, with their female tops, looking very funny in motion. Proceeding on our journey, we passed two aqueducts, one of two tiers of arches, and another of three. Near one of the aqueducts was a tomb. The citadel of Pagus, on the right, which is of great extent, looked very majestic with its broken towers and walls above the railway. The country was generally level, though there were some furze-covered heights and mountains on the left, sprinkled with a little snow.

A station and a village which we passed, I understood to be Sedekoi, a pleasant place, with poplar-trees rising out of it. On the round top of one of the hills that look down on it, and also on the eminence near it, were rocks looking like fortifications. Some mountains on the right, which were first seen at a distance, now came nearer into view; and we observed several ridges extending to the left. As we drew near to Ephesus, the train seemed to be passing through a lake, formed by the overflow of the river Cayster. The heights above were all reflected in the wide, watery surface, and we were able to distinguish one vividly green hillock, with its shadow, a long way off. When we had advanced a short way, the hills approached nearer on both sides, and the river flowed on in its natural dimensions, which are very small. Flocks of sheep were grazing on the pastures, with two or three camels, dams and young ones, the latter the first of the species I had ever seen

in *infancy*. They were standing contemplatively, as if with some presage of the grave, business-like existence before them; not indulging in the frolicsome gambols of animals whose youth is gifted with less prevision. On a hill to the right, was a ruin, in shape resembling a church.

Near a station called Cosmonar the plain widened out, and on the left were pleasant pasture grounds. Passing some remarkable-looking rocks, all in curves, a railway bridge over the river, and a line of columns, which we had seen across the valley, the train came to a stop at Ayasalook, the termination of the line of stations for Ephesus. It was half-past ten o'clock, and the journey from Smyrna, about forty-eight miles, had therefore taken about three hours. A house has been built, with a large room, and comfortable English fire-place, and three or four bed-rooms over it. This habitation, if kept in order and cleanliness, would be of sufficient comfort for any parties wishing to examine the ruins at leisure, but the English family who keep it, though really decent people, are deficient in the qualifications requisite. To the right of the station is a road which leads to paths conducting to Ephesus, not more than a mile distant. One path goes over Mount Prion, and two others skirt its base to the right and left. Beyond Mount Prion, and to the right, is the Cave of the Seven Sleepers, to which we can obtain entrance only over masses of gigantic thistles, and nettles, and stones, and pieces of rock. The branches of a fig-tree jutting out

of the rock, form a good landmark for this far-famed place, which is deeply nooked in recesses of the rock, an immense fragment of which, with a fig-tree behind it, blocks up the approach to the cave. Passing this bulwark, you find yourself before the entrance of a spacious cavern. A few glances show that it has evidently been once used as a chapel. The recesses of the Seven Tombs are arched over, and the roof has been ornamented with some rude kind of plaster, not at all to the improvement of a place famed in legend, which we would rather see as formed by nature. Slumbers, indeed, might be long unbroken by any sounds from the outer world, to which the recesses of the cave are impenetrable. A story prevalent in the East tells us that Mohammet, conquering the curiosity which might have prompted him to enter it, passed reverently by, while an inquisitive caliph and his followers, stopping to examine it, were struck dead at its entrance by a violent burning wind which rushed from its depths at their approach. Many are said to have taken the liberty only to glance in, but have immediately retired, dreading the magic sleep that might fall upon them. I forgot to exercise any such discretion, and lingered long in its sombre gloom, the repose of which, on this bright day, I rather enjoyed.

I was informed that once a year, on a certain day in May, thousands of pilgrims come from all parts to visit it, and that for three days religious services are performed in its interior, pilgrims kneeling in hundreds

without, their eager eyes seeking to catch a glimpse, if it were only of its entrance. The whole mount at that time is occupied by crowds, and a spot not far off, but much higher up, where there is a tomb which tradition asserts to be that of Mary Magdalen, is at the same period a magnet for the devout. Lamps are kindled, and incense is burned, while the chaunts of priests and the murmurs of prayer are heard over the whole mount, and across the plain, Moslem and Christian joining in their reverence for the place. This occasional union of the professors of the two faiths throughout the East is often perplexing to those who do not bear in mind that Mohammedanism is a belief grafted on Christianity, and that its adherents have no objection to, or rather accept much of, Scriptural revelation. One recess behind the old trunk of a fig-tree, from the sides of which branches had sprung forth and increased, must have formed, when the tree was in leaf, a very good sleeping-place, probably for the dogs, as it was outside.

Near the Cave of the Sleepers is another, and, to my mind, a much more striking one, forming a mighty arch, the sides of which are all fluted with petrified water. Its inner recesses, however, were unfortunately filled up in part by immense blocks of stone. There was a great rent in the rocks close by, forming a confined space, which, though open to the sky, was deep in gloom. The ground was bestrewn with huge fragments of rock, amongst which were some of the bones and the skull of some poor horse which had there perished.

The silence of these places was profound, and being so far from help or protection, it is by no means safe for a timid or nervous person to remain long lingering about them, or in the thinly peopled region around. The remembrance of the deserted ruins of that immense city, from which the generations of mankind have retired centuries ago, gives a certain solemnity to these remote fastnesses of nature. And yet these secluded places were once the seats of a large population, from whose noise and strife the sage or the poet fled, to seek mental repose in spots as silent and deserted as these wildernesses now are.

We continued our journey over Mount Prion, the summit of which was soon reached. From that height we looked down on the site of Ephesus. The valley below was filled with the remains of its various temples, gymnasiums, agoras, and other places of public resort, of which the ruins still remain. The archways, Cyclopean walls, gateways, and granite columns were all, more or less, in huge fragments. Then there is a wide, open space, and a piece of water, with brambles growing round it, which might have been an artificial lake in the centre of the city. While walking one day over that once-stirring rendezvous of human beings, the Forum, or, at least, the space which is supposed to have been its site, I came upon the fragments of a temple, with wondrously large-fluted columns, and beautiful pieces of roof and cornice, all embraced and cradled by pretty shrubs and wild flowers, which climbed

over them in all directions, the growth of yesterday forming a charming contrast with these hoar remnants of the past.

On the declivity of a mount are ruins of some very large theatre, and a range of excavations which are considered to have been the city storehouses, along which may once have been a quay or a wharf. The sea is about two miles distant, and a perfectly level space, traversed by the river, is now, and must have always been, at its mercy. Had the city a port close at hand? —or did its ships sail up the river to it?—or had it two ports? We have some account of the bewitching Cleopatra, with purple sails and a gilded barge, floating down some river to meet Mark Anthony. May we not suppose it from Ephesus as well as anywhere else? Here that hero left the dulness of an oration too prolonged, and hurried out, attracted by the charming queen's presence, as she happened to be passing the Agora one fine morning in her graceful litter. What chevalier does not sympathise with him, exchanging *ennui* for enchantment? But while the records of Ephesus and of many another ancient site are brightened up with the traces of this radiant princess's eventful life, a life destined to close so tragically, it is with a far higher interest that we, as Christians, tread its renowned ruins. This magnificent city was the scene where our glorious apostle, St. Paul, was permitted to bear testimony, by the miraculous power vouchsafed to his words, to the truth of the doctrines which he

taught. The intense ardour of this first of Christian missionaries here stirred up the worshippers of the false gods to that memorable scene of fury and tumult in the theatre, when they shouted in honour of their goddess, whose deity, as it seemed to them, had been humbled by the words and deeds of the bold preacher who defied their enmity. The ruins of arches on the right-hand side of Mount Prion, as you descend it, going over from Ayasalook, were pointed out to me as those of the theatre where this memorable scene was transacted.

The site of the Temple of Diana is disputed; but there is a temple of immense proportions at the base of Mount Prion, on the side next Mount Corrisus. I stood on the fragments opposite the enormous recess between two doorways of this building, and imagined the immense space filled with a mighty multitude, with the image of the goddess looming in savage grandeur over her thronging worshippers below. That which must have been the floor of the temple is now overgrown with shrubs, nettles, grass, and stones. I waded, waist deep, down this strange aisle, my guide and myself working our way with staff and stick.

This temple, like the Erechtheion, on the Acropolis at Athens, seems to have been divided into several parts. There are basements of pillars and a distant portion, with an entrance, close under the hill by Ayasalook; and the ground sloped down gently to the valley at the foot of Mount Corrisus. The balmy atmosphere was so soothing, and a silence so profound reigned around,

that it was difficult to imagine it broken with the sounds of an angry tumult. After long lingering about, I summoned my guide, with the shout, more energetic than harmonious, which I have learned to utter while making these visits, and proceeded down the glen to the temple recently excavated, most of which, with the exception of some walls and passages of marble, and some flights of steps, is still in rubbish. I remarked a pretty fragment of a draped female figure, which I fear some one will take away, as there seems to be no authority for the protection of what is found.

As I went on down the valley amongst shrubs and wild flowers, I passed what seemed an old city gate in the hollow below, and came to the temple I had so much admired the previous day. I had been interrupted in my examination of its huge fluted pillars and richly sculptured friezes by the illness of my guide, who had been suddenly laid low by an attack of fever and thirst. While mounted on the highest fragment of this grand mass of ruins, which occupy but a small space, as they have all fallen in a heap, I saw two or three Europeans, naval officers, whom I had previously passed in the middle of Ephesus, skirting the base of Mount Prion. I observed also an Asiatic, and two women, sitting on a bank near the Forum, and a couple of Greek horsemen going through the Agora towards the plain; and these were the only persons that traversed the "City of the Ephesians" during my visits to it.

On the side of Mount Corrisus is a row of arches,

which are considered to be the remains of an aqueduct. A sloping path, which leads up under them, is the road to Scala Nova, a town eighteen miles off. The view of the city of ruins from this ascent was most interesting; and as I proceeded upwards I met a company of country people on horseback and on foot coming down the steep, all in picturesque costume, and every one carrying arms, a gun on the shoulder, and pistols in the belt. After half an hour's clamber we crossed over some ploughed ground, and mounted to the height on the right hand, crowned with a tower called the Prison of St. Paul. It is a square edifice, with Cyclopean walls, and is divided into four chambers. The entrance to it is by a low arched doorway, on the side looking towards the city. Over the door is a stone with an inscription, and within are two more arched doorways. As there is no roof, the traveller can climb up and look down into the interior of the tower, the walls of which are double, and wonder in which of its divisions he who was "in prison oft" was bestowed. The eminence on which the tower is situated forms a delightful platform, from which we may observe the situation of Ephesus. The great plain below, on which it stood, is in summer good pasture ground, and even at this early season large flocks of sheep found food and sojourn on it. The sea washes the edge of the plain, and the river Cayster winds along towards it. There are some steps cut in the rock down from the eminence, which may have led to some place used in defence. My pony feasted on the fine grass

and pretty flowers carpeting this pleasant spot, the prison mount.

Above the station at Ayasalook is a building called the Turkish Fort, which, with the line of pillars across the valley, forms a remarkable approach for the traveller intent on visiting Ephesus. On the hill are the remains of an arch called "The Gateway of Persecution," a name suggestive of terrible scenes, perhaps, which imagination can but faintly picture. I observed an Asiatic asleep in a tomb near. A church called St. John's, in which a marble chair was found, has been excavated further on. Rubbish, however, has fallen in in such quantities, that only a few small pillars are now visible.

At the base of this hill, towards Ephesus, stands a large edifice, known as the Sultan Selim's Mosque, which is considered to have been once a Christian church. The capitals of two granite pillars, brought from the Forum at Ephesus, are remarkably fine. The three arches of the east end are divided by most beautiful sculptured fretted work, and a double line of stone stalls remains. In another division of the church is a fine granite pillar, but shorter than the one already mentioned. The principal entrance faces towards Ephesus, and has three windows on each side, seamed with exquisitely-worked marble, in various patterns. From the doorway descends a double flight of steps, beneath which there appears to have been a set of marble baths—at least there are the ornamental marble slabs.

While sitting one soft silent evening under the columns of an aqueduct crossing the valley, columns which are formed of pieces of sculpture and fragments taken from ruins, a number of Greeks from a village two or three hours off amongst the hills, who had come down to spend the afternoon at Ayasalook, passed on horseback two and three at a time. The women and children were mounted in couples, and one pretty young girl, who I understood was a bride, wore a wreath of natural flowers bound with a ribbon in her hair, a long red veil spotted with silver stars hanging down behind. She was mounted with her mother, and a young man, the affianced of the maiden, I suppose, rode behind them. They appeared to be fearless equestrians, for some of the horsemen galloped by over the broken and rocky ground. I suppose it was a convivial party, for the whole village seemed to have turned out for the occasion, as there were no less than seventy or eighty of them. Wandering further on to a little hill, on the slope of which a numerous flock were grazing, I stood looking on while they were being driven into a deep hollow enclosed by branches, which seemed to be their fold. I spent several days amidst these scenes, although the population, which is very scanty in this part of the country, is not a very safe one to be among. One night I was disturbed by the sounds of a dreadful struggle and cries for help, as it appeared to me, from one or two men overpowered by numbers. It was pitch dark at the time. I tried to open my window, but could not hold up the light, and

therefore called the people of the hotel, who however said they found it better never to interfere on such occasions amongst the natives. They thought that a man was being robbed and beaten, but I doubt if murder was not being committed, for the cries were suddenly hushed. This event produced a great impression on my mind, and I left next day.

The village of Uzzisish, in the Ephesus pass, is, I understand, laid out quite like an English one, and is inhabited by the railway people, of whom there are about sixty families. They have cricket-clubs, schools, and everything to interest them, to contribute to the comfort of the men, and to keep them content, but they are apt to get home-sick. The village is about six miles distant from Ayasalook, in the midst of very fine scenery. The line of railway rises a foot in a very short space, and seems to ascend in a slope along the hill-side, like a road. A long line of camels came into the Ayasalook station as the train was waiting to set off for Smyrna. Some had to be unladen, and others to receive new burdens; the latter made a kind of loud roaring noise as their drivers drew down their heads to make them kneel. These animals are very interesting, their equal pace, their docility, and their immense capabilities, rendering them most useful servants to man in this climate. It was indeed a curious sight to see the camel, the ship of the desert, undergoing the process of being loaded with merchandise at a railway station. The people of the country seem to make a good use of

the railway. At the different railway stations there were always persons waiting to go with the trains, some on their way to busy ports, and others to the interior of the country. Attendants, with very handsome caparisoned steeds, were occasionally seen waiting for some of the more wealthy travellers. A whole household—women, children, and slaves, who had come up to Smyrna, and were to go by sea next day, were put into a boarded enclosure of the line near the Pont des Caravanes, where they were to pass the night. After a day wasted in shopping up and down Frank Street, during which time I succeeded in getting very few of the trifles I sought, I took a boat for an hour's sail about sunset. Rowing across the harbour the situation looks very pleasant, but is only so for houses which come with their little platforms close to the water.

On Saturday, March 4th, I left by the *Adria* steamer for Beyrout. As we steamed out of the bay, Smyrna appeared lying in sunshine and beauty, backed by mountains, with the high ground extending on each side of its widely-arching bay. It made a fine picture. Sunday, about mid-day, we anchored in a harbour quite shut in by land, called Panaca, the wind being contrary, and too strong to permit of our lying off Rhodes if we arrived there at night. At seven on Monday morning, after a night of tossing, we came to anchor before the City of the Knights, and went on shore with priest and sister. The fortifications have been much shaken by a recent earthquake, but the walls and towers still look

formidable, though doubtless they could not resist the modern appliances that could be brought against them. Above the entrance-gates are the arms of the knights, and that cross once so renowned is carved on every part that meets the eye. We went over many bridges, under many arches, and saw the cemetery where so many generations of brave defenders of the island lie. It is difficult to fix on any position where the Colossus could have stood. There are no remnants of any pedestals. A few rocks, indeed, run out into the sea, forming the horns of a small beach, and the places where two towers stand may each have supported a foot of this Titanic guardian of the port. We walked through many narrow but clean lanes as we went through the town. In front of the houses were generally small courts, opening into these lanes, and the windows looked down from above a balcony far up in the wall. Most of the houses are very small and modest-looking buildings, the English Consul's, which is a compact, well-built house, looking quite a residence in comparison with them.

We went as far as the Franciscan convent. A few pretty women, with merely black veils on their heads, came out of the chapel as we passed. Those faces which I remarked during our *giro* were fair and delicate-looking, with soft but not very dark eyes, and beautifully-penciled eyebrows. Many such came to the little court doors to look at us, for but few strangers come to Rhodes. On each side of a sloping road leading down from the chapel was a cemetery. We passed through a

bazaar plentifully supplied with fruit, and crossing a portcullis, entered the castle; after seeing which we came out at another gateway, rowing under its walls, and afterwards directed our course to our steamer. Our feet had trodden the familiar paths of the brave knights of Rhodes, those bulwarks of the Christian faith during so many centuries; and we had seen those memorable spots where they were attacked, and had resisted to the death the then formidable and terrible Turk in many a deadly struggle.

CHAPTER V.

Cyprus—The Convents of the Nuns of St. Guiseppe—Visit to an Island Family—The Streets of Cyprus—Voyage—Turks at Prayer—Arrival at Beyrout—Madame Olympe—Landing at Jaffa—The Streets and Lanes of the City—Arab Women—Setting out for Jerusalem—Ramleh—The Pass of Aboo Goosch—Arrival at Jerusalem—First View of the Holy City—Walk to Bethany—The Grave of Lazarus—The Mount of Olives—The Garden of Gethsemane.

AFTER coasting about the whole of the previous day, we lay all Wednesday before Cyprus. We anchored at a spot where we were surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, before a small place a short distance from Larneca. The aspect of the scene was most beautiful, distinct lines of colour ribbing the sea, which we had been admiring all along the shores of the island, and which were here even more apparent. We landed with the same party as before, accompanied by the English gentleman. The priest, who had been Prefect of the Propaganda at Rome, went to see one of his "class," who had been many years there as a *sacerdote*, not a monk. The latter recognized his college superior in a moment, and very hearty warm greetings were exchanged. The *sacerdote* took us all up into his cool room in a house made of wood, and seated us ladies on a red settee, which harmonized well with his old

student books. We next went into a Greek church, in which was a curious pulpit or *chaire*, of tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl. In this large church were several pictures relating to incidents in the lives of saints. On our visit to the Franciscan convent the good brethren hospitably treated us all with Cyprus wine in the sacristy. This famous beverage was pronounced by those who can appreciate it to be of most excellent quality. It was certainly very refreshing, and had a spicy taste, while its colour rivalled that of the ruby.

We went, on our return, into the convent of the nuns of St. Guiseppe, who have a school. Three young girls were at a pianoforte in the parlour, a quiet, peaceful room, with a divan all round. The superior, a pleasant-looking woman, whose hood, edged with white, set off a calm, agreeable face, came to see us. We went into the interior by a door over which was written "Clôture," to prevent, she told me, intrusion from the island people. In the room near the entrance were kept medicines and stores for the sick and poor. After seeing all that was to be seen, we received flowers of remembrance and good wishes at parting. Our priest sat down and touched the piano with a master-hand, after commending the young maidens' trembling essay to get through a sonata.

After taking leave, we paid a visit to an island family, who, in a cool, shady room, presented us ladies with delicious preserve of lemon, cut in squares, and coffee. A servant presented each of us with a silver filigree-

holder for our cups. The two ecclesiastical friends meanwhile walked up and down the balcony, on which the chambers opened, renewing past times in converse, which both seemed heartily to enjoy. Some hanging plant shaded the front of the apartment, and we, far back in it, enjoyed the soft light and quiet till it was time to make our way back to the landing-place.

The streets in many parts we passed were a mass of thick black mud, though the causeways on each side were clean. The air was so beautifully clear, and the houses and walls were so white, that you could not call it a dirty place, notwithstanding the appalling quantity of mud visible. Great jars and skins, filled with wine, were exposed for sale in the open booths of the little town. Very few trees were visible on the coast, but we were told that the interior was very fertile. Great hospitality and kindness are exercised. The Cypriote families in the country and on the hills throw open their houses to those who like to come during the hot season, while any vacant rooms are left. We rowed off to the steamer from a narrow wharf, backed by a line of houses, and from which a wooden jetty runs out for the convenience of the boats that touch at it. The sea was glowing with streaks of the richest colours, from the lightest green to the deep purple line that marked the horizon. After dinner we were on deck just in time to catch the last golden gleams of sunset, and to obtain a last view of Cyprus, fading away in the glory of it. We paced the deck till eleven, the bright moonlight and

the soft atmosphere proving so attractive. There were several hundred pilgrims on board our vessel, both for Jerusalem and Mecca, and a motley company they formed. One side of the quarter-deck was awned over, for the concealment of the fair ladies of a Cadi with a green turban. I got a glimpse within occasionally, and saw some of them leaning about on large cushions, laid on carpets, under the rough canvas, which was their only shelter. The Cadi, I was told, was blessed with twenty-six of these domestic moveables. A group of five Turks came on the most unoccupied part of our deck to pay their devotions. Each spread his cloak, and looking towards Mecca, prostrated himself three times, going through all his observances with a gravity that, surrounded as the little company were on all sides by strangers, was somewhat striking.

Thursday morning we arrived at Beyrout, on a fine bay, with Lebanon towering above one side of it. The town has a picturesque enough appearance from the sea. An eminence, about the centre of it, is crowned by a red building, standing on a grassy summit, round the battlements of which are a few cannon. This is the Great Caserne, or Serai, a depôt for soldiers. The mountains, rising one behind another in the direction of the route to Damascus, intersect each other in charming lines; and Lebanon, with the lofty Djebel Scheik covered with snow, forms the most striking object in the magnificent picture.

After the Cadi had taken his goods, and gone on

shore, we stepped into a boat and landed at Ras-Beyrout, at the Belle-Vue, an hotel pleasantly situated close to the sea. There is a wide balcony on the second floor, on which several rooms open, and a divan at each end. Mr. W—— had a tent of his unrolled to show us, with an outer wall of canvas painted green to surround it, and a smaller tent for cooking; the cost of the whole being about £14. The sight of it inspired such pleasant thoughts of camping out under waving trees, and wandering far away from cities and care, and particularly from travelling troubles, that I saw them rolled up again with regret.

At six in the evening we moved off from Beyrout, with an addition of some hundred pilgrims; and as night came on, beds were spread in such numbers on the deck, that we had but a narrow strip to walk up and down in. The devout Mussulmans had scarce room to say their prayers, but say them they did, diving their turbans, as they prostrated themselves, into the faces and laps of sleeping groups. One of these groups, which occupied a nook near the steersman, had very white, clean cushions. Three women, in the ample calico envelopes within which these Eastern females enclose themselves, were lying down, apparently asleep, in the moonlight. When our tea, however, was brought, one of them suddenly started up, and coming towards us, seized a spoon that lay in the sugar-bowl, and, taking a portion, tasted it, thinking it salt; then, sitting down beside us, she began a wild song, finishing with a strange

trill, that might have vibrated a mile over the silent sea. She talked a great deal, and gave us each something, an orange, nuts, &c. After awhile, she went away again to her couch, but ever and anon started up from it, breaking out into song, and terminating with the trill *in alto*. She came to us again, frequently hovering round us, and addressing each. Meanwhile, a few more of these half-wild creatures were amusing themselves by looking down into the cabin, their black eyes under the veils making the sippers of tea below start when they met their glance.

A fast French lady, who came on board at Beyrout, was another specimen of female loneliness, for our singular Asiatic had come from the far interior, and was going to Mecca quite by herself. Madame Olympe was a pretty person, quite young, and affecting to be a literary character. She had passed, she said, three months with the ladies of the harem, and gave us what, she assured us, was a very truthful representation of their life. Madame Olympe had already written works on Egypt, and on some other country, and was going to write upon Syria. Her *editeur*, however, required her presence in Paris, and so she would not be able to spend a few days in it for the purpose. Very determined to produce an effect was pretty Madame Olympe, even in the ladies' cabin, as well as in the literary world.

Moonlight kept me late on deck with my amiable companion, and the only two other Eu
passengers, on this last night of

sojourn together; and truly a strange scene it was we had before us, all those Turks, Greeks, and Suliotes that covered the vessel's deck from stem to stern. Morning found us off Caifa, just under the convent of Mount Carmel, in the beautiful bay of St. Jean d'Acre. That famous place, surrounded by its fortifications, inspired many interesting historical recollections, such as Napoleon's cruel slaughter of his prisoners, its capture by the Crusaders, and, in recent times, by Sir Sidney Smith. The morning was so calm, fresh, and bright, that everything round this fine crescent bay seemed to wear an unclouded smile; and we left it with regret, coasting down to Jaffa, where we arrived about five o'clock. We were taken ashore in a boat with four rowers, who conducted us in safety among the rocks that are so formidable. What words can describe the scene we were compelled to witness the moment we put our feet on shore—the noise, tearing, pulling, shouting of the Arabs, all eagerly attempting to carry off some of our things? One who had succeeded in carrying something off, was pursued and brought back by Mr. W——'s servant. Two others laid their hands on a box at the same time, but were summarily stopped by the powerful hand of our magnificent priest. All, however, ended well at last, and we arrived, safe and sound, under the hospitable roof of the convent, which, close to the [illegible] by a long flight of steps [illegible] of the house. All [illegible] ere deposited on the

top landing, in an ante-chamber whose large-railed window opened on the sea, and looked over the sands to the right. The house "beside the sea," occupied by "Simon the tanner," was situated a short distance to the left, and that sea Jonah found so tempestuous, lay in sparkling, but undisturbed, beauty before us.

After some rest, and supper in the refectory below, where a good brother waited on us, performing perfectly the duties both of host and attendant, we mounted to the terrace to enjoy the moonlight, when a throng of travellers from Egypt, with baggage, Dragoman, and Arab porters, arrived, to be, like ourselves, taken in and done for, and it was very late ere the hospitable abode was at rest; but we slept sweetly on *terra firma* once more, though with but rough accommodation. Next day I walked out through the crooked, steep, and stony lanes of the town; and after passing through a gate, emerged upon an open place, where, in the hot sun, sheltered by crazy booths, was a market of fruits. Many wild-looking Arabs were about, and further on was a man lying naked on the side of the road, a saint vowed to this state of existence. We stepped into an orange garden to refresh ourselves after this, and sat under the fragrant and loaded branches of these beautiful trees, pleasant both to sight and sense. A woman, with face so far unveiled as to show a pair of sweet eyes and finely arched brows, came to us, with a baby in her arms, and the little thing contemplated each of us with a curiosity and knowingness that were perfectly impish.

Coming back I gave an orange to a camel, who seemed to like it amazingly, squeezed out the juice first before swallowing it, and then, poor thing, turned its head for another. I believe it would have taken a second one from me if I had offered it then, although the first it would only take from its driver's hand.

Sunday 12th, I attended service in the convent chapel. The Arab women, in their white envelopes of veils, on the ground on one side, and the men and brethren on the other. The priest was an imposing-looking man, and the tone of his voice was like that of an organ. I afterwards went to see the nuns of St. Giuseppe, whose abode is next to the convent. The Superior is a young and pleasing woman, and the cheerful parlour looks out on the sea from its one window. These nuns have a school for the natives, and many Greeks and Jews, as well as a few Catholics, receive instruction from them. I was amused here by a little Nubian girl, who smiled and showed her white teeth as Fräulein B—— and I were talking to her, but suddenly burst into tears at the sight of the tall, perhaps severe-looking priest. He said these poor things had all such a terror of the whites.

We set off for Jerusalem at half-past two. A memorable day and hour was that on which I commenced my journey to the Holy City, the goal to which I have been tending since January 12th, exactly two months. Three of the brethren were also in progress from the convent. We were thirteen persons, with ten

animals. As we set out on our journey, the Agoyahs walking beside their sumpter mules, we passed through the market-place, which was full of the turbaned, veiled, and vested rough population. A group of women were walking away, as if for some special purpose, on our approach, the dark veils under the white covering of the head giving them, when they turned round, a rather repulsive appearance. There was some delay, in consequence of our mules and the natives not emerging in time from the gate, and the people we asked either did not understand us, or were too much amused with having us to stare at to direct which road we were to take. I had time, meanwhile, to observe the monks, and learned that one was from Genoa, a Dominican, and another from the Manillas. The Franciscan, who had just come from the interior of Africa, showed himself able to ride well in the course of the journey. One of them had been ten times to Jerusalem. Another who wore a high straw hat, with broad brim, and green spectacles, had a good horse and saddle, and was comfortably and coolly dressed, as well as the monastic garb permitted. They were all occupied with their prayers, but cheerful and kind when occasion required.

The sumpter mules came up at last. My little pet's house, tied on the top of the baggage, was placed on one, and then we set off in the direction of the line of hills in the far distance, which we had to clear. Our road led us at first through lanes of prickly pear, and beside orange-gardens, and then over an open grassy

ground. There was a small cluster of mud huts on the left, and we soon after came to another, where the horses drank from a spring on the right. Nothing very remarkable occurred till about three hours from setting out, when we entered Ramleh. The tower and a portion of the walls we had already seen over the grassy hill, or rather slope, which we had mounted. As we approached we saw the people sitting among the graves in an unenclosed cemetery. We were assailed as we proceeded by numerous beggars, but soon stopped at the convent, where two brethren came out to receive us, under whose guidance we rode within the court, and gladly dismounted. The convent parlour was furnished with a divan all round, and a brother stood at the table in the centre, with glasses of lemonade, a beverage never made so good anywhere as in these houses. When we were introduced to our own room we found that, with others, it opened on a court, dismal enough in contrast to that at Jaffa, from which we had such a view of the sea and sky; but moonlight after supper made even that court agreeable to walk in. A narrow way from it led to the chapel and monastery itself, whose cloisters looked, as they do everywhere, attractive for their aspect of repose.

The pilgrim house, in all these buildings, is one kept for the purpose of hospitality to strangers, apart from that occupied by the brethren themselves. Our rooms and beds were comfortable. A full moon streamed through the narrow lattice window as we lay down; and

we were again astir before daylight, to be ready for our early departure. My companion, going out to see if the others were moving, found the Arabs in the outer court lying about on the stones, the only luxury enjoyed by the chief amongst them being that of laying his head on a wooden threshold. The mules, standing close by under a shed, and feeding, were, apparently, better accommodated than their owners. A cup of coffee and slices of bread were presented to us; after which our steeds, with those of other pilgrims leaving for Jaffa, and some returning from Jerusalem, made their appearance. The latter were accompanied by a gaily-dressed young Arab, merry-looking, who seemed a wit, for he was evidently quizzing and taking off the Europeans to his comrades, who, meanwhile, were tossing about the bridles and stirrups.

Another friar was added to our party from this convent, and we set off at six o'clock. The sun rose in mist, and continued so veiled for more than half our route—fortunately, for when he threw his rays on our path up and down the steeps, as we neared Jerusalem, they were felt to be intensely hot and overpowering. Nothing of interest occurred till about eleven o'clock, when we entered a defile, which, as we ascended it, became beautiful with large olive-trees and fragments of rock. The strata were disclosed in layers along the sides of the ravine—an interesting study to the geologist.

We met a large party coming from the Holy City, Americans, some of whom stopped me with character-

istic questions; but amiably, in moving off, gave us information in return, intended to be useful. We halted half an hour at mid-day at a spot where some immense olive-trees made a little shade, their trunks being twisted like marble columns, or knotted together. The good brethren produced bread, meat, and wine, which they distributed to all with very great good-will. My little pet had a run of the delicious fine clover; while water was close at hand, just above our halting-place, where a spring ran from a low arch in the rock.

Soon after the little caravan was again in motion, we came in sight of a small village, formerly the stronghold of a notorious robber chieftain, Abo Goosch, whose bold attacks once made this pass very dangerous. To extort money, he would sometimes capture pilgrim monks, put them into a large oven, light a slow fire, and then send a horseman full gallop to Jerusalem, with a message to the superior of the convent, that if such and such a sum was not sent him, the fire would, within such a time, burn up, and the good pilgrims be roasted! There is a spring of good water on the left hand, at the foot of the village; but the descent is rocky and slippery, and for tired pilgrims it is trying enough to ride down the winding and difficult road to it.

We at last began to ascend the hill that intervened between us and the city. On its summit I looked back on the nearly setting sun, and on many round-topped hills that had been for several hours apparently changing position in our view. We met many camels and mules,

with their hardy drivers, setting out on the long track we were just finishing; and occasionally a few travellers. On a sudden, there was a cry of "Jerusalem!" and those before me waved a greeting; and I trust and believe many a fervent and pious prayer ascended at that moment from the ecclesiastics, and from the amiable and saint-like Louise. It was not, however, as I had imagined, the striking view of the whole city, "beautiful for situation, and the joy of the whole earth," which had been seen yet, but only the summit of the Russian Hospice, a very large building, with many towers to its grand church, which is first seen over the brow of the hill.

The first glance I had showed me the walls of Mount Zion, and part of the city. We descended to the Jaffa gate. The sides of the deep valley fall off almost immediately under the battlements; but there is a path through a rough one all round them. The circuit may be made in an hour, and is extremely interesting. Issuing from the Damascus gate, there is no valley; nor is there one between it and the Jaffa gate, but an undulating plain, strewn over with fragments of ruins and rocks. It is on this side that the city has ever been attacked.

Proceeding wearily, we reached, ere long, by a few crooked and steep lanes, our quarters, a large, airy mansion, the Austrian Pilgerhaus, near the Damascus gate. It is managed by a director and a priest, and the chapel is opposite the "Speisesaal." Every pilgrim

is expected to be present at morning mass and evening litany. Very near the Pilgerhaus is the house of Pontius Pilate, and the arch of the "Ecce Homo," from which our Lord was shown to the Jews. Father Ratisbon, a converted Jew, has lately given a large sum for the whole property. His conversion was attended by very remarkable circumstances, as stated in a pamphlet giving an account of it. The ground on which the Jews stood, calling down upon themselves that curse which to this day has clung to their nation, is said to have some of the original pavement remaining. A convent for "the daughters of Zion" adjoins the arch, and from its interior this gallery can be reached.

We went next day to Bethany, passing the convent just named, and issuing from the St. Stephen Gate. The spot where the Protomartyr was stoned is about half-way down. We descended the steep side of the valley to the church called the Grave of the Blessed Virgin. A long wide flight of stone steps lead to the sites therein venerated. Very dark they were, and the court to be crossed before reaching the church was filled with beggars and cripples innumerable. The house-watcher, or cavass, a spirited-looking young Arab, with sword and stave, a pointed sort of cane five or six feet long, with silver nob and formidable termination, to keep intruders off, and defend us in case of necessity, preceded our party. These guards are allotted by the government to each of the consuls, and to the Austrian Pilgerhaus. The director himself also accompanied us.

We mounted the opposite side of the valley, passing the wall of the Garden of Gethsemane; and from this site, looking back, traced what must have been our Blessed Lord's sad path in the hands of the rude multitude, after they had made him prisoner in the garden. How touching it is to follow from this spot the road crossing the bed of the brook Kedron, and winding along the steep up to that part of the walls in which was the despised gate by which He was made to enter.

The walk towards Bethany is beautiful, along the side and over the brow of the hill. On the left is the ruin of a church, built by the Empress Helena on the site of Golgotha. We came next to the ruins of a house about two miles from Jerusalem, considered to be the house of Lazarus. At the back of it is a cave hewn in the rock just below, and steps lead down to the grave, entered by a low arch, before which Jesus stood and called forth his death-stricken friend to life and light once more. There is space in the grave for several, and it was doubtless intended for the sisters also. Can a scene of more solemn interest be imagined, remembering the event that once passed there? When Lazarus' last hour again seemed to be drawing near, how vividly must his memory have recurred to that wonderful awakening! Three fierce-looking Arabs were at the cave's mouth. I should have been timid of descending, had they been to mount guard, and without so well-defended a party. Near the house is a fig garden, enclosed, towards which one may picture the peaceful

family, in their daily avocations, looking across the threshold of the now roofless chambers shown as their abode, where they awaited the coming of their Heavenly guest in the simple humility of an earthly friend. With these thoughts what feelings of love and gratitude must be mingled! He who was in the world, but not of it, yet stooped tenderly to every sorrow He met there, with word or deed of consolation and instruction.

From the site of this remarkable event we ascended the hill, taking another way on our return, and passing a mosque and courts where once stood a Christian church on the place of the Ascension. A rock inside is pointed out with the print of a human foot, as the mark of His last step on the earth. Though tradition may err in much that it so positively asserts, yet the heart, in visiting these sacret sites, cannot but be stirred by the most sacred reminiscences. What events, pregnant with all that has the most lasting bearing on the destinies of humanity, have actually taken place in this neighbourhood, if not precisely in one particular spot, yet certainly in some of these localities. Is there not something infinitely touching in the thought that our Blessed Redeemer noticed the trees, the flowers, and all the scenes around us? The Mount of Olives, especially, is often named as the place of His frequent retirement—Luke xxi., 37th verse—after his daily labour of teaching in the Temple. This mount, on the cool heights of which He so often lingered, forms a very beautiful object from Jerusalem, and while the eyes rest upon it

the mind is filled with the sacred recollections which it calls up. The octagon, which is now walled in, has still some beautiful capitals to its eight columns, and always stood, with the same dimensions as at present, in the centre of the Christian Church. From the minaret of the court adjoining this, wherein the mosque stands, and which encloses also the dwelling of a family, is a delightful prospect of Jerusalem and its valleys, the mountains of Moab, and part of the waters of the Dead Sea. From hence may be seen, on a perfectly clear day, the spot where the waters of Jordan mingle with those of the Lake of Galilee. The children brought us delicious water as we passed through the court, presenting it to each in a green glass, and, as usual, were clamorous for "backsheesh" again and again. A spot near is that on which, according to tradition, the Apostles met to compose the Creed. With what feelings must they have written down that article "He ascended into Heaven," as they looked up, remembering how He had disappeared from their longing eyes, and the voice they heard announcing that in like manner He should return. Farther down the mount are the ruins of a chapel, marking the site where He once taught the Lord's Prayer.

We descended the mount and came to the Garden of Gethsemane! An old monk opened the low door of a square walled space, enclosing several old olive-trees, [illegible] white wooden palisades round flower-beds, [illegible]dded with roses, and pink and white double

stocks, most luxuriant in colour and size. I was much taken by surprise, expecting to see only dark large trees with a solemn shade. The trees which grow here have the appearance of great age, and the bulk of their trunks is immense. The monk has a small chamber in the enclosure.

The idea of treading a spot so sacred made me tremble before entering; but once within, everything contributed to dissipate that timid feeling—the flowers and the gay sunshine. In contemplating the place, one could easily realize the scene of the Saviour's betrayal into the hands of his enemies, who, struck with the majestic dignity which shone through the human presence of Him they sought, fell back and sunk on the ground, too soon, however, recovering and "leading Him away."

The spot on which Judas gave the treacherous salute that was to mark the victim, and yield Him up to the bitter hate and unrelenting persecution of those who sought His death, is pointed out by a broken pillar inserted in a rude wall outside the garden; and near it is a tree which, by the pilgrims, has been considered as the one on which Judas hanged himself. The tree is enclosed by a wall, only of late years built to preserve it, on account of its great age. The remorse of that arch-traitor might well have been maddening enough to impel him to the deed, on re-visiting the scene of his crime. The side of the valley we found very steep and fatiguing on climbing it to return. The pool of Bethesda was pointed out on the left, as we passed through a

narrow street between St. Stephen's Gate and the Austrian Pilgerhaus. A depôt of soldiers is stationed just opposite the convent, near the Pilgerhaus and the Turkish governor's house. There is a good view from the roof of the Pilgerhaus of the dome of the mosque of Omar, and of the greater part of the city, whose dimensions are very limited, considering that it has been the scene of events of such profound interest to the whole human race. The Pilgerhaus stands high, in a pleasant garden, and is generally well appointed.

CHAPTER VI.

The Damascus Gate—The Cave of Jeremiah—The Jews' Wailing-place—The American Church—The House of Annas—Of Caiphas—Lepers—Keeping Vigil—Circuit of the Walls—English Mission—The Valley of Jehoshaphat—The Pool of Siloam—The Valley of Hinnom—The Road to Bethlehem—Convent of the Nativity—Chapel of the Grotto—St. Jerome—Bethlehem House—Fields of the Shepherds—Pools of Solomon—Gardens of Solomon.

FRIDAY morning I went out by the Damascus Gate, the Royal Gate, which, with its crenellated battlements and two pointed arches, forms a fine entrance to the city, even though the interior arch is not in line with the outer one, which is ornamented with bosses. The grotto of Jeremiah is a cavern commanding a view of the city that should "remember in the days of her miseries all her pleasant things that she had in the days of old," and from whence all her glory should depart. There are other grottoes besides this large one, but they are in charge of a surly custode, who told us that unless we were Turks we could not enter. The inquiry made of a zealous Roman Catholic priest and his party sounded particularly odd.

In the afternoon we went to the Jews' Wailing-place, to the west of the mosque of Omar. I was told that the Jews purchased the right of assembling there every

Friday, to lament over the desolation of their city. "The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they come to be as earthen vessels!" as the prophetic spirit saw them, and as they seemed indeed to us, standing before that remnant of the ancient wall of the Temple to lament. A few rabbis, wearing fur caps, read or chaunted passages from their ancient Scriptures, an act in which they were imitated by the other Jews on the ground, rocking themselves to and fro. I remarked especially one very old man, with a large Hebrew book, handsomely bound, and whose venerable beard swept the pages of the sacred volume. Women stood in line, with their faces to the wall, weeping, though it was evident that some of them found it difficult to get any tears to flow. The whole assembly did not number more than eighty, I think, in all. The lane is very narrow, and there was just room enough for us to pass and observe them. The idea, however, of such an assemblage is touching, recalling to mind the various changes of fortune through which these remarkable people have passed, and suggesting others which they are probably destined yet to see.

After this, we passed near the Jaffa Gate to the Armenian quarter, going by Bishop Gobat's residence. The church of St. James, which the Armenians possess, is very richly decorated. Doors of tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl open to the sanctuary (the spot where, according to tradition, the apostle was beheaded). The chair of the first bishop of Jerusalem stands on the

same position as the ancient one, and is so venerated, that another is placed beside it, to be used by the Armenian bishop. Carpets cover the floor of the church, and jewels and silver everywhere meet the eye. A curious picture, representing various heads, was not explained to me; but I suppose they were the likenesses of certain early martyrs. Women were sitting on the floor, holding candles, although no service was going on. The person standing at the door sprinkled us with rose-water as we came out.

From thence we went to the Armenian convent, where some very rough, homely, slip-shod nuns appeared before us in their chapel, a place where some sad remembrances are renewed; for it was once the house of Caiphas, where our Saviour was struck by the soldier, after answering the high priest. A convent further on is said to have been the house of Annas; and a small sanctuary beside the altar is considered to mark the place where Jesus was shut up for the night after being tried.

We next visited the site of the Cenacolo, that large upper room where the disciples were commanded to make ready, and in which our Blessed Lord instituted the first ordinance of a Christian church, administering bread and wine to the small company who then formed it. Going out of the convent gate, we crossed a court, or piece of ground, on one side of which were the houses of the lepers, who are compelled to live there all together. A few of these distressed and frightful beings were

sitting in a row, stretching out their maimed arms and hands towards us for alms. Another convent which we visited consisted of an oblong square building without windows, erected, as they all are, on some venerated site connected with our Saviour's sufferings. At its entrance we met the English Franciscan brother Louis, conducting Mr. H——, of Northumberland, and two other gentlemen, all of whom had dined with us at Jaffa, over the building. In visiting these places of universal interest to Christians, it seems a pleasure to pilgrims even to meet one another. On entering the court, we observed around it the tombs of bishops and patriarchs, and several arches. Some of these were adorned with very beautiful crosses, sculptured in bas-relief; the figures on the patriarch's tomb being crozier and mitre, a lighted candle held by a hand, and two keys. One place was marked as that where Peter denied his Lord; and a large stone under the altar in a chapel was held to be that rolled against the door of the sepulchre.

Emerging from the convent, we came out on an open piece of ground commanding a view of the road to Bethlehem. Here were many Jewish tombs, amongst them those of a Joseph Pizzavicino. A certain house is shown which is said to be built on the site where the Virgin Mary lived, after our Saviour's death and resurrection, with St. John, the beloved disciple.

I went to see the sun set, and to look down into the valley, which is here seen to great advantage. An

Arab, in the red Bethlehemite costume, was leading his camel down on the other side, singing a rude song, as if to beguile the time on his journey.

We returned by the Jaffa gate, passing under Mount Zion, where King David's palace stood. This night we kept vigil in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, of which the Franciscan monks are guardians. Some of them are always on watch therein, day and night. They prepared a frugal repast for us in the sacristy, the three who waited conversing cheerfully with us. After supper we were shown the sword of Godfrey of Bouillon, and the spurs he wore when he rode into Jerusalem, with a cup presented by Philip II. of Spain, and other valuable things from the treasury of gifts made to this church. After we had been lighted by a dim lamp to our place of retirement, a small chamber high up in the recesses of the walls, the attendant monks all left us. Very cold, dismal, and prison-like looked the place, its narrow stair in the turret suggesting thoughts of captivity. The murmurs echoed from the church below, and the subdued sound of footsteps, only made us feel the more that we were utterly alone in a hidden nook of that immense building. My friend's brother, being a priest, kept the vigil, of course, with the brethren.

When midnight approached, we descended into the church, where, after passing through its long, dim aisles, we observed the imposing canopy over the Holy Sepulchre, and the rotunda of stations round places hewn out of a rock of immense depth, originally behind

the Sepulchre. The tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, which is also within these sacred precincts, was hewn into the solid rock. Guided only by the few lights at the sanctuaries, we ascended to the chapel of Mount Calvary; and there, where everything was solemn and still, knelt down in the presence of a few figures covered up in dark garments, who were also watchers. Occasionally the tones of distant chaunting reverberated through the vast space below, and reached the place where we were engaged in prayer.

From that sacred spot I offered my fervent supplications for all those dear to me on earth; and, in making my own confession of sin, the whole of my past existence seemed to rise in review before me, as if in preparation for the solemn account one day to be given when this life is over. My companion remained long in silent adoration; and, meanwhile, I thought it not unsuitable to observe accurately the shrine of Mount Calvary, on the site where our gracious Saviour suffered an ignominious death—that spot of earth on which Christians of all nations, and of every shade of faith, now look with the deepest reverence. In the centre is a life-size crucifix, the bending and drooping head expressing, at the same time, patient resignation and intense suffering. The top of the cross is garlanded with flowers. Standing below, and also of life-size, are figures of St. John and the Blessed Virgin Mary; while bas-reliefs in silver fill up the space behind. Before the shrine, which is of gold, are two small paintings on precious woods, bas-

reliefs of the scourging of Christ, scenes from the Crucifixion, and a beautiful painting on glass of the Saviour crowned with thorns.

The Armenian and Greek services commencing at the sepulchre below, we retired again to our lofty nook. The noise, however, was so great from the processions, that we came down again to the organ gallery. The six immense candles before the sepulchre were all illuminated, and many priests were officiating, the people thickly crowded before the shrine fervently responding to their prayers. When this part of the service came to a conclusion, there was another procession of the Greeks, and more chaunting; an expression which, to us, being so suggestive of melody and devotion, can scarcely be said to describe the strange uncouth croaking utterance of these devotees in their services, in which they cross themselves perpetually, appearing all the time grave and serious.

Towards five o'clock the first morning mass was celebrated by a Latin priest within the sepulchre, after it had been cleansed, and arrayed with flowers and pure white and gold drapery spread over it. The second mass was said by our magnificent priest, from whose hand his pious sister received the consecrated wafer. His rich voice sounded with solemn effect within that sacred enclosure, while the "certain poor widow," who is daily in the church, and two or three of the monks, were kneeling in the outer sanctuary.

The third mass was chaunted, the organ pealing forth

its most thrilling notes to welcome the morning's light. As soon as the church doors were open several Arabs came in, and pressing into the outer sanctuary, kissed the pavement fervently, but they were immediately put out by the brethren. The morning air was very sweet when we left the church at an early hour. As we crossed the space before the sacred building, we saw that but few of the sellers of crosses and beads, who usually fill it up, had returned to the Pilgerhaus.

A flight of steps on the right, before entering the church of the Holy Sepulchre, leads up to a small chapel which is said to mark the spot on which the Blessed Virgin Mary stood near her divine son at the last hour. There is a grated window which looks from the chapel on Mount Calvary. The interior is light, and always adorned with fresh white flowers.

Saturday 18th, I made the circuit of the walls. As is well known, Jerusalem is surrounded on three sides by deep valleys, and on the fourth by an undulating plain, dotted pleasantly with olive-trees, and covered with fine soft grass, which extends to the base of the walls. Groups of the Arab people, in their picturesque costume, are often seen sitting about under the shade, on the fragments of rock strewn over the broken ground.

On Sunday we went to the English church, where Bishop Gobat preached from Samuel vii., 2nd, 3rd, and 4th verses. The church is a handsome Gothic building, in a space enclosed for it. The house of the missionary, and the school-house, are near at hand. The children are

instructed in singing, and manage the chaunts with tolerable accuracy. Girls are taught to work, and there is a House of Industry, where Jewish converts are made practically efficient in different trades. Near the bishop's house is a depôt for books, where several interesting pamphlets on Jerusalem, and other parts of Palestine, illustrated by engravings, are to be had, as well as Bibles in many languages, and several books printed in Hebrew, for the use of converts. We paid a visit to the missionary's wife, Mrs. Franklyn, whose house, which is fitted up in the European style, modified to some extent according to the requirements of Oriental life, we found to be pleasantly cool. We saw here some pretty children, under the care of an Eastern woman, who was sleeping beside them against the divan. A talkative Poll parrot, not the least amusing member of this compact little establishment, conversed with great affability in English and French, and was master even of a phrase or two of Arabic.

Monday 20th, we went out by the St. Stephen's Gate, and descending into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, went entirely, not only through it, but also through the Vale of Hinnom (Jeremiah xxxii., 35) and the Vale of Gihon, the three valleys which enclose Jerusalem, and make its situation so beautiful. In the Vale of Jehoshaphat several ancient Jewish grave-stones are thickly strewn, as they are in all those valleys about Jerusalem, all of which are covered with that beautiful turf of soft green which is nowhere seen in greater perfection. We passed

the pyramidal structure called Absolom's Pillar, near which is the Tomb of Jehoshaphat, two handsome architectural monuments, close against the steep rock. A recess, fronted by columns, is said to be the place where the terrified disciples hid themselves after their Master was taken and led away prisoner. Crossing a path spanning the brook Kedron, a rivulet which is dry in summer, we proceeded to the village of Siloa, which, as the only one between Bethany and the Mount of Olives, may be presumed to have been that indicated to the diciples as the place where they would find the ass tied on which their lowly Master was to make that triumphant entry into Jerusalem of which I so often thought when I saw throngs of people coming into the city by the same road as Easter time approached. Jesus was then coming from Bethany, and, as the village now stands, they must have come down upon it from the road. It is said to be inhabited at the present time by a most thievish set of Arabs, amongst whom it is scarce safe to venture without an adequate guard. A copious fountain, at which we looked in passing, is called the Fountain of Mary. As the approach to it is by a flight of steps, bordered with ferns near the water, the fountain, which lies in a deep cleft in the rock, where the pure, beautifully clear element is collected, is rather a dangerous place for the many children always there filling their skin bottles at its side.

We thence went on to the Pool of Siloam, where our Lord opened the eyes of the blind man—a miracle which

seems to have especially irritated the Pharisees, whose anger was no less excited by the stout and courageous answers of the grateful and glad beggar whom they were not able to browbeat. The Pool of Siloam is in a deep excavation, with walls and divisions, in which was a little water. Steps led down to some of them; and, from the remains of masonry, it seems that a church had once been erected there. An Arab was sitting amidst the trees and shrubs, with which the place is much overgrown; and women were going down to the spring under an arched opening at the head of the reservoir—for such it has been, and must at one time have measured no less than fifty feet long, by eighteen broad, and nineteen deep.

Leaving this picturesque spot, we re-crossed the valley, passing a tree on a slight elevation, where tradition records that the prophet Isaiah was sawn asunder. We also passed the place where the altar to Moloch stood, and the hill where King Solomon erected temples to the false gods, called the Hill of Scandal to this day. Afterwards, ascending the side of the valley, we came to the Aceldama, on which beautiful platform we remarked the tombs of the strangers, besides some other building. At this part, the scene looking across to the city is very lovely, and was, when we had the happiness of seeing it, in delightful evening shade.

Tuesday, 21st, we set off in the evening, about half-past three, for Bethlehem. We arrived there a little after sunset, and took up our quarters at the Franciscan

convent of the Church of the Holy Nativity. We went out by the Jaffa gate, and descended into the valley by a very steep, stony path, where it was scarcely possible to keep our seat on the donkeys. Then, climbing the opposite side, and noticing the dry bed of the Pool of Gihon, we kept to the left, till we reached the summit of the slope, where we edged off the plain of Rephaim, across which we proceeded for some miles, till we reached the convent of Mt. Elias. The rising ground on which this monastery stands commands a view both of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, as well as of a long range of the wall-like mountains of Moab, along the further side of the Dead Sea. While we were gazing upon them, they presented a most beautiful appearance, being enveloped in a haze of rose-colour light, which continued as long as they remained within our sight. A white, rough chapel, called the Grave of Rachel, which we passed, is said to stand on the spot where Jacob mourned for the love of his early eventful youth, and set a pillar upon her grave. We soon approached Bethlehem, by a gentle, sloping path, alighting at the entrance of the village, into which we made our way, through lanes of houses, over rough stones, and among half-finished walls and courts, which remain for years in this imperfect state in Oriental towns. Coming at last to the convent walls, we were astonished at their fortress-like appearance, for such is their height and extent, that they enclose the immense church, the convent, and all its dependencies. We entered a long, lofty, sombre cor-

ridor, at the end of which, after a few moments of expectation, appeared two monks of the order, with lanterns, to whom our priest had to show our letter from the convent at Jerusalem, before a low Gothic door was opened, and we were ushered into a large, well-lit, and handsome apartment, with long divans at each side, recessed windows, a supper-table spread for the evening meal, and full-length portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Austria hanging high up at the foot of the hall, facing a fine painting of St. Jerome, and the portraits of two other saints at the upper end. I admired the arrangement by which the royal personages were made to stand in presence of the holy men who occupied the place of honour. In the room, also, there was an article of furniture not often seen in monasteries, namely, a large mirror. An arched doorway led to the cloister; and, from an opposite door, supplies of food were brought in to us. Father Giovanni, a Neapolitan monk, served us; and glad I was, as usual, to hear again the Italian tongue, which, after the harsh German, is beautiful to me in almost any dialect.

The grated window of our sleeping chamber above looked over terraced ground planted with vines, and divided into fields, where the gentle Ruth once gathered wheat after the reapers. All the slopes, too, were dotted with olive-trees, which appeared brightly defined against the cloudless and exquisitely soft blue sky above.

When we descended to the Chapel of the Nativity our friend was officiating at mass. The steps leading down

to the grotto from the church were occupied by Arab women wrapped in their thick white veils, while a few more knelt near the altar, on which a star in brass has replaced that in silver and precious stones which once commemorated in that place the guiding star that "stood over where the young child was." Three steps below the floor is the altar, at which lamps are kept perpetually burning; and here is a painting of great beauty. The entire grotto is of white marble, which, however, is much concealed by poor hangings. I looked for the lamps of gold and silver which were said to be here, but none were to be seen. On asking Brother Giovanni the reason of their absence, I was told that they were kept locked up, and that the key was in the hands of the patriarch in Jerusalem, these precious vessels being used only on great festivals. The church has lofty porphyry columns, and has a fine appearance in its unadorned proportions; but the chapels of the Greeks and Armenians are much bedecked, and therefore tawdry in appearance.

In making the round of the holy places one morning, I visited the cave and altar of St. Jerome, who spent many years of his life, died, and was buried, near the spot where his Saviour was born. Here, too, he translated the Old Testament from Hebrew into Latin. These shrines are all beneath the church, in narrow passages partly hewn in the rock. Through these passages the procession which takes part in the service daily winds, every one joining it bearing a lighted taper. The remainder of the morning

I passed under the convent walls, and on rocky seats near at hand, enjoying the exquisite quiet of the scene. In the evening I sat for an hour in an Arab house, in a room provided with double window and light balcony, from which there was a beautiful prospect of the mountains of Moab and of part of the Dead Sea. My friend who was with me bought dozens of rosaries and crosses, all of rough local workmanship. Bagfuls of small medallions and mother of pearl crosses, too, were shown us, but I could scarce take my eyes off the fascinating prospect, though the sellers and their goods were objects of interest also, especially the former, dark handsome lads with a gentle expression of countenance, and one or two women in the background. The chamber in which I sat was remarkable for its cleanliness, and for the abundance both of air and light with which it was supplied. The next evening I had a view of the plain whereon the "shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks by night." The fields had a lovely appearance seen from a distance, covered as they were with the early growing corn, which gave them a bright green hue. To gaze up into that sky where angel forms once showed themselves to mortal eyes, and whence angelic harmony poured down, was better than going into a poor whitewashed Greek chapel, daubed with portraits of doubtful saints, where perhaps we were expected to join the procession with tapers in our hands. As we came back we were beset by a crowd of persevering boys, who solicited with untiring perseverance the perpetual "backsheesh." The

road, too, which for more than two miles was covered with rough stones, caused us a great amount of fatigue in addition.

Thursday, 23rd, I attended high mass at an early hour in the grotto, through the depths of which, as heard from above, the beautiful music and the fine voices of the singers reverberated with a fine effect. In the fresh pleasant afternoon a young French invalid priest and one of the junior Franciscans accompanied us to the Pools of Solomon, three immense reservoirs, partly excavated in the solid rock and partly constructed of masonry of great strength, the work of that gifted and favoured monarch. Before reaching them we rode along the edge of a deep valley, in which are gardens, also attributed to him. The whole ground is now in the possession of an Englishman, who has purchased it, built a house upon it, and now occupies himself in tending the gardens. These gardens appear to have been pleasure-grounds embellished with fountains, in every way suitable for a luxurious and kingly retreat; and in this retirement it may be supposed the monarch who spake of trees, from the cedar that is on Lebanon even to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, studied specimens of shrubs and flowers of rare beauty, indulging at those periods of seclusion, when he retired from the public duties of royalty, in those meditations of profound wisdom which he has left for the practical instruction of mankind. The gardens, which fill the whole of a sheltered valley, extend upwards in slopes, some of which are exposed to, and others shaded from, the sun.

The pools are one above another, and with small spaces between them. The largest, to which we came first, is 500 feet by 200. The others are respectively 400 by 300, and 300 by about 200. In remote times these structures must have excited the wonder of the travellers from distant lands who came to the Court of Solomon. The modes by which these immense reservoirs were supplied with water has formed the subject of inquiry by scientific men, whose different theories explain the problem with more or less success, although the more probable opinion appears to be that they were supplied by hidden springs beneath, which, except at periods of great drought, kept them constantly filled. On the evening of my visit to these venerable reservoirs there was very little water in them. I suppose because their management is not perfectly understood.

CHAPTER VII.

St. Giovanni in Montagne—Convent of Spanish Monks—Superior of the Nunnery—The Church of the Convent—Shrine of John the Baptist—Nuns—Convent Garden—View of the Village—Return to Jerusalem—Prince Arthur in the Holy Land—The Stations—Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Scene in the Interior—Arabs—Way to Emmaus—The Marchioness—An Angry Friar—The Streets of Jerusalem at Night—On the Mount of Olives—Visit to the Nunnery of Notre Dame de Sion—The Tombs of the Kings—The English Church—Convent School Discipline—Out with the Nuns—Visit to Bethany—Palm Sunday—The Greek Convent of St. Croix—Moslem Procession—Mecca Pilgrim—Locusts.

FEBRUARY 24TH, we set off for the village of St. Giovanni in Montagne, the birth-place of St. John the Baptist, about three hours' distance from Bethlehem. The roads are terrible, the descent to the convent being down steps of rock, covered with huge stones, over which the poor animals could tread only with difficulty. This is a religious establishment of Spanish monks. The large arched entrance is kept locked and barred, a small postern being opened for the admission of visitors. We were informed that this plan was adopted in order to keep out the Arabs, who used to push in, mounted on their horses, eagerly pressing their demands, or, in other words, begging.

Fräulein B—— and I installed ourselves in the

hospice reserved for female travellers. Gentlemen are accommodated within the cloister. Our rooms were two large airy chambers, each having four beds, with curtains ranged along the walls. We dined in one, reserving the other for sleeping and dressing. The garden appeared to be large and well planted, a terrace bearing a line of poplar-trees, and shaded by a few fig-trees, and the old convent wall, forming the background to the whole. The superior conducted us into the garden, where we had a view out over hill and valley, a little convent, built in remembrance of some saintly deed, being conspicuous on the nearest slope. The nuns inhabiting it, a branch from the Daughters of Sion, in Jerusalem, who occupy themselves in the care and "education of native children," have a new convent just finished. Some of the sisters remain permanently, others exchange occasionally with those in Jerusalem. We called on them, and were invited to sup on Saturday, the Feast of the Annunciation, when they gave us an elegant and hospitable repast, all ordered and prepared by their own fair hands. I had the pleasure of riding back to the Holy City on Sunday with three of these amiable and graceful-mannered young women, who have donkeys and side-saddles of their own, and when they go out are guarded by two Moors dressed in white, who are always in attendance on them. One of these dusky followers, pistol in hand, lighted us home after the supper, the superior and Brother Giuseppe also accompanying us, and so forming quite an ecclesiastical

party, romantic enough to have pleased Mrs. Radcliffe herself, if she could have imagined us passing through a wild Arab village in darkness.

The church of the Convent of St. Giovanni contains a chapel, marking the spot of John the Baptist's birth, to which access is obtained by steps leading down to it beneath the floor of the church. At the shrine are three marble bas-reliefs, representing the visit of the Virgin to St. Elizabeth, the birth of John the Baptist, and the angel appearing to Zacharias beside the altar of incense in the temple. Over the high altar of the church are two paintings of the Virgin—one as the Virgin simply, and that above as the Madonna, wearing a crown, and surrounded by angels. Portraits of Santa Chiara and of St. Francis are on each side. The organ, which is a very fine one, is played by a blind organist. Our priest, who is a proficient in vocal music, sung an exquisite tenor, and then a fine bass solo. He is, indeed, a wonderfully gifted man, seeming at home and *au fait* in everything which he attempts, whether ecclesiastical, social, or learned, while his amiable sister is a born saint.

From the cupola of the new convent chapel at St. Giovanni, the nuns pointed out the ground on which the combat between David and Goliath took place, and the brook from which the young pastoral warrior drew the stones with which he smote the giant. About two hours distant is the wilderness where John the Baptist lived upon locusts and wild honey, the road to it winding round the hill nearest the convent. The nuns spoke

with pleasure of what their garden would be in a year or two, and showed me an immense fig-tree, under whose shade a seat was to be placed, where they would have the privilege of sitting during their "hour of recreation." It is very touching to see the sweet content of these interesting young women, who appear perfectly satisfied with the simple and innocent pleasure of the useful life they lead. A great part of their time is passed in the care and education of children, who are fed, clothed, and housed entirely in and by the convent.

On Sunday afternoon the nuns came down to the church of the Franciscan house, with all their children, who, like little wild flowers, covered all the mats, dropping down on their knees in clusters, a nun, in her chaste and becoming attire (black, edged with white), kneeling in the centre of each group. Fräulein B—— and myself had a sweet, tranquil hour this afternoon, under the trees of the terrace in the garden, during which the former sang a hymn in German about the flight into Egypt. The steps of the fugitives, we thought, might have led them over the very ground on which we were sitting, every spot in this land is so suggestive of Scriptural events, and recalls with such aptitude familiar sentences from Holy Writ, which seem engraved on every landscape.

After prayers in the church, we set off for Jerusalem by a steep path, which was too precipitous for us to ride up. The view, looking back on St. Giovanni, was most

picturesque, imbedded as it lies in the valley, and with the convents on the side of the hill above; while the intersecting lines of hills in the distance present to the beholder an outline of loftier acclivities, tinted with the glowing colours of evening. We passed a large, fortress-looking Greek convent on the right, before reaching which we looked down on a party of pilgrims making their way through a valley towards the "wilderness" where John the Baptist lived upon locusts and wild honey, and where a church has now been built, in a situation, as I understand, of great natural beauty.

As we re-entered Jerusalem, by the Damascus Gate, the sun was setting in a glorious halo of colours—purple, gold, and crimson. On our way to our convent, we passed groups of white-wrapped women, Arabs in their gay dresses, Turks with white, green, or red turbans, Copts in their single garment falling in folds round their tall, lank forms—their dark, thin faces and mournful black eyes surmounted by the tight-twisted folds of purple cloth wound round their head—and natives of many a distant land besides, sitting on the tombs, wandering among ruins, or reclining on fragments of rock. Many were riding horses and mules, from the handsomely caparisoned Arabian to the poor, tired, but still spirited animals which travellers from Jaffa help to kill twice every year before the great festivals. A scene of greater animation than that before the city walls cannot be conceived, recalling, as it does, to the stranger as he approaches them, many

an incident of deep and sacred import from the pages of Holy Writ. I heard after that the young Prince Arthur's tent had been pitched somewhere on the ground; but I was too much occupied with recollections of Oriental life, and of the sacred localities amongst which I had passed several days, to give much attention to the circumstance, even had I been aware of it at that moment. His appearance at church, and his devotional deportment, I was told, were very pleasing to witness. The bishop made a moment's pause on entering his house, accompanied by the prince, that the latter might enter first; but the royal youth, with a gesture of profound respect, intimated his desire not to precede the bishop, whom he followed with becoming humility.

The next morning the prince was off for the Dead Sea, the pacha accompanying him. From the top of the convent Notre Dame de Sion, we saw the Turkish guard riding by for the protection of the great company of Greek pilgrims departing for the Jordan. The church of the Holy Trinity was all the more quiet for their absence in the evening. My companion and myself visited the stations, two of which are inside the convent in the Via Dolorosa; the third outside the Austrian Pilgerhaus, where the Saviour first fell; the fourth is by the arch where the Blessed Virgin Mary met her Divine Son bearing the cross; the fifth, beside the house of Veronica; the sixth at the spot where Simon the Cyrenean was made to carry the cross—the two latter

being just at the base of Mount Calvary; the seventh and eighth are much higher up, some steps turning from the right out of the bazaar leading to two pieces of columns that mark the places. The other six stations are inside the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

On the 28th, we visited, for the last time, in company with my interesting friends, the holy places, and watched with profound interest and sympathy the brother and sister kneeling side by side at each of them, after the procession had passed, as if it were to receive and take away with them some portion of that unction of sanctity which hung like incense about these sacred spots. This evening I particularly observed the beauty of the jasper or cornelian crosses that ornament the lamps hanging over the anointing stone, on which our Lord's sacred body was laid before being placed in the tomb, the brass chains by which they are suspended being all formed of crosses. Every Latin, Greek, Armenian, Copt, or Abysinnian, on entering the church, kneels and kisses the stone. It forms an object of most interesting contemplation to the Christian to stand in this sacred spot, and to observe that not for one moment is it to be seen without devout worshippers of all nations. The spot where that sacred body lay, surrounded only by the weeping women, and by those few devoted followers who, with the good Joseph of Arimathea, saw that he was "dead already," is now distinguished by the celebration of the most impressive rites that imagination, superstition, or zeal can conceive, to mark and

honour the place. My friend came sorrowfully away on this last evening from a place which, to one of her deep and sincere spirit of piety, was so profoundly impressive. I could not but feel grateful for the privilege I enjoyed of still remaining at Jerusalem.

On the 29th, I set off for Emmaus at ten A.M., going out by the Damascus Gate, while my friends went by that of Jaffa. We met at the convent about two P.M. We proceeded over a road cut in the rock, rising and declining with the steeps over which it led us. We met only some Arabs. The negro by whom we were accompanied, who proved quite faithful, wore a red dress, and red and yellow turban. As the only words he could say were *si* and *buono*, I was not much troubled with his conversation, and could enjoy my own thoughts undisturbed. He frequently sang snatches of a wild song, which, however, did not prevent him keeping his attention fixed on all the difficulties of the route, and kneeling at proper times for me to dismount and mount again, which were all the incidents that marked this journey, during which the air was delightfully balmy. We passed a village on the summit of an eminence, the path beneath which was sprinkled with blood. While some of the inhabitants were contemplating it, I heard them murmur the word "Nazarene." At this village I gladly saw the Arabs turn off, and watched them after they had wound down the steep to the road threading the valley. There was some danger of

robbery from these fellows, with the alternative, if they did not find what satisfied them, of a stab. The Austrian Pilgerhaus in the background was, I believe, a powerful protection to us. Travellers must not indulge in contemplative rides in this wild country, where, in the forgetfulness which solitude inspires, one may frequently be exposed to some unexpected danger. Leaving the village, and proceeding on our course, not a human being was be seen—nothing but hills, stony hills and valleys, with here and there an olive-tree. Near Emmaus I saw the sea in the distance, and the plains towards Jaffa.

We arrived at last at our destination, hot, hungry, and tired. Our friends, too, had just come, their route having led them over a dreadfully precipitous and rough succession of valleys and hills. As it happened, workmen were in the convent at the moment, and they were unable to afford us the generous hospitality which invariably awaits travellers. The Marchioness Nicolai, foundress of the establishment, came out from her bare room, in which, though there was nothing in it except her bed and table, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, she had been staying some days. A door opened from her chamber into a large arched apartment, on the site of which tradition places that chamber wherein the Saviour tarried with his two disciples, and "sat at meat." The sun was shining full upon the spot, and it was very sultry, but towards evening it became cool and pleasant.

The Marchioness is a little woman, considerably advanced in life, but with the remains of some beauty, particularly lovely teeth. She has devoted her time and fortune to the erection of this religious house. From a house adjacent to it there is a fine view, which she kindly accompanied me to see. We left her with an agreeable remembrance of the kindness and politeness with which she had entertained us. A troop of pretty white and black goats were gathered in the shade near a pond as I came towards them, there to be shorn under a tree close by the house. An amusing incident occurred while we were here. One of the brethren was climbing an olive-tree to gather the fruit. The ladder was placed against a weak branch, which broke, precipitating the ladder, with his reverence on it, down to the ground. The Arab who was the cause of this disaster richly deserved the sound drubbing which he got from the father. Monks, it is unnecessary to say, can use as well as wear the cord, when occasion requires, a fact which I saw illustrated in another place, where some mischievous urchin, who had grasped at a little purse on a careless lady's arm, received suitable castigation from a brother who opportunely happened to be near.

The road to Ramleh winds round the shoulder of the hill after passing the convent, and is nearly a ten hours' ride over such tracks as in this country pass for roads. It was sunset long ere we reached Jerusalem—a glorious sunset, which I almost risked my neck in turning round to see, the ground over which we were passing

was so rough. We passed some caves on the left, and crossed the edge of the plain on the side of the Russian Hospice ground, around which were numberless mules, horses, and donkeys, belonging to a train of pilgrims just arrived. We entered by the Jaffa Gate, which was just wide enough to admit late comers, and threading some narrow dark streets of the Holy City, found that it was rather nervous work to reach our destination. No hostile demonstration, however, was made by the few people abroad. Glimpses into habitations shut up during the day now revealed to us groups sitting round the rooms, or leaning against the walls, sometimes playing on some rude instrument, or listening to a speaker squatted in the midst. Many appeared, also, as if settling down to sleep on the bare floor, their day robes drawn over them forming their only covering. In one house we beheld a group gathered round a large pan, into which the whole company by turns dipped their hands.

On the 30th, I set off early to spend the day out, unshackled by friends or plans, taking with me only a young guide, who spoke Italian; a pretty lad, about eleven years of age, who had been educated in the Latins' school, and read well. "Where will the signora go?" he asked. "Never mind," I replied, "go on, and we will follow wherever our wandering footsteps lead us. We issued out by the gate of St. Giacomo, down the steep, and crossed the valley, resting in the cave near Shiloh village, at which a wild-looking Arab came up and asked for bread. We moved off, however,

taking our way beside a beautiful field of young growing wheat. We sat down under a tree, to take a modest repast of bread and oranges. We had by chance paused at a spot whence we had a most superb view of the Mosque of Omar and the city. Oh! how beautiful it must have been when that house which King Solomon built for the Lord stood within it in all its splendour, and the Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels bearing spices, and very much gold, and precious stones, Solomon sitting on his great throne of ivory, overlaid with the best gold, with twelve lions on each side of the six steps of it—the like whereof was not made in any kingdom to receive her; and, on that great day, when, after the dedication of the Temple, all Israel were blessing the king and going to their tents joyful and glad of heart! I ascended to the summit of Mount Olivet, after long contemplating the city, which is so distinctly visible from the slopes of the mount. At a short distance, I observed many Arabs directing their steps towards a tomb. They all started up in a moment on beholding me and my guide, and, forming a half circle, came towards us, appearing, as they approached, to be part of a tribe of Bedouins, from whose vicinity we thought it best to make a precipitate retreat towards the few houses near; whence, when they had disappeared, we returned to the city. We entered by the Gate of St. Eustachio, on looking back from which we saw a multitude of camels, Turks on horseback, with their

followers, Arabs, and women, all turning citywards, coming slowly up the long slope, to gain admission before the gates shut.

The same evening I paid a visit to the *supérieure* of Notre Dame de Sion. A tall black stood at the door, and immediately on my entrance a dignified-looking nun showed me into the red parlour. The *supérieure* soon appeared, gave me a warm reception, and with great courtesy conducted me to a chamber on the upper terrace, the windows looking towards Mount Olivet, while through the open door was an imposing view of Jerusalem. The chapel was lighted up, and children, who were very quiet, clustered round one of the nuns seated at the harmonium, and sang verses of a pious character. A life-size figure of the Saviour, bound and crowned with thorns, was shaded with the draped red curtains which line all the walls. Over the altar, which is covered with white silk, is the head of Jesus, with thorns encircled, which seems to be deeply set in a recess, and is seen through glass. A low arch divides the part of the chapel in which is the altar from the rest, which is fitted up with seats for the kneeling black-veiled nuns.

The forenoon of the 31st was passed in repose and peace in the house of prayer; and in the afternoon I went out from the Gate St. Stephen to St. Giacomo, which overlooks the deep valley of Jehoshaphat. Next day the *supérieure* proposed visiting the tombs of the kings; and, accordingly, at three in the afternoon, I went out

with her, accompanied by one of the nuns and the young invalid French priest, all the party but the *supérieure* herself on donkeys, several of which animals are in the possession of the nuns. At St. Giovanni there was a white one, which, with the rest, seemed to be well kept and kindly used. They knew their names, and when called, would come forward and take leaves from any hand that offered them.

The tombs of the kings are half an hour's distance from the Damascus Gate, on the right. It was by the road leading to Damascus that Saul went breathing out threatenings against the disciples of the Lord, and on which, as he came near to Damascus, he heard that voice, and was surrounded by that light from heaven, which effected his wonderful conversion, the results of which were manifest in the zeal by which the great Apostle brought so many under the yoke of Christ.

On arriving at the tombs we descended the steps hewn out of the rock, beside a wall of granite, and entered the enclosure by the upper part of an arched gateway, all the remainder being filled up with earth. The enclosure forms a spacious square, at one side of which is a wide opening, the border sculptured in a pattern of double circles and bunches of grapes. Only a small portion of this is now left entire. Edging the cavity is another pattern, the sculpture being of a waving design, the workmanship of which is very beautifully finished. Very little of it, however, remains perfect.

The tombs are entered by a low archway, within which is a small chamber, with tombs in recesses excavated in the solid rock. Parts of the doorways which once closed these abodes of the royal dead lie about, hacked by devastators who have long since carried away every vestige of these interesting relics of a remote age. The work certainly looks more modern than the time of the Jewish kings, and it must be difficult to fix any period to it. The workmanship of the decorations in Solomon's Temple is of the most finished and artistical character. We descended yet lower to another excavation, the recesses in which still appeared as if ready to receive royal remains. The stone in this excavation was white, and glittering with water, trickling slowly down as if to form stalactites. In each chamber there were recesses, in which were ruined steps, apparently leading to other chambers below.

On emerging from this excavation we proceeded to visit one which the Jews had filled in with earth, to prevent, as far as they could, Christians from profaning the place where their ancient kings lay. Men, women, and children are said to have assisted in this work, which they accomplished hurriedly, as if afraid of being interrupted and forbidden to continue their labours.

On April the 2nd, we went to morning service at the English church. The prayer for the Turkish Sultan seems scarcely earnest enough, if intended as one for his conversion to Christianity, but doubtless there are reasons for so cautiously wording it, "Lead him into

the way of peace." One of the collects for Good Friday contains an earnest prayer, that might be used every Sunday, and which, from its applicability to the hearers, would be joined in fervently by every true Christian present. There surely can be no dread of Moslem eavesdroppers, for I never yet met a Turk who understood English. When we returned to the peaceful convent, how charming was the aspect of quiet and purity which it presented! The noise of the children at stated times of the day is irritating to many, but the kind sisters seem to think it cheerful.

This afternoon I was summoned to the class-room, where the weekly report of each child's behaviour is read out in presence of the powers, the lady *supérieure*, two of the nuns, the young priest, and myself, occupying the tribunal. A number of red ribbons, with mother-of-pearl crosses, were laid on a table, and as each name was called out, its little owner presented herself alone before the priest, from whom she received the honour of the red ribbon, or was stigmatized and lectured, the unfortunate little delinquents in the latter dilemma returning to their seats "plucked." One, whose misdemeanours were of a very heinous description, was dismissed from the room. I was glad to perceive, however, that the red ribbons, from the number bestowed, made a very gay appearance at last. The fault of "not keeping silence" seemed to be one of the especial causes why they were not more generally bestowed on the youthful candidates. At the conclusion the young

priest gave a short address to the little children of Jerusalem, which was very pretty and touching in the circumstances, especially with such immediate reminiscences of Him who blessed little children.

Pretty sister Maria-Cor, who was *reporter*, did her part very well. The aspect of consciousness with which some naughty little maiden advanced to hear her transgression described, and suffer from the public exposure of her misdeeds, was, I must confess, in some cases, temptingly risible. The system, however, is very good, and it is a pity we grown people are not amenable to some such discipline, which might make us more watchful over ourselves.

On Monday, the 3rd, as I went outside St. Eustachio Gate, a caravan of poor pilgrims was entering the city. The road was lined for some distance with white-wrapped women sitting in groups on the grass; while camels grazed on the dry herbage, and horsemen came up attended by negroes. Many pilgrims on the opposite side of the valley were going to and coming from Bethany or the Jordan. The picturesque character of the scene was much enhanced by a number of Turkish soldiers, who, with their music, had turned out as a guard of honour for some expected arrival. The scattered trees, the deep trenches, and the rugged rocks close under the walls, from this point to the Damascus Gate, render the scene so picturesque, that one is never tired of admiring it at every step.

The afternoon of the 4th being bright, I visited the

Fountain of Mary, and went round to its other opening, the arch of the Pool of Siloam; returning under the village of Shiloh, whose wild inhabitants, as before, looked down wistfully upon us as their lawful prey, though the sight of the tall negro whom, as usual, we had with us, kept them quite at bay. We passed on through this ever-interesting valley, whose rocks even seem eloquent of times gone by. We met flocks of fine sheep, with large, bushy tails, a species that are indigenous to this country. Their young lambs were beside them, carefully guarded by their dusky guides. Smiling Sister Maria-Cor, the happiest-looking young nun I ever saw, and the amiable *supérieure* were always respectfully greeted by the natives of all ranks. I looked, in the loneliness of this deep rocky valley, with unsated delight on a scene that was so novel to me, the nuns, with their white-edged dresses and silver crosses, and the sable guard following them; while the wild Bedouins and Arabs, who passed at intervals, seemed to realize some scene of Eastern romance. When they paused at the point crossing the Saviour's Pathway (that Lamb led to the slaughter from Gethsemane), reverently repeating their prayers, the group would have formed a striking picture.

On the 7th, I went to Bethany with two of the sisters and some of the children, attended by both the negroes. We were to spend most of the day out, cutting thorns for the beautifully-made crowns which the nuns prepare. We passed a tree of blooming May

beside the road between the rise of two hills; and to the ecstasy of the little ones of the happy party, we dismounted on the summit, leaving the mules to graze below, and set diligently to work, selecting the thorn stems with little crooks made on purpose, an operation in which I assisted now and then, often, however, resting under the spreading olive-tree to read, or look at the others. As usual, many pilgrims passed us, as well as a Turkish family, well mounted, with two veiled ladies and children. A persevering little beggar was so frightened by the sudden apparition of the negro I summoned to drive him off, that I think he will hardly follow another foreigner who may stray that way apparently alone. Every quiet moment is disturbed by these young plagues. We returned with one donkey laden with branches.

The 9th being Palm Sunday, there was service in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, before the entrance of which the patriarch was seated distributing palms, one of which I received from his hand, at the same time kissing his ring. Franciscan friars and pilgrims, all carrying palms, made the round of the sepulchre three times; after which there was high mass, with much ceremony, in the aisle, a particular part of which is revered as the spot on which Mary Magdalene saw the Saviour after his resurrection. On this, as on every day of Easter time, soldiers were placed both within and without the church to preserve order. In the evening

we went with the nuns and children to see St. Croix, the large Greek convent which we passed in coming from St. Giovanni in Montagne. The chapel is poor and tawdry, the only thing remarkable in it being an ancient stone mosaic pavement. There are some students here, with rooms in the convent; and in the refectory is a marble table. The air, beautifully fresh, was fragrant with the odour of orange and lemon-trees growing in the cold, shady courts. The sunshine has appeared at last, and after the cold winds which have prevailed all this week, its presence is very agreeable.

On Thursday morning a large Moslem procession, returning from a pilgrimage to what they consider the tomb of Moses, amongst the mountains of the Dead Sea, passed under the walls of the convent, along the Via Dolorosa. We had seen it on the same route some days previously; but its numbers were now much increased, the pilgrims from Mecca having joined it. On entering Jerusalem, they had performed a slow sort of solemn dance, swinging the body backwards and forwards, the principal movements of which consisted in leaps and bounds into the air, as high and as often as their strength would permit; the face, meanwhile, preserving an expression of solemn gravity. One can better understand, after seeing this performance, David's dancing before the ark. His wife's aristocratic comment, too, on her spouse's Terpsichorean exhibition,

seemed, according to our modern notions, very suitable to the occasion. The standard of the prophet, green, with a crescent in the centre, preceded the procession, in which there were many other banners, the whole being led by a large company of soldiers. The city walls and the tops of the houses were covered with gazers, looking with admiration on the Bedouin horsemen, with their long lances and fine steeds, who, in the living line that passed, were most remarkable for their gallant bearing.

On Wednesday evening, I went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, to witness the celebration of the office of the "Tenebre." The clergy were gathered before the shrine, and the patriarch, without his mitre, seated himself with his back to the door of the Crusaders' chapel. Candles were arranged on each side of the shrine, as in the Sistine chapel at Rome, and were extinguished, after each chaunt, in the same manner. The music, however, was so inferior to that never-to-be-forgotten melody in the "Miserere," that I did not repeat the visit next evening, especially as the crowd, before and behind our seat, had been dense and overpoweringly *odoriferous*. There were, in fact, no places courteously set apart for ladies, the space being too confined and the number of *real* pilgrims so great.

Thursday evening, while admiring from the upper terrace the blue colouring of the Moab mountains, a gust of wind brought a cloud of yellow locusts, which fell in an exhausted state on the pavement, soon to be followed

apparently by another cloud of them, still in the air. These creatures are looked upon here as the forerunners of famine and misery, coming in such numbers that they devour the crops and devastate the country.

CHAPTER VIII.

Good Friday in Gethsemane—The Garden of Gethsemane—The Mosque of Omar—Appearance of the Interior—The Octagon—The Crypt—The Altar of David—Easter Eve—The Armenian Church—Scene in the Bazaars—Easter Sunday—Ceremonies at the Holy Sepulchre—Quarrel between Greeks and Armenians—Easter Time at Jerusalem—The French Caravan—Convent Memories—The Convent Terrace—House of an Eastern Laundress—English Chemist—Sister Bernard—Departure from the Nunnery—From Jerusalem to Jaffa—Scriptural Sites—Arabs and their Horses—Yellow Locusts.

I SPENT the evening of Good Friday in Gethsemane, the roses of which were in full bloom, and where the very breeze seemed to be hushed, lest aught should break the stillness of that sacred spot. The old olive trees in the garden were scarred and worn, as if in remembrance of that eve, nearly two thousand years ago, when a multitude came, with swords and staves, to bear away one whose pensive countenance seemed to indicate the weight of that burden which he was bearing even for his oppressors and persecutors. People in considerable numbers were coming down the steep, by the paths leading from St. Eustachio Gate. The good Franciscan here, having on a large straw hat to shelter him from the sun, was tending his flowers, over which he sprinkled the water which two boys were constantly drawing up from a cistern or spring. The vines are trained over a

square elevation, to make a shade at one side of the raised parterre. Two or three times a few pilgrims and travellers knocked and were admitted; and though some of the latter were English, they behaved so as not to disturb the sweet and sacred quiet of the spot. One large fat German began measuring a venerable olive by the unbecoming process of setting his big body against it, and stretching out his short arms! while two young men talked (under their breath, however) of the wine made from those vines, and a lady filled a small bag with earth at the foot of one of the trees. The friars' black and white pussy made a most demonstrative back and tail at my diminutive pet, which nestled close to my feet under the rose trees. Two hours I spent there waiting for the nuns whom I had left kneeling at the entrance of the grotto; but they came not, having been summoned home, with all the other sisters, to lay a stone in the masonry of their chapel. As the shadows were now lengthening fast, I bade adieu to the good brother and slowly re-ascended the steep.

April 15th, I visited the Mosque of Omar, at 7 A.M., with a party from the Consul's. There is an immense outer space round the temple, enclosed by houses of a superior order, and by turret walls. I lingered in crossing it, and finding only the Consul's janissary near me, I nervously expected every instant to receive the blow of a stone cast at me, or the thrust of a spear, from some zealous Moslem looker-on, if any such there were in the distance. Ascending a few marble steps, I entered by

a colonnade of three or four arches on an immense platform, all paved with marble, in the centre of which rose the mosque, with its great dome. Immediately beneath the dome are arched windows of painted glass, and, covering the building to its base, terra-cotta of various colours, with gold and marble mosaic interspersed. Though the turbaned old Turk within looked gracious, and the janissary waved his hand in sign of assurance, in addition to which I saw the rest of the party grouped within and waiting, yet I hesitated on the threshold; it was all so dark, and on the whole so much less attractive and rich than I had anticipated. Still I took courage and entered. Within the marble-paved space was an octagon screen, or pagoda, of gilded lattice work, within which was an immense lime-stone rock, said by tradition or by fancy to be that on which Abraham was about to slay his son Isaac. This mosque, which is called by the Moslems the Dome of the Rock, was built by Omar in the seventh century, and was used for Christian worship when the Crusaders conquered the city, A.D. 1100. Having been retaken by Saladin in 1187, it has since remained in the hands of the followers of Mohammed.

On entering the mosque, its grand proportions are visible to the very roof, only they are comparatively indistinct indeed, for the windows give little light, perhaps obscured on purpose that we Nazarenes should not benefit by them. As I was examining the pillars and interior of the arches, which, rich with sculpture and mosaics, span the octagon at intervals, the old Turk

summoned us all to descend some steps to a little marble niche with double columns, which he said was David's altar of sacrifice, another one, rather larger, being Solomon's. The walls here were all whitewashed. Every one was asking questions, which no one answered, unless it might be a man who was talking Arabic, which no one attempted to translate for our benefit, though we had one pale-faced young man who was supposed to be a linguist. One prosy old curmudgeon persisted in reading aloud the description of the Mosque of Omar, from Murray, though no one, I am sure, listened to him, for while he was at the "steps of the outer court" we were all in the very depths of the edifice. Being anxious to examine the octagon more carefully, I made my way up the steps, to go round its magnificent space once more; but the old turbaned Turks, who were having the marble floor swept, were evidently anxious to get rid of us.

Through one of the four doorways there is a beautiful view through arches and colonnades of the Mount of Olives. On the platform is an open octagon, with a dome just like the mosque itself, and several little praying places are scattered about on the grand space, to which access is obtained by five open arched entrances. Steps lead up to them from the outer green sward, covered with cypresses, and other beautiful trees and shrubs. There are also pretty undulations, and some ruins. The windows and openings in the outer wall of the mosque look down into and over the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The next object of interest which we were shown was the Church of Justinian (converted into a mosque). In the wirework of its windows, which command a fine precipitous view, were tied little pieces of worsted, and ribbon, and rag, to become sacred, as we were told, and be kept as relics by devout Moslems. The church is of immense length, and beneath it is a crypt, to which we descended, and from whence a ruined part runs out to the walls of the city. Four stones which were shown were said to be relics of Solomon's Temple, but we must not believe all we are told by the Turks, especially when they can make something by playing on the faith of the Christian. A poor-looking place, scooped out under what was once a baldachino, with four pillars, was pointed out to us as the "cradle of the prophet Jesus Christ," for as such the Turks are willing to recognize him, though I cannot say how it jarred on my feelings to hear the Saviour thus spoken of. The ruin of the Church of Constantine, which is close by, still shows some noble pillars, among which we stood admiring the cypresses which grew at a little distance. The time is not long past since a Christian found within the precincts of this mosque would have had to leave behind his faith or his head. There is a story also of a European woman, who having once wandered by accident into the grounds, was apprehended while admiring the trees, and being taken before the Cadi, was whipped by his order. Even now I could not feel quite at ease in such a vicinity.

We were conducted out of this sacred Mohammedan building by a different route from that by which we had entered, emerging near the Porta St. Eustachio. We seemed to have been hurried through the extensive building and enclosures, and yet had been nearly three hours traversing this world-renowned temple, whose site bore that "house that was filled with a cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the House of God," that house which "Solomon built at Jerusalem on Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared to David his father, in the place which David had prepared in the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite,"—2 Chronicles v., 14th verse; 2 Samuel xxiv., 16th to 25th verse.

I should have stated before that we were shown David's altar, which is in the crypt. Many of the Jews consider that the altar of the covenant, and other objects of sacred interest, are kept concealed somewhere in the mosque. Every Friday, and during the Ramazan every day, when all the lamps are lighted, the effect must be splendid; but toleration has its limits, and Christians, who are admitted only at sweeping time, are not permitted to behold such spectacles, even at the expense of the golden fee which we must pay when permission is obtained through our Consul.

In the evening I went out, attended by Julie, the girl from Gaza, veiled, and in her white envelope. We went out of the city by the Damascus Gate, and, coming round to that of Jaffa, passed the horses and tents of pilgrims pitched outside; whilst the pilgrims

themselves were within the gate, buying oranges, figs, &c., from Turks, who sold them out of huge baskets. I passed the Armenian church, and, looking into it, beheld a blaze of light at the altar, and strings of lamps hanging in festoons from the roof; but the crowd was so dense, that though I succeeded in obtaining a good place in the gallery, where women were sitting on carpets, yet such was the heat that rose from below, both from lights and people, that I found it impossible to remain. In passing through the bazaars, to visit again the church of the Holy Sepulchre, I was both amused and interested by the singular and grotesque-looking personages I met at almost every step—Circassians, with fur caps and fur-edged robes; Arabs, with red and yellow head-gear, or fringed kerchiefs hanging round their dark faces; women, with coronets of coins, "backsheesh," surmounting their handsome foreheads; men, with vests of striped crimson and yellow silk; and others in braided jackets, for one of which we were asked six Napoleons in the bazaar. It was truly a strange congregation of beggars, buyers, and sellers. Down the narrow slope leading to the church of the Holy Sepulchre were mother-of-pearl crosses, with large and small rosaries, &c. Soldiers were picketed in the court, and there was a large crowd within the church, and round the shrines, which were beginning to be brilliantly lit up. I was anxious to remain, but the young French priest had told us that the sacred fire scene in the afternoon was *comme l'enfer*, and we therefore took

our departure. The tall Hungarian lady, after the fatigues of the day, seemed to think wistfully of my convent rest as she turned into the Austrian Pilgerhaus.

Easter Sunday came at last! How often had I contemplated its red-letter date months ago in gloomy, freezing Germany, wondering whether I should indeed spend it in Jerusalem! His hand has guided me safely over the wide, intervening space, to be a dweller within the precincts of the Holy City. On that happy morning I was awakened by a beautiful strain of music in a minor key, which sounded like a lament, and seemed to come from the Moslem quarter. Before I was quite dressed, voices were singing in the convent chapel below; and when I hastened down, I found it lit up as if for a fête, the nuns and children being assembled there to take part in the holy rites.

After breakfast, I begged that the young Russian girl might be allowed to accompany me, as she desired to see the ceremonies at the Holy Sepulchre. Leave being granted, we arrived in time for the procession with candles. The patriarch was there, with jewelled mitre, his crozier and cross carried before him, with several of the clergy, all wearing silken and embroidered copes, and all the Franciscans. The immense candles before the shrine, and the brilliant lamps all lit, presented a most magnificent sight, on which the people looked from the galleries under the dome. After an interval, the patriarch, preceded by cross and crozier, entered the chapel, which was now quite crowded with

priests in their white embroidered vestments, with white-veiled native women, of whom there was a small group, and with the nuns of St. Joseph, two of whom were in company with a devout Italian lady of rank, who was going through the Holy Land as a humble pilgrim. The organ-playing was very fine, expressive of exultant joy and of calm devotion. The patriarch gave his benediction with great solemnity as he left.

There were very few European travellers in Jerusalem at this time, and perhaps scarcely one was present at these ceremonies, the crowd being composed mostly of pilgrims.

I never enjoyed my mid-day meal more than I did to-day, for coming after the Lenten regimen, to which I had conformed, without any merit of voluntary abstinence, it was, I must acknowledge, a great comfort. The whole pack of children on the terrace were in fête-day ecstasies; and when the tall black brought up a white lamb, and led it up and down, they expressed unbounded delight.

In the course of this day, I heard there had been a cuffing between the Greeks and Armenians. The two head priests, it appears, had met each other, and as they could not agree which should pass first, their followers had rushed at one another, and a general fray had been the consequence. Turkish soldiers were summoned from their quarters opposite our convent, and guards were put before Bishop Gobat's house. These little *émeutes* often take place during the great festivals. I

am told that some fine discourses were given on the evening of Good Friday, when, as the custom is, sermons are preached in many languages. The ceremony of the taking down from the cross also attracted a multitude of spectators; the patriarch's silver chair, which is carried about for him from one place to another, was the object of great attention. The vicaire, also, who more particularly presides on these occasions, *un homme d'enfant*, as some one said to me, speaking of him, was regarded by all with much respect.

On Easter Monday the great French caravan departed, and also, I was informed, a Greek one, taking with them no fewer than three thousand persons from Jerusalem. All the morning I watched the numerous groups gathering, and conversed with the Dragoman of the caravan, who lives near, and is a great favourite in the convent. His two children are in the school, one of them a charming little girl, with most ingenuous and expressive countenance, very fair, though an Arab. It was in consequence of some information supplied by this man that the ruins which are now used as the convent were purchased.

We set off from the Jaffa Gate with three camels laden with boxes, accompanied by some travellers quite covered up in white, a few young Englishmen, one well-dressed lady who wore no crinoline, some smart negroes in pink and red, and a few well-mounted Arabs. As a new Armenian Patriarch was expected about this time, some of the Consuls were to go out to meet him, and

people were waiting at Bishop Gobat's to see him pass. The last of these dignitaries, it is said, was poisoned. The appearance of the church of the Holy Sepulchre having been lately improved by a thorough cleansing, and its interior rendered more cool, I went round the Crusader's chapel, to admire its rich and chaste beauty, and to look at some small pictures curiously formed in gold wire, and covered with glass.

Easter Tuesday was delightfully quiet, the children having all gone away from this house to the country *séjour* of St. Giovanni. Six of the sisters also went with them, a change which must be agreeable to these poor young women, who are so diligent in work. There was not a sound in the city, I suppose from the absence of the pilgrims, who make it all. I sat long on the upper terrace, looking over and enjoying the scene, which will soon be a deeply-graven picture in memory only. The dome roofs rise one above another, for the whole city is on undulating ground. What a varied and interesting spectacle extends before me!—the two cupolas of the Holy Sepulchre, the immense dome of San Giacomo, the flag-staffs of the four consuls, a ruinous-looking building whose arches are edged with grass and weeds, the Hill of Zion, the picturesque Damascus Gate, the enclosures of the Mosque of Omar, with its dome resting upon its richly-variegated octagon, the Arab women, covered with white, sitting in groups on the greensward, under shrubs and trees, around their temple, the five solitary palm-trees in the city,

that rise up at a distance from each other, amidst the stone roofs, and the numerous slender and lofty minarets, some of which are quite near us. Evening after evening have I listened to the Muezzin's call to prayer, while I looked on the divisions of the tower near me, tufted with bunches of weeds amidst its pierced stonework and varied sculpture. Turning my eyes in another direction, I see a figure or two occasionally on the roofs, and some women sitting with a lamb under a tree with falling branches, which adorns their garden, enclosed within four walls, and secluded from the observation of passers-by in the streets.

The roofs seem quite places of resort. On those opposite to us we regularly see the Moslems ascend to go through their devotions, and, at other times of the day, to smoke, perhaps under the shade of the fir-trees whose branches extend over them. On the governor's roof I have seen soldiers erecting white tents. Anyone, however, can always enjoy the shade here under the arches which lead to the Moslem quarters of the city, which are often involved in great gloom. A man in a bright scarlet vest, waiting to be let in at a low doorway, tufted with weeds over its parapet, the round iron ring in his listless hand, and his yellow slipper on the lower step, formed quite a picture. But I might go on for pages describing the ever-changing scenes of this ancient city, variable as those of a kaleidoscope.

Wednesday, 19*th*.—The ground outside the gates appeared pretty well cleared of pilgrims' tents; but

many Arabs and horses, in their gay colours, yellow, red, and blue, still seemed to be waiting among the young wheat-fields around. Passing through three little arches, I observed that they were occupied by the guard, and by those venders in a small way who cater for the needs of wayfarers. Among other places, I went to visit my pretty laundress, who showed me her best room, and the terrace in the open air where she and the young Arab girl, with her velvet-like eyes, and a coronet formed of a profusion of coins, do their work. A mound of clean clothes lay on a divan on one side, and a squalling brat, on pink cushions, on the other. Air and sunlight in this Eastern land embellish the humblest dwelling; and whatever be the nature of their occupation, the state of leisure in which the people live a great part of their time is marvellous. No one ever seems to be in a hurry, and you see neither men nor women so busy that they have not time to talk, look about, and amuse themselves. A stranger cannot help wondering that anything is ever done in a place where time, which with us is money, is of so little moment.

Requiring some medicine, I had to pass through a series of crooked lanes, surpassing in intricacy any labyrinth of Crete, in order to find the English chemist, a regular druggist's shop, but up stone steps and inside a house. Indeed, had not Mr. Svaboda, the English librarian, accompanied me in my search, neither I nor the little handmaidens who accompanied me could ever

have found an apothecary's in such a spot; nor, unless he had continued to pilot us, could we have found our way home. My two minute attendants, indeed, gave me a good deal of trouble—one contending we should go one way, and the other another, and keeping up a series of skirmishes, during which they pinched and pulled at each other, not all the nuts which I could dispense being able to divert them from their hostilities. What a task must the amiable, gentle sisterhood have all their lives in contending with these impish beings! The last evening I could pass at the convent was rendered sad only by the regret which I experienced at parting with the amiable community, who also testified their sorrow at my departure. I walked till a late hour on the terrace with Sister M. Bernard, a nun who has been many years in Jerusalem, having been one of the first of this order who was sent out, at which time she was *supérieure* of the little band, who had to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Christ," in the beginning of their work. Many, she told me, were their difficulties at first. They had only a small and humble house, which, from the different state of things, was not always quite secure; and sometimes it was not without great trouble that they could get anything to eat, or find places to buy necessaries. Sister Bernard was a sweet-looking and sweet-tempered woman, and I was told had not even uttered a murmur when another *supérieure* was appointed over the powerful establishment which she had done so much to fix upon a secure basis.

With this beloved sister, I looked for the last time on the stars that twinkled over Jerusalem, on the few lights that still shone in some of the dwellings on the Mount of Olivet, and on the whole scene which we had so often admired together, as we called up the all-absorbing reminiscences suggested by scenes the most sacred in the history of mankind.

Rising at daybreak, at six o'clock, I bade adieu to the sisters, and left the peaceful abode where they passed their truly religious lives. I trust none amongst them are looking drearily to the future; yet I remember a few sad looks and faces. Generally speaking, however, they seemed contented with their lot. Their residence is cheerful, and being constantly engaged in a life of practical usefulness, instructing the children committed to their charge, their existence cannot be altogether monotonous. I hope, however, none of them entertained the horror which I did of the eternal noise kept up by the brats.

Luigi had provided for me a nice horse with a lady's saddle, while he himself rode attentively near me on a fine large white mule, taking great care of my precious little animal. He had also engaged a merry little mucchero, in blue and red, on a good donkey, to take charge of anything required. When we were ready to set off, the expedition formed quite a little caravan of my own; and as the early morning hours were so precious, I did not wait for the American family, as a halt would enable them to join me, if they desired it,

en route, and, for my part, I quite dreaded any social distractions. My way led me up the steep ascent of Calvary, past the Franciscan convent, and out of the gates of the Holy City. I ascended to the summit of a hill, whence I took one long last look over Jerusalem, which, with its walls and towers, minarets and domes, was yet in shadow.

Though so early, many travelling pilgrims were already *en route*, on mules, horses, donkeys, and camels, ascending the slope. Several of the mules carried panniers on each side, in which were women and children, a woman in one being balanced by a batch of children in the other, their little black heads appearing over the rim like poultry in a basket. One little man and woman, just a match in size, fitted into two seats, with awnings over them, under which they sat very comfortably, talking with great volubility. Three or four small, slight, spare little Greek men hung about in panniers over a camel, while two tall Circassians rode on the top of a loaded one, jolted backwards and forwards on their elevated seat in a dislocating manner. A young Arab girl, and a youth, each carrying a pretty white puppy, a company of Armenian women, in black, with white veils, and occasionally a grave old Turk, with armed Arab servant, rode by with a business air, as if setting out on some expedition. The travelling family was not yet visible, and poor Luigi was quite distressed when I expressed my desire to wait for them. I believe the good youth thought it *infra dig.*, in this his first essay

as courier, that further escort should be needed; and, in truth, finding how many people were on the road, the idea of loneliness or of danger seemed to be excluded, and I felt rather relieved to be free to look and think without being embarrassed by the presence of strangers. We met at Ramleh, however, and went on cheerfully next morning all together to Jaffa. These Americans were worthy people, with few ideas between them all, except those of getting over the ground as quickly as they could, and giving an occasional guess or two as to the scenes which they visited.

We quickly descended the first steep, whose ledges of rock we had surmounted with such dreadful fatigue at the end of the long day's ride when we first came near Jerusalem. We descended afterwards two other ridges, passing all the well-remembered objects and sites of Scriptural note, the country now everywhere embellished with more foliage, and about ten o'clock came to the beginning of the pass where the five olive-trees stand. Here, as they came up, the various travellers began to dismount, placing themselves under rocks and trees to refresh themselves with food and rest. Girls brought pitchers of fresh milk, baskets of coloured eggs, hard boiled, and flat cakes of coarse bread, to sell to the pilgrims. The animated scene presented quite a contrast to the solitude of the route two months before. This pass is very picturesque, the trees of myrtle and acacia being all in luxuriant blossom. I saw many pleasant and shady spots, where it would have been de-

lightful to make a halt, but groups were always near, and as we were nearly three hours getting down the pass, it was scarcely safe to linger.

Strings of camels now began to overtake us, and in the narrow path we had often to get amongst the shrubs in order to avoid being rubbed by the huge burdens which they bore. The Arabs had begun to sing their most unmusical melodies, and some of the Greek pilgrims were croaking their hymns. At the end of the long, winding, and precipitous valley, is a low stone hut, around which the pilgrims had halted in great force. I dismounted at some little distance, where I might be secure from interruption, and under a large tree, some way up the slope, opened the basket the good nuns had stored for me; while Luigi, the impish little macchero, and the three animals rested below. My poor pretty horse was found to have a leech sticking to his gums, doubtless through the carelessness of his owner, for nothing can compel these men to be more careful of the useful beasts which they possess. The patience and docility of these poor animals during their daily and nightly tramps of thirty-five miles each way, over rough and rocky paths, are rewarded with little attention, and less food. I gave mine little B——'s store of corn, which was to last him to Beyrout, and an hour's good rest. I started for Ramleh about two o'clock, overtaking the good Dominican padre, who courteously saluted me, and talked of my German friends. Swarms of yellow locusts began to appear, and continued all the way to Jaffa.

CHAPTER IX.

Ramleh—The Tower—Lydda—Jaffa—The Franciscan Convent—Pilgrims—Dinner at the Convent—Murder of Several Monks by Arabs—Reminiscences of Jerusalem—An Orange Garden—The Reservoir—The Bazaar—Files of Camels—The Hôtel *par excellence*—English and French Corvettes in the Bay—Departure from Jaffa—Fellow-Passengers—Caifa—Mount Carmel—A Hermitage—Graves of the Monks—Two English Travellers—Ebal and Gerizim—Arab Tradition—The Grotto of Elijah—The Nunnery at Caifa.

WE reached Ramleh about six. We had seen its high tower at the distance of a good many miles. After half an hour's repose, we went to the ruined cloister, in the centre of which the tower stands, and mounted to the top, from which we had a beautiful and interesting view, all glowing in sunset hues, over the spacious cloisters beneath, enclosing the remains of the abbey tower and some octagon building. The town of Ramleh itself, with its large convent, mosque, and other edifices, and the mass of flat stone roofs common to all Eastern towns, forms a very interesting spectacle; while the pleasant pathways leading from it, through green fields, and an olive grove of some extent sheltering the town, add variety to the scene. A wide extent of country spreads out to the blue Judean hills, which we had been crossing all the morning. The Knights Templars erected this stronghold, and established them-

selves in it to defend and shelter pilgrims, whose approach, as well as that of any hostile infidel party, they could discern from their lofty tower. After a cheerful supper, I retired to rest in a room which I shared with the fair transatlantic sisters.

Ramleh was the town the inhabitants deserted when the Crusaders were advancing towards it from Cesarea. The latter sent two leaders with five hundred men to reconnoitre. These found the gates open; but suspecting an ambuscade, they hesitated to enter. All, however, was still, and as they made their way to the piazza, not a human being was to be seen, men, women, and children having fled during the night, collecting what they could of their valuables and provisions, but leaving corn, oil, and all manner of stores. A joyful summons was sent to the army, and the entire host came gladly on, took possession of the city, and found welcome rest for four days. From thence they marched to besiege Jerusalem, whither they were hurried by a message sent by some Christians who had escaped from it during the dreadful consternation the news of their approach had spread in the city, advising them that that was the best time to show themselves before its walls. They left a body of troops to secure Ramleh, an important stronghold, on which, in case of necessity, they might fall back. The tower is square, and of Gothic architecture, with double arches chiselled in each division all the way up, and loop-holes cut in different forms, which give light in ascending the one hundred and twenty

steps, affording, besides, charming views in anticipation of that commanded from the summit. On arriving at the top of the tower, we see that its head has been apparently struck by lightning. Looking to the north is the site of Lydda, where Peter said to the sick of the palsy, "Jesus Christ make thee whole;" and where he came down to the "saints which dwelt at Lydda." Beyond it is the vast plain of Saron, with the mountains of Judea in the east, which, towards the north, join with those of Samaria. Southward are the immense plains of the Philistines, reaching to the horizon, where possibly were those fields ripe for harvest burned by the stratagem of Samson.

We set off, a large, cheerful party, at six o'clock, through a rich, fertile, flat country, adorned, however, with Oriental beauties. In one part a line of more than a hundred camels were crossing directly over the country southwards, making a curious appearance as they slowly wended on in a line as regular as a train of railway carriages; we, in the meantime, having to wait till they had all gone by, with their stately and solemn pace. As we neared Jaffa, gardens of oranges, in fruit and blossom, began to appear in full luxuriance on each hand, most refreshing to the sight after the barrenness around Jerusalem—the verdure, the shining leaves, and the rich-coloured fruit, together with the exquisite odour. The sea was of so deep a blue as almost to be purple, and as we passed was enlivened with dashing, white-crested waves. We were now near the end of our

journey, and the idea that the hot ride of thirty-five miles was over, and rest at hand, combined to put the whole company into spirits. We entered Jaffa once more, with oranges in profusion on every side, trains of donkeys carrying sacks of them towards the interior, besides piles of sheep's cheese, and some unmentionable or indescribable stuff mixed up in deep pans, into which the buyers dipped for a handful. Inside the gate were rows of Turks, squatting on a low shelf covered with matting. We all went along the narrow street in single file, about a dozen persons, with the mules and Arabs following through the crooked stony turnings and bazaars, till there was a general halt at the top of the convent steps, and in due time we were assembled in the pleasant room surrounded by divans on the terrace, where Brother —— handed lemonade in green glasses; after which we had to go through the process of paying the muccheroes, &c., who, of course, asked for more backsheesh than was given. Our party was here somewhat lessened, the go-a-heads setting off at once for Constantinople by the steamer, which was puffing all ready on the pleasant waves below.

In the first interval of quiet after all this excitement, I found myself in a delightfully tranquil little chamber above the terrace looking out on the beautiful sea, which was dashing in over a line of rocks. An English ship of war just arrived was beginning to pop her salute of twenty-one guns.

The convent of the Franciscans, at Jaffa, is a large

building towering over the sea. There is a fine view from its windows and terraces of the ever-changing element, in all its moods of storm and calm. The sand receives the surf to the right and left of the town, while before it are some low rocks, with spray dashing over them, forming a sort of natural breakwater. Boats enter by a space between these rocks, in which, when the sea is rough, the waves are very formidable. Small vessels can enter and lie in the shallow water, loading and unloading; some at present here are nearly full of the rich-coloured oranges, which are often exposed to seaand sky. The brethren say that sometimes in winter the billows come in with such force as to shake the very walls.

In this convent are ten brethren and a superior. One of the brethren devotes himself to receiving and waiting on the pilgrims, who arrive at all times of the year, besides the great festivals of Easter and Christmas. The number, poverty, and zeal of these poor people should form matter of thought and of reproof to the careless tourist, if any such there be. They come toil-worn, hungry, and often sick, from immense distances, sometimes from the interior of Russia, not to pass pleasantly from one place to another, but to make their way over sea and land, in summer's heat and winter's cold, with all the difficulties of poverty, to the sacred shrines of Palestine. A woman, holding her palm-branch, and surrounded by all her poor bundles, amongst which is a wretched little infant, is to-day sitting in

the stone corridor, the bed-rooms vacated by the latest pilgrims being locked, while mats and beds are very properly put out so many hours to air. There is also among them a Sister Caterina, or Maddalena, who, with long large rosary, a cord round the waist, and a white hood, forms a striking figure. They arrive in batches of twelve or sixteen, more or less, and are housed and fed for three days, a dinner being given to some of them every day outside the room where we go to eat, near the chapel. I feel as if they ought to have the best, and we the leavings. The Babel of tongues at meals is distracting. There is a young Austrian Count, who speaks German with the Polonaise, Italian to me, and blunders a little in French with the rest. M. l'Abbé speaks English to me, one of the Italians speaks Spanish with the brother, who gives orders to the domestic in Arabic. The chamber, which has a Gothic roof, is damp and dismal. In it are a large fresco of the Virgin Mary, standing on the globe, with crescent and serpent under foot, and another of St. Francis ascending to heaven. Some attempts have been made to give this room an air of comfort by hangings and muslin curtains, but, notwithstanding, it is a sombre, comfortless place, and one is glad to escape from it to the beautiful air and sea view above.

The chapel is opposite. I went in one evening before supper, and saw the monks kneeling, like figures in a picture, by the dim light of a few sunken lamps, all in perfect silence. Some of the brethren of this order once

established themselves in the dreaded Pass of Abu-gosch, to give aid and shelter to pilgrims and travellers, but were all murdered one night by the Arabs, and their abode plundered and destroyed, even the ruins of it being carried away in time, to construct huts for these robbers themselves in some other place.

Fourteen of the brothers of the Franciscan convent at Jerusalem are always in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, of which the order is guardian. While some seem to have borne the life they lead very well, one or two look, indeed, as if they never had breathed the fresh air of heaven, their skins being as yellow as parchment, their cheeks sunken, and their eyes worn out with the blinking of tapers carried in daily procession round those sombre precincts, in which the damp cold air from vault to vault is the only atmosphere known to them. The grave and harmonious melody of their united chaunt, every evening, on visiting the solemn shrines, remains in my memory, whenever I recall the appearance of the church, venerable as that is from age, and its sacred associations.

The 1800 years of the Christian era seem, I know not how, all so recent when in Jerusalem. One desires to know how the "streets of Jerusalem" looked in David's time. The "peace of Jerusalem" I could always imagine very well, in the beautifully still evenings and afternoons, looking from the lofty convent terrace, and also the "tribes going up," when I stood watching the dwellers from afar ascending in large

companies, as they often did before Easter, up the steep leading to St. Stephen's Gate, reminding me of those who once said "our feet shall stand in thy gates," for the natives to this day make the gates (and they are spacious enough) loitering-places. The "hills that stand about Jerusalem," its deep valleys, and all natural objects, can always be looked at with deep and untiring interest, though not so the many doubtful sites of those all-important events of which the Holy City has been the scene, and of which one may always be profitably reminded.

Sunday 23rd, after visiting the chapel, I spent the whole day in blessed rest, looking out on the lovely sea, having so many sacred recollections to treasure up, and the reminiscences of so many holy scenes to arrange in memory.

On the afternoon of next day I visited an orange garden belonging to the convent, about half a mile off. At the end of a shady lane, formed by hedges of the prickly pear, two arched wooden doors, with a Latin cross upon them, marked the brethren's property. One of these gardens was in shade, and its trees were laden with rich fruit; while in the other, which was exposed to the full blaze of the sun, the trees were in blossom only. My donkey, the Arab guide, and myself, were admitted into the latter, a good friar, with a large sombrero, calling a labourer's wife to take me up the steps of a small building in the centre of the garden, where I might *prendere la fresca* beside the reservoir.

Speaking of the reservoir, I saw that there were little channels from it by which the whole ground might be irrigated as occasion required. There was a palm-tree, too, up there, but I wanted to be under the foliage of the orange-trees. An Arab lad soon found one shaped like a bell, and brought a cushion, my shawls, book, and portfolio, and my little pet; after arranging which, I made him take himself off, for the great gaunt youth, coming into my sanctum, seemed determined to keep me company. I sat there in high enjoyment, inhaling the delicious fragrance, listening to the hum of insects and the murmur of the sea, dreaming, dozing, and scribbling, till the shadows seemed to be lengthening, and I thought it time to return. I had marked a pretty rising ground, with two or three palm-trees in the centre of it, as I came, for which I now made, and passed through an opening in the prickly pear hedge to look out on one of those views of the shining sea in which I so delighted. The town lay before me, with Consuls' flags displayed here and there, ships of war at anchor outside, and the large sun going down into the waves so ardently expecting him, and looking as if they must hiss as his bright disc touched their glowing surface. A company of donkeys came across the grass, loaded with panniers full of oranges, a fruit which, at Jaffa, has a vividness in its colour beyond any I ever saw, and, when fresh from the tree, is no less delightful to the taste than to the sight and smell.

25th, St. Mark's day, I paid a visit to the nuns next

door, the Sisters of St. Joseph, who cheerfully undertook some kindly offices I required, the *supérieure* being so obliging as to send one of the nuns with me to make some purchases in the bazaar, and to negotiate with a quiet Arab for some of his gay-coloured kerchiefs. These bazaars consist only of open booths, in one of which a Turk was taking his siesta on the shelf of his stall, leaning comfortably back on his goods and chattels. I could not get one of the Bedouin shawls with which they cover their heads—brown, with very broad yellow silk stripes. Two young Arab boys, a woman or two, veiled, and several children, stood by the whole time, reaching over the shoulders or under the arms of the nun and myself, to touch and examine every article we thought of purchasing, and often, in their way, helping the decision. Occasionally camels passed, rather a tremendous sight a file of these huge beasts in such narrow lanes; but the undisturbed gravity of their pace is re-assuring, for there is no starting, no swaying to and fro, but a prudent pace, which allows you ample time to stop or get out of the way. If you do not, as certainly as by a steam-engine, though more slowly, you must be borne down and crushed by the resistless weight of the progressing animal.

There is one hotel at Jaffa for travellers who would rather not claim the hospitalities of the convent. It is a small house at the top of the town, reached by innumerable crooked and steep lanes, clean, with a good-sized salon, having a large grand piano in it, looking

strangely out of place in the Holy Land. A glass cupboard for all the crockery of the establishment, and some American rocking-chairs, quite fill it up, and leave but little room for guests to sit. The walls are garnished with pictures of terrible naval engagements, the ships painted black, and the sea field-green, and with some battle pieces, which tell their tragic story by means of little red men in rows, and many arms and legs lying about on a bluish ground. The windows of this comprehensive apartment look against a wall, over which, perhaps, by mounting one of the rocking-chairs, a vacillating glance of the sea might be had. Upstairs are a few bed-rooms, the front walls of which do not rise more than half-way to the roof. For all these advantages combined in the establishment, the self-assured young gentleman, mine host's son, asked the moderate sum of twelve shillings per diem, affirming that many persons insisted on giving thirteen. There did not seem at present, however, to be a single visitor in the establishment to make these voluntary daily offerings of shillings at the shrine of the house of B——, which numbered eighteen persons in family, as the promising son and heir informed me.

The 28th was my last day at Jaffa. In the bay were still an English and French corvette, their smart crews, in six, twelve, and twenty-four oar boats, coming gallantly to shore, breasting the great waves that were rolling in tremendously. I had looked at the vessels so often that I felt as if they were old acquaint-

ances; and with other familiar objects on the wide expanse of ocean, seen from the lofty convent's windows, I mentally bade them adieu when rowing out to the steamer.

While we were waiting in the boat, a spectre of a young man, wrapped in a white burnous, and having hollow eyes and cheeks, started into life all of a sudden, and began, to the astonishment and alarm of the other passengers, to strike the boatmen with his stick, apparently because they had been long in leaving the landing-place. To produce a diversion of the poor invalid's rage, I told him his weapon had grazed my face; and, in fact, it had touched my veil. On hearing this, the poor fellow almost shed tears of contrition, and, by way of atonement for his violence, with his weak, trembling hands tried to help in handing my parcels on board. He said he had been twenty days ill of fever, and that waiting in the sun almost maddened him.

The deck was crowded with Greek pilgrims, swarming like flies from stem to stern. Before starting, we had a numerous party at the convent for dinner—some young French noblemen going on by the evening steamer to Alexandria, Germans to Beyrout, and a company setting off for Jerusalem—all in the dismal refectory, the whole party waited on with unwearied patience by a kind, meagre, self-subdued monk. The hospitalities of these religious houses, which can never be repaid by the travellers who, while journeying through a wild country, and amongst Arabs, are under the

greatest obligation to them, deserve the highest encomium. I have never left one of them in the course of my travels without feeling grateful that there was so much of the spirit of Christian friendliness and confidence left in the world; and that in the Holy Land, especially, those who would go through it in a devout spirit, can, by resigning their more worldly comforts and usages for a time, better keep up a frame of mind in harmony with the objects and interests of the route. The position of Jaffa is admirably seen from the sea, the town being built on a hill, on each side of which stretch away wide wastes of sand; while in the distance, far behind, are faintly seen the mountains of Judea. We steamed off about six o'clock, noisy boatmen putting pilgrims on board to the last. These Arabs certainly outdo the natives of every other country for yelling the whole range of the gamut. A Neapolitan batch of boatmen are grave and silent in comparison with them.

We had a calm passage, and at daylight anchored before Caifa, where a boat came alongside, and in the fresh, pleasant air of early morning rowed us to shore. We had a most kind reception from the sweet nuns, who had also letters for us from the convent at Jerusalem. How sweet was the quiet of their mansion after the noise of the boatmen and people! A room, opening on a terrace at one side of a large garden, with spreading branches of trees all down to the sea, was allotted to us. Pretty rabbits, fowls, and pigeons were here in abundance, and three happy-looking, well-

used donkeys, as tame as dogs, came poking their soft white and brown noses to be patted and fed by us. One of them carried me up to Mount Carmel, the way leading through an olive grove, just where the ascent commences, and by a rocky path, with a delightful view looking down on the bay. The sun, which had risen superbly, was by this time some way up in the heavens, but a fine fresh air tempered the heat, and rendered our excursion more agreeable. After an ascent of half an hour, we arrived at the convent, a large building, new and uninteresting of itself, but conspicuous by a dome and lantern surmounting it, which form the roof of the chapel. At a little distance, standing out on the promontory, is the lighthouse; and on the other side a hermitage, where some of the brethren spend stated hours of each day in solitude and prayer. Behind the convent, higher up the mount, was a large flock of black goats and handsome young cattle, but no cries of discordant multitudes broke the sweet silence. Apart was the consecrated spot where were the graves of the brethren, each marked by a rough wooden cross, and one place filled and covered up, where the bodies lie interred all together; while, close by, was a little chapel. The fine, wild hill, with its odoriferous herbs and fragrant shrubs, framed all these objects; an interesting sight, indeed, for was not this the "top of Carmel," where Elijah was commanded to gather all Israel, and where Gehazi saw the little cloud rise out of yon beauteous sea?

I rose at daybreak next morning, and was out in time to see the sun rise majestically over the mountain summits across the bay, a view which had something of a wintry aspect, for Mount Hermon, partly covered with snow, was distinctly visible. Below, the curving bay, sweeping gracefully round to St. Jean d'Acre, was charming. "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name." The convent dogs broke my contemplations by a very menacing chorus, standing in a line like soldiers.

Two young Englishmen, of the Mosque of Omar party, arrived soon after the early dinner. They had come from Jerusalem, over Nablous, through Samaria; and had been to Nazareth and Tiberias. They were now going along the ridge of Carmel and across the country to Damascus. These young men were going through the Holy Land in a grave and earnest spirit, bringing their education as gentlemen, and their training and reading as Christians, to bear upon the illustration and understanding of the scenes which they visited.

Sunday 30th, in the afternoon, I sat long on the slope of Mount Carmel, under the shade of one of the fragrant shrubs, which are occasionally as large as brambles. Oh! the beauty of that landscape—the sun about half down the western sky, and the sea all glowing beneath his ardent blaze; the sandy beach (which forms also the high way to Jaffa), far below, receiving the gently rippling waves. How calm and sweet was the scene! I went down the sloping path near the entrance

gate of the convent, which passes above a large cave, called by the monks the Cave of St. Simonarius, an English brother of their order, who lived therein six years. Two pillars have been erected before the cave. A large ship of war came to anchor to-day, just as the sun was setting, opposite the convent. Some of the brethren were on the roof watching the movements of the crew as the anchor was dropped. This order of monks seems severe in their rules, rarely communicating with their guests; although I enjoyed the unusual honour of some conversation with them, my introduction to the nunnery at Caifa being the means of procuring me a few somewhat austere and measured words of courtesy, I believe from the superior. The windows of the rooms are large, but barred and grated, yet not so closely as to interfere much with the pleasure of looking out and receiving the delightful breeze. I stood in the deep embrasure of one of them while my young countrymen were giving some details of their journey, telling me where they had pitched their tent between Ebal and Gerizim, and the appearance of these two mountains, upon which the tribes were stationed while the blessings and curses were pronounced, the assembled Israelites responding after each solemn enunciation with a resounding Amen. These two mountains rise on opposite sides of a deep narrow valley, both being nearly of the same height, about eight hundred feet, rocky and precipitous, their summits forming a table-land. Gerizim is ascended by a broad flight of stone steps, bearing the marks of great

antiquity, excavated in the rock. In the atmosphere of the East a voice on a calm day can be heard across the valley.

The travellers set off early next morning, going along the ridge of Carmel, to visit what is considered by some the "place of sacrifice," on the highest point, whence, as the mountain gradually descends to the extensive plain of Jezreel, the miracle of the fire descending from heaven might be beheld by multitudes in all the country round. The Arabs have a tradition that a high green mound, called Ghebel Mukels (the Mount of Slaughter), close to the brook Kishon, covers the bones of the priests of Baal. I should be inclined to think that the order of the Carmelite Monks would have placed their convent on the spot consecrated by the miracle; and, in wandering near the monastery, I saw many places that might have been dug out for the altar and trenches. In the chapel is a crypt, under the altar, which is shown as Elijah's grotto, and the brotherhood follow the example of Elijah's severity in many of their rules.

May 1*st*.—Before leaving the convent, I went down to see the Pharmacie, over which one of the monks presides, dispensing medicines which they prepare from herbs that grow on the mountain, particularly an antipestilential tonic of great virtue. The dispensary of the brotherhood is known as the "Pharmacie des Religieux Carmes Dechaussés du Mont Carmel de Palestine." In the passage of the convent hangs an odd old print, entitled "La Vita dell' Uomo," from the cradle to the death-

bed—a picture with the gay doings represented in which poor friars have little to do; in youth the bridal, and in mid-life the honours of successful ambition. I trust, though, that in the last scene of all, the remembrance of their prayers, alms, and life of self-denial rises soothingly to their minds when finishing their course; and that the hope of that crown of glory which is promised to the faithful becomes brighter and brighter as the current of life ebbs away!

Going down to the bay, I saw some lovely wild flowers and large olive-trees, beneath one of which was a troop of black goats, of all ages. Four dogs, with no ostensible object, were wandering about in the neighbourhood, whose presence, on such a warm day, was anything but agreeable. Near mid-day I made my way to the beautiful nunnery in the vicinity, where I was shown into a cool room, and offered orange-flower water; after which I went on business to the Consul's, an agreeable, civil man, with fine even teeth, which always make a pleasant item in conversation—at least, so far as the sight is concerned. This gentleman, who is properly the Austrian Consul, performs also, at present, the duties of the English one, who is absent. After having transacted my business, I returned to the nunnery, where, in a quiet, cool room, I had my dinner, and enjoyed after it a long rest under the trees at the foot of the garden. The repose of these religious houses for women is very delightful in this country, where sun and light can be enjoyed or excluded at pleasure. The

waves sounded musically, as they dashed softly against the foot of the wall outside. As I was to sleep here, a nun came down the garden path to take me to my bedroom, the window of which looks on a line of beautiful large trees, and on the opposite coast over the sea, with a snow-covered mountain rising above it.

At a later hour the good sisters let me out on the beach by the garden door. I walked freely about for some time, and at one spot observed a Mohammedan at his prayers close to the sea. Along the hard sands, and in the fresh and pleasant air, my little pet scampered with delight, barking vigorously at two youths walking hand in hand, like story-book friends in an Eastern tale. I was called in to supper at their usual hour, and slept soundly to the music of the waves, waking again in the morning to the same delightful murmur. On going down to the chapel I found it full of Arab women assisting at mass.

CHAPTER X.

St. Jean d'Acre—Conversation by Signs—*En route* to Nazareth—Caravan of Greek Pilgrims—Bedouins—Nazareth—The House of Mary—The Greek Church—A Stormy Night—Chapel of the Annunciation—Joseph's Workshop—Mensa Christi—Chaunting an Oremus—The Mount of Trembling—The Mountains of Gilboa—Female Fashions of the East and West—Pilgrims from Siberia—Mount Tabor—Extensive View—Churches on Mount Tabor—Descent of the Mount—Suspicious-looking Bedouins—Tiberias—An Arab Christian—A Spanish Padre—Country of the Gadarenes—Mount Hermon.

I LEFT for St. Jean d'Acre about ten o'clock, accompanied in the boat, across the calm, clear sea, by a Greek and two women, one in red trousers. During the whole passage, of about two hours, we had a view of all the long line of Carmel. On approaching the celebrated stronghold, we looked with interest on its formidable fortifications, from which cannon looked menacingly out, and in which the breaches made by our English bombardments are still visible in the venerable walls. As usual, we went to the convent here, and after dinner I went out along the terrace on which it seemed to stand. Ascending a few steps, I came to an Arab dwelling, in which I found a woman with two handsome daughters. One of them (the handsomest) had her head and face quite set in gold coins; the second girl, also, had silver

coins round her head, and wore in addition a pretty gold necklace, all in points. They were no less curious to see me than I was to see them, and they all examined my dress and smilingly threw up my veil. When the old father came out, and hospitably asked me into the house, on the roof of which, it appeared, we were standing, I intimated by signs, in which all our communications were carried on, that I preferred the open air.

The convent and other dwellings surround a large court, in which mules and Arabs were standing, large companies of them setting off twice a week to Nazareth. This place seems to have been originally part of some much larger building, ruined by the destructive operations of war. A flight of steps, which, doubtless, once led up to some part of the house, have now a curious effect, as if made to go up into the air. In the town, the nuns of Notre Dame de Nazareth have a house and school for Arab children. The pacha's permission is required to go round the fortifications, which, not being anxious to visit them, I did not care to procure.

Mounted on a brisk mule, I went along the sands at an early hour next morning to a plain, on which a line of camels were bringing in stores to the city. We met on our rode a caravan of Greek pilgrims, proceeding also over the plain to Nazareth. In their midst was a Russian family, and several of them were on foot. A cripple, whose knees were bent under him, was carried on a donkey, his motive in visiting the

shrine being the hope of a miraculous cure. This unfortunate being, I heard, had come all the way from some distant country to the Holy Land, strong in this faith—in testimony of which the poor fellow was dressed in white, with a cross worked upon his robe.

All the men carried stout clubs; the women trudged along beside them, bearing their kettles and other utensils, &c. The women of a better class were sitting on pillows set on their donkeys; while the men chaunted occasionally.

Leaving the plain at last, we ascended rising ground, and about midday came to a halt beside a large well, where were a few trees, and some Bedouins sitting round it. One with a showy dress came and helped me off my mule, an act of politeness which he performed more adroitly than my guide, though, I must confess, I trembled all the time for my watch. After a rest of half an hour, when I prepared to set off again, the Bedouins, half in jest, half in earnest, asked for "backsheesh," as it was their camping-ground.

Continuing our journey, we passed a rude village, and, further on, came to another halt, in woody ground —this was about two o'clock. The country now looked very fertile, oak trees, pretty shrubs, oleanders, and acacias, all with lovely red flowers, growing in abundance. At length was heard the cry of "Nazareth," as the caravan came to the summit of a gentle eminence, though it was only the mountains round it that we saw yet, for Nazareth lies imbedded in hills. We were

likely to be delayed, too, by some of the devout pilgrims, who wished to visit certain places which they considered sacred. The Arab in charge of the caravan, however, called them back. This individual had rather a remarkable appearance, and is worth describing. He was a lithe young man, with long black hair hanging down behind, head-gear fastened with a double roll of camel's hair, and a dress of blue. He leaped like an antelope when in a hurry; and once, when I saw him with his long-knobbed pole or javelin signalling merrily to his "staff," he gave a sudden jump, and swinging the pole or weapon swiftly round, brought the heavy knob down within an inch of the poll of a tall old man riding before, without the slightest noise. The action was so cat-like and dexterous, and showed him to be in such good practice, that, though done in joke, it made me shudder. Not many days after we had cause to remember the circumstance.

We soon began to mount the hill. I pressed on before the others, wishing to be alone, and to be the first to look upon the town from which our Lord was named. As the ascent gradually steepened, I looked back, and beheld on every side a fine view, which, as I mounted higher, seemed to become more extensive. Beneath the brow of the mountain was a deep valley, at the head of which was the Greek church, in form of a cross; and with a garden behind, in which, according to the Greek belief, stood the house of Mary. In the church is the fountain where she is said to have gone

to draw water, and at which the angel announced to her her great destiny.

This church has been erected within a few years, and is highly ornamental. All the pilgrims, as they approached it, dismounted, crossed themselves three times, and said certain prayers. A few steps further on the whole city of Nazareth becomes visible—a small place, with white stone flat-roofed houses, between which, as in all other Eastern cities, ran narrow thoroughfares. The slender and graceful minaret of one mosque, with a few firs round it, these well-known characteristics of a Moslem worshipping-place, rises from among the humble dwellings around it. The Latin church of the Annunciation, which is quite at the other end of the valley from the Greek one, makes no appearance. The convent of the Franciscans adjoins it, with a few palms rising out of their garden. The house in which they give hospitality to strangers and travellers is across the road, so that all who wish to attend mass must go over to the church. The house consists of two stories, in the second of which are the sleeping rooms, round a court. From a small balcony, which belongs to a pretty little salon, we look out on the path across a plain by which caravans arrive from Samaria, and on another winding up the steep in the direction of St. Jean d'Acre, or Caifa.

At dinner we had the chaplain and officers of a French frigate anchored near. One of them was going off early to see the sun rise from Mount Tabor. The night was

one of terrific storm, and I could not help thinking of the poor ladies accompanying the caravan. Next day I sat in the salon looking out for them, and amusing myself with observing the loungers in the court below. One little boy was clothed in bright yellow, and I could not help asking myself what English matron would ever think of decking out any such minute particle of mankind in such a hue. Another remarkable figure was that of a tall Arab, in a blue cloak, and with a yellow shawl fastened round his head with camel's hair. A woman going by had her robe all cut in strips, and bound with a gay colour, her dark hair hanging down from under a kerchief which partly confined it round her head. A real Bedouin, with long lance, and such a beautiful horse, with slender limbs, covered with a scarlet mantle, was an object of great interest as long as he remained in view. Another Bedouin passed on foot, his wife walking submissively after him, wearing a green turban surmounted by coins, and followed by a little boy dressed in red, who scampered after her—quite a family party. Several other Bedouin horsemen, all dressed as the one already described, rode past, taking the same route up to the mountain. As I sat contemplating this succession of sights, a train of baggage mules arrived, followed by several horsemen, a Dragoman and muccheroes, and two ladies on donkeys. This was the Austrian caravan, the members of which, all draggled and dirty, had been deluged in their tents the previous night. They had left Jerusalem on Sunday,

and it was now past mid-day on Thursday when they reached Nazareth.

While the convent was in a general commotion to house, dry, and feed them, I went over to the church with one of the good *frate*, and went down to the Chapel of the Annunciation, which is a grotto below the church. A little marble altar (sent from Naples), with an angel in bas-relief on each side as its supporters, and a figure of the Virgin, is very beautiful. A pillar, just beside it, has been hacked in two by the Turks, in the belief that there might be treasure hidden in it. The upper part remains as if suspended from the ceiling above. A door beside the altar opens on a few steps at a point where the Virgin's house is said once to have stood. There are several old daubs of paintings about the church, and one curious old tapestry; while on the right hand of the door is a pretty slender pillar of ancient workmanship, near which a blind man was sitting, in the hope that a miracle of mercy might be performed on his behalf. The grand altar is raised over the site of the house and place of the Annunciation. I afterwards went to a place said to be the site of Joseph's workshop, on an Altar of Annunciation in which are the words "Verbum caro hic factum est," and some other words in Latin, signifying "Here He was subject unto them." Within a bare-looking chapel is shown a large stone called "Mensa Christi," supposed to be one whereon the Saviour ate with his disciples. I also heard it said that this church, which is not yet finished, is on the site of

the Synagogue where Jesus read in the Book of the Law, and where the people were so enraged at his words that they endeavoured to precipitate him over the brow of a mountain, which I afterwards visited with all the company. This mountain is about an hour's walk from the present city, along the plain, and through a valley, which almost immediately contracts into a very narrow rocky defile, along the right-hand side of which, for half an hour, we had a most fatiguing clamber on our ascent to the precipice which is supposed to be the one from the brow of which they would have hurled him. In a space cleared, either naturally or artificially, an immense gnarled branch of prickly pear-tree forms a rough seat, on which we sat down, while the president of the caravan read the chapter through which relates the circumstance. An "oremus" was then chaunted, the responses to which were given in Latin, as all the society were priests, except us three womenkind, and the attendants.

I looked out from this platform on the plain of Esdrelon, and the hills, and the rocky, savage, and solitary glen by which we had ascended, as well as on the dreadful and sharp-pointed rocks beneath—a striking scene, perfectly adapted for the lawless outrage there said to have been committed on the person of our Lord. Continuing our way up the steep, we came to the place called the Mount of Trembling, to which tradition says the Blessed Virgin ran on seeing her Divine Son in such savage hands.

Nazareth is a dirty place, but beautifully situated, apparently quite embedded in hills. The sites which are pointed out in the city are of but little interest in themselves—except perhaps the Fountain of Mary—but the scenes of nature around are lovely and grand. When St. Louis came to Nazareth, he dismounted when the city first came into view, and walked barefoot down to it.

One afternoon, subsequent to this, I went out on a pleasant shady path seen from the convent, winding under prickly pear-trees, up a hill behind, where were a few tombs. Two Arabs were riding in the plain beneath, turning their steeds with much grace, even when riding at their swiftest speed. These horsemen seemed to be showing off and practising in the presence of some women who were near. As I was descending the hill, from which I had had a view of the mountains of Gilboa, two women came by me on a shady walk, one with very soft eyes and pleasing manners; and soon after a group of children, dressed in bright red and yellow, asking "backsheesh," followed by another group, in the same bright colours, carrying water. A tall girl also passed me, in full pink trowsers, drawn in round the ankle, which seems the mode in Nazareth, and the vest divided in four from the waist. One woman had the curiosity to touch my crinoline and examine it with wonder. Two patient camels were unloading large iron bars near the hospice, and a donkey was standing by with a load of grass. I supposed it was their supper, but the driver soon came

and made both get up and march on, many more weary miles—patient beasts!

At five on a fine morning I left Nazareth, and set out for Tiberias, with a numerous company, all well mounted; our Dragoman, on a white horse, leading the way, in a rather smart costume, namely, a yellow Bedouin shawl, covering the red fez, a yellow vest, and a wide belt. The dozen German and Austrian ecclesiastics had all white coverings on their hats; among them the large grand-looking Prior of St. Jean d'Acre. He had come to attend on a little humble-looking woman in black, who it seems is a lady of rank going through the Holy Land on a pilgrimage. We three ladies were stationed about the middle of the cavalcade, and the two singular pilgrims who, under a vow, have come almost all the way from Siberia on foot, carrying their large black crosses, brought up the rear. In less than three hours we came to the foot of Mount Tabor, rising in a dome-like form direct from the plain, dotted with large trees and pleasant shrubs, and delightful with shade and verdure. No words were required to know what mountain it was, so distinct was it from all the bare hills around it. We began to ascend it from the sides of a rocky little glen. At the steepest part the Dragoman begged us all to dismount, and we arrived at the summit in about an hour, between ten and eleven o'clock. While the little Neapolitan lady and I were by chance left quite alone, a boy came suddenly and snatched at the bridle of my horse; and I, startled and taking him for a young Bedouin, beat him

with my umbrella till he let go. I then ascended part of the ruins at the summit, to see the view, which is truly wonderful in all directions. All Palestine seemed to lie under our feet, and part of the lake of Tiberias was visible over a depression in its close encircling mountains. The city of Nain, too, was pointed out to me.

Most of our number stood meanwhile, without shade from the intense heat and sunshine, listening to a German pamphlet on antiquity, read by the learned Professor R—. I retreated to some little distance and sat down under a tree, better pleased with the sight of Nature, spread before the eyes of her admirers like a glorious picture, and thinking of what the favoured few of the human race had once seen there. Who at such a time, and in such a scene, could patiently listen to book-reading ?

There was a modern Greek church, and also an ancient chapel on the summit amongst the ruins. Mass was said in the little chapel, I believe, but I could not lose a moment of air, sky, and landscape. The summit is stated to be about "seven hundred paces in length, and three hundred in breadth, surrounded with rocks of various heights, all overgrown with trees and shrubs, but the basin itself covered only with grass. There are no springs here, but hewn cisterns in the limestone rock."

This mountain has been the scene of many struggles, and was fortified both by the Jews when resisting the Roman occupation of Palestine, and by Malek Adel, who destroyed the convents the Crusaders had established upon it. After we had rested in the shade of the

spreading trees at the summit, gazing on that Holy Land wherein all the Bible history was as it were unfolded to view, and feeling so much nearer to Heaven and the Angels, we began to descend. It would not have been safe to remain without a guard in a place so completely isolated, and likely to be the hiding haunt of Arab robbers, although there were some of us who would have been willing even to run the risk. The descent was in some parts very steep. We women and the doughty prior lingered, and being left alone, were not missed till the company was on the road to Tiberias, when one of the muccheroes was sent back to look for us. When we rejoined our companions, the dragoman had to bear with humility the reproof of the ecclesiastic, after which, in the hot afternoon sun, we continued our journey for some hours over the long plain of Hittim, where Saladin routed the Crusaders, took Guy of Lusignan prisoner, and many Templars, beheading all the latter, and offering his soldiers fifty gold pieces for every Christian's head. In the streets of Damascus they are said to have been seen heaped up like melons in baskets. The Bishop of St. Jean d'Acre was mortally wounded while bearing the true cross in the battle-field, and the Moslems forced it from his dying hand only when he was no longer able to hold it. The plain was covered with the dead. This engagement took place on the 5th of July, 1187.

As we proceeded we came upon a company of Bedouins walking over the plain, armed with long clubs,

each with a heavy knob at the end. They eagerly eyed our caravan as we came up in little groups, but we were too strong to be attacked. They followed us, however, hanging on our track, the nine fierce-looking fellows, with long black hair, marching in a line after us. I confess I felt timid enough, remembering the dexterous feat of one of them which I had witnessed a few days before. I believe it was only the presence of the Superior of St. Jean d'Acre that saved us from an attack, these wild wandering tribes all having a knowledge and kind of respect for the heads of convents, indeed for all the monastic orders, who are good to them in times of sickness or distress. I looked back for one of the walking pilgrims who had been left behind, and saw him running with all his might to overtake us, and distance the Bedouins by a short cut.

We went on for some miles in this state of anxiety. At last, after getting to the summit of a rising ground, the point where the plain finishes, the lake of Tiberias became visible in its whole extent, lying a thousand feet below. The descent to the town of Tiberias, with its old castle and fortifications on the edge of the lake, is very steep and rocky, the lake being surrounded on all sides by white and bare rocks. We entered by a lofty gateway, now unguarded and unnoticed, though many a fierce contest has raged round the walls in times gone by. The ramparts of the town were built by Godfrey of Bouillon. Tasso's hero, Tancred, was lord of Tiberias. The fierce Turk has often carried there the thunders of

war. The French troops, during Napoleon's occupation of the country, spread devastation around.

The Franciscans have a small house and chapel, enclosed in a garden close to the shore, whereon the gently rippling waves were breaking, while the moonbeams were already gilding the surface of the lake, far out over its depths. On a subsequent occasion, going through the little fruit bazaar, attended by the brethren's native servant, in order to procure a few raisins and figs, a civil Arab Christian invited us to enter his abode and see his family. We accepted his invitation, and entered his hut, which was at fire heat. He offered us sweet cakes. His wife, who was dressed in silks of different colours, was a beautiful woman, with fine large eyes and arched brows. Their hospitality, however, was rather a bore, for the man sent his wife and mother to procure us some milk, which, after they with great trouble had found a basin, the man carried about with him in his hand wherever he accompanied us. His two children were rather pretty—one a boy with large lustrous eyes, and the other a little girl. His dwelling, enclosed in a court, he showed us as a curiosity, as well as some dusty flowers and a small tree, far gone in consumption. We were glad when we at last succeeded in getting quit of him, and in finding our way back to the little strand before the chapel, where we could sit down to contemplate the quiet beauty of the sacred waters. Many children, however, even here gathered round us, and we had to climb on a wall to get out of their reach,

as they were perpetually fingering our dresses and hats.

We remained out till we were called in to supper. An old German clergyman, who was found in the chapel, was asked in also, with whom our ecclesiastics talked in Latin, as they were not familiar with each other's languages, the *padre* being a Spaniard, and the prior a Neapolitan. The appearance of our dragoman to announce our departure on the morrow, occasioned great commotion and anger amongst the petticoats, as it was the *will of the men* he obeyed.

After supper I went out once more on the strip of beach, to enjoy the brilliant moonlight which can be seen only in the East, and sat awhile there in the contemplation which I so dearly loved. The chapel, which opens from the quiet court, stands on the site where our Saviour stood and called to his disciples (St. John xxi., 4th verse) after his Resurrection. The *padre*, who, being a Spaniard, is a man of dignified and gentle manners, lives here, with one brother, in two rooms, which were erected a few years since. Their existence must be peaceful enough when undisturbed by guests, who, indeed, have no reason to expect shelter and entertainment from them, as a notice is hung up in the salon at Nazareth, that neither is provided for them at Tiberias. People should, therefore, take a tent and food, or do without. I was told there was something like a little *auberge*, and that many Jews have rooms that might perhaps be hired for a night.

In the morning I took a giro on the lake for a couple

of hours, an ecclesiastic reading the passages in the gospels referring to its sacred history. It is about fifteen miles long, and six broad, and its surface seven hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. I saw the position of the town well, also the domes of the new baths erected by the pacha, near the natural hot baths, within which I was told the scene was disgusting, all the bathers being without clothes. Opposite Tiberias is the country of the Gadarenes, where I thought I could discern the steep place which the herd of swine ran violently down—a sharp descent, wide and bare, reaching down to the lake's brink. The lake was very clear and still as we sailed over it in a large fisherman's skiff; and I could not but remember with deep reverence that this was the water on which those blessed feet that went about doing good once walked. With what awed and solemn feelings did I gaze down into their blue, translucent depths!

Evidences of volcanic action (the lake itself filling up an old crater) are gathered from the appearance of the surrounding coasts, which are said to have been at one time so fertile, that fruit was produced incessantly for ten months in the year. There is, unfortunately, little or none now, a few green apples, figs, and raisins, which we saw in the bazaar, giving little evidence of fertility or good cultivation.

The mountains seen to the north are those where the Jordan enters the lake; and Mount Hermon, capped with perpetual snow, is seen above them. This mountain,

so often used as a symbol of might and power in the Holy Scriptures, rises to the height of ten thousand feet. "Seen from the south, it rises from a comparatively level country like a mighty rampart, stemming the onward march of the endless mountains behind it towards Gilead and Palestine," the heights seeming to draw aside from the lake, that it may be seen. Its Arab name is Djebel Sheik, or the Old Man's Mountain.

CHAPTER XI.

Cana of Galilee—The Marriage Feast Chamber—A Storm—From Nazareth to Caifa—The Brook Kishon—The Telegraph—Caifa—Convent Rest—Nuns on a Journey—Scenes traversed by them—Sidon—Its Traffic—Departure from Caifa—Adieu to Palestine—Beyrout—A *Voyage en Orient*—Amiable English Lady—News from Europe—Friends from the Desert—*En route* to Damascus—The Ridges of Lebanon—Djebel Sheik—The Diligence from Damascus—The Approach to the City.

WE set off from Tiberias about one o'clock, ascending the steep, and often looking wistfully back. We dismounted, and visited an eminence on the right hand, considered to be that where the "Sermon on the Mount" was delivered. The president read over the chapters, and I could not but feel deeply impressed in listening to those sublime sentences, especially the opening blessings, in that sacred scene where they were first spoken. The scene which our eyes beheld He once looked upon. Mount Hermon was clouded at the top, but we could see its huge sides streaked with snow.

We descended, after spending some time on this eminence, which is a mound upon a mountain height, level for a considerable distance around. When we came down, no horses, no dragoman, were in sight. The gentlemen ran hither and thither with spy-glasses; but it was nearly an hour before the distant place of halt was

discovered; and we had an exciting walk towards it through thistles, and a hurried ride over the plain after in violent rain, which came suddenly on.

Cana of Galilee, on a slope of rising ground, is a poor place, remarkable for the number of dogs which are perpetually barking. The women and children, attracted by so large a company, gathered round us, many coming to me; one woman especially, who clapped her baby into my lap as I was looking about, reining in my horse, while another examined the structure of my riding-skirt. Wild creatures they looked. A rough white garment was drawn over their heads, contrasting with the dark faces and raven hair beneath it. A wretched Greek chapel, consisting only of a large room or hall on the reputed site of the marriage-feast chamber, was used as a school, where boys were being instructed, standing and sitting round on mats. As we passed over the steep, leaving the town, and took our way by the old paths tracked on the rocky ground, we could imagine the mild Teacher and his disciples walking from Nazareth to such a gathering as this.

A violent storm of wind, rain, and hail came on when we were ascending the mountain intervening between this route and Nazareth, and I kept my seat only by main strength, the rain blinding my eyes, and the horses slipping on the ledges of rock. One fell just as we rounded the shoulder of the height, meeting the whole force of the wind. I was truly thankful when we reached Nazareth in safety. Wet through and weary

enough we were when we entered the hospice, but a day of rest soon restored us, and we left at six in the morning, on our return to Caifa.

The path ascends the mountain (as every route must on leaving Nazareth, which lies in a hollow surrounded by heights except at a narrow opening southwards), and then crosses a romantic pass whose sides are pierced with caves. After passing a poor village, we made an hour's halt in a wood, and took what is called the *route d'été*, rather prematurely, as it proved, for the marsh was not dry. The man who led my horse was sometimes more than knee-deep in water, and when we came to the brook Kishon the two foot pilgrims were wading across it, the stream reaching to their middle, and they holding up their crucifixes, in a manner to some extent suggestive of Bunyan's Christian. I was very glad, nevertheless, when an Arab started up from amongst the brushwood, and showed the way, at some little distance, to the ford, a charming place, with flowers in bloom that in northern latitudes are only seen in hothouses. My steed went well through, and I picked a lovely branch of red blossoms in triumph at the other side. This marsh is an awkward place, and some of the horses cleared it with great difficulty. The Telegraph, when we came to it, looked wonderfully natural, and like an old acquaintance, amidst all the strange scenes and sights of this journey.

We passed a little town on the side of Carmel, so long that it seemed to form a strong bulwark for the

whole country. After seeing it I could better realize the idea of "all Israel gathered on Carmel." Two romantic-looking valleys appeared to break its wall-like surface. The Carmelite convent, and the little town of Caifa nestling beneath, were welcome visions to us after our wearisome journey. As we entered the town, during the quiet afternoon hours, our horses' footsteps waked up the dogs, and a few human beings. I went to the Consul's, and saw his pleasing wife, who talked of Miss Rogers, the sister of the English Consul. She, it seems, had made herself very popular in that small circle.

After this interview, I gladly repaired to my peaceful nun's abode, where, after eight days' fatigue, how sweet was rest amid the murmur of waves and the fragrance of flowers! The *supérieure* of the Nazareth nunnery was also there, an amiable and cheerful woman, whom I told of the disrespect with which I had treated her easy saddle by going perforce a gallop on it over the plain. The two *supérieures* were about the same height, and looked very interesting in their religious costume. The *Père Directeur* came to the parlour next morning to visit me as Madame C. M——'s friend. I heard him preach in Arabic, the guttural sounds of which made my throat ache for sympathy with his reverence's difficulty in uttering them. This house has a pleasant corridor of ten arches running along the garden, flowers climbing up before some of the cells. It has also a view of the lovely sea. The order of Notre Dame de Nazareth was established in Paris.

There are four religious houses in Palestine, at Sidon, Caifa, Nazareth, and St. Jean d'Acre, and about twenty sisters in all. Many Arab women attend the mass, and behave now with great propriety, though at first they used to talk about their families to each other in the chapel. It is a striking sight to see these inhabitants of the desert, enveloped in a covering of white from head to foot, crouching subdued and quiet in the same chapel with the meek sisters vowed to a religious life, whom the rule of their order, or their own voluntary sacrifice, has planted in this distant and wild region, bringing them face to face with women so different from themselves.

A cotton manufactury is being established here by some Europeans. The native women used to weave and prepare the cotton, but they have now lost this employment. Last year, as I was told with some exultation, the second floor of the house was twice destroyed, while building, by storms of wind, thunder, and lightning. The charm of being so close to the sea, with the run of the garden, prevented my caring to attend the chapel services often, though the singing of the nuns in four-part harmony was very sweet. The silent masses I never perfectly understood; and the movements of the priest, his gestures and reverences, do not appear to a Protestant very devotional. The *supérieure* of Notre Dame de Nazareth, who was here on some occasion of conventual business, was a charming woman, apparently very anxious that an application should be made

to the pacha through the French Consul, the only channel of communication they have with the authorities of the country, whatever circumstances may happen to call for their aid. She and the lady superior of Caifa Notre Dame de Nazareth, made the journey to Beyrout on some occasion of importance to their establishments shortly before, going on donkeys, attended only by muccheroes. They accomplished their task in safety, taking five days in all—two to go, one in Beyrout, and two to return. They have at Sidon a little branch of their house, with four sisters resident (flowers in the weary way, an oasis in the desert). The track was over the sand beside the sea all the way. One may fancy these two women in their black dresses, silver crosses, white caps, and ample black veils, meekly bearing the scorching heat and the fatigue of ten hours' ride each day, murmuring their prayers at regular intervals, the long, dreary way, trustfully fulfilling their mission. Surely "angels were given charge concerning them." Wild Arabs, clothed in skins, and lawless Bedouins, met them, wondered at them, but harmed them not. They passed the ruins of those famous cities, Tyre and Sidon, denounced in the days of their pride, and now illustrating to the letter the words of the prophecy. Handmaidens of the Lord, they passed on, finding the inhabitants of the isle "still" indeed, confirming what was said to the dwellers therein when Tyre was a "joyous city," when merchants were replenishing her stores, when the harvest of the river was her revenue, that a

time should come when all should "be still," the "noise of her songs" should cease, the "sound of her harps" be no more heard. These holy women proceeded by the path on which the Lord had caused "nations to come up against" the city, as the "sea causeth his waves to come up," and perhaps thought, as they looked on the few fishing-boats, of the time when the masts of her ships were made of the cedars of Lebanon, and their seats of ivory brought from the isles of Chittim; when their sails were made of fine linen with broidered work from Egypt, spread forth to the wind; when chests of rich apparel, bound with cords and made of cedar, were brought for her citizens and sent forth from her markets; when presents of horn, of ivory, and of ebony, came to her gates; when men from Syria sat in her booths, with purple and broidered work, fine linen, emeralds, coral, and agate for her luxurious dwellers; and they saw, as generation after generation has seen, how her "pleasant houses," her walls, and her towers have been brought to "ashes upon the earth." Continuing their journey, these women came to Sidon, where the "mariners of Tyre" once dwelt; a body so large, that not only Tyre itself was filled with them, but also Awad. At Sidon, weary and worn with their long day's journey, the two *religieuses* rested and slept peacefully, while the little community tended them, providing, at the same time, for their simple wants on the morrow.

Sidon remains shorn, indeed, of all its glory; and though it suffered fearful chastisement, it escaped the utter

ruin of Tyre. The words of Scripture, indeed, pointing to the day when the Lord executed judgments in Sidon, and sent pestilence and blood into her streets, when the "wounded were judged in the midst of her by the sword upon her on every side," indicate a distressing series of calamities borne by the inhabitants, but which have now long passed away. The city, the modern name of which is Saide, now contains about 15,000 souls; and the neighbourhood shows vestiges of its ancient splendour in the columns and ruins which are scattered over it. The place has some traffic along the coast, and with Damascus. It has been the scene of many interesting events. Here our Saviour healed the daughter of the woman of Canaan. St. Paul touched at Sidon on his way to Rome. Its situation is beautiful, nearly surrounded by the sea, and with mountains in the background. Their pilgrimage to Palestine must always be an act of voluntary devotion on the part of members of the religious orders. Their superiors cannot oblige them to take the distant journey, and to expose themselves to the hardships and dangers that are occasionally encountered by them in a country to such an extent cut off from the general Christian community. These *religieux*, perhaps, bear their trials with greater submission, from the fact that the work they have undertaken has not been imposed upon them, but that they have voluntarily devoted themselves to a mission upon which, when they have once entered, their submission must be absolute. Some such task, I suppose, was laid upon

the two heads of convents, for the journey along such a line of coast seemed a laborious and somewhat dangerous one.

The day on which I was to leave having arrived at last, I could not help reflecting how many peaceful hours I had spent writing at my pleasant window, looking out on the gently breaking waves, waving tamarisk branches, and in conversation with the kind *supérieures*, from whom, and from the amiable *religieuses*, I had received all the minute and thoughtful attentions which they so well know how to administer, both to the coming and the parting guest. Everything in the place was of interest to me, and I paid a farewell visit even to the little rabbits, the pigeons, the house-dogs, and the donkeys, all in their separate departments, evincing that tameness which is inspired by the confidence of security and the certainty of kindness. Even the poor animal filling the important post of corn-grinder, always going round on a kind of raised terrace, looks with a glance of affection at the one-eyed man whose duty it is to watch him all day.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the signal-gun of the steamer's arrival sounded, and a messenger from the Consul's came to summon me, and convey me on board. I left my treasured little pet, the companion of so many perils, and of so many chequered scenes, as a present to the nuns, all their animals seeming to lead such a happy life, that I knew I could leave him without anxiety among them; whereas, while travelling, I was constantly

fearing that some accident might at any time happen to him. I bade adieu to these Christian females with some sadness, feeling, when about to plunge again into the ruder realities of worldly life, that I was not likely to "look upon their like again."

The odious hats and backs of the Austrian caravan were now afloat, and the boat made its way over the tumbling waves to the steamer lying a couple of miles out in the bay. It was a moonlight night, and from the deck I looked on the long range of Carmel, entirely covered with a thick white wall-like cloud, which seemed to obscure the light of the Pharos on the promontory. A light which I saw below, near the nunnery, I fancied might be one in my pretty room, a sign that one of the good nuns was going to her innocent and holy rest in it.

Adieu to Palestine! How short and how dreamlike appears the time spent in its cities, on its plains, upon its mountains, and in its valleys, where I saw so much, and yet left much more unseen. Fräulein B——, and the amiable *religieuses* at Jerusalem, Jaffa, Nazareth, and Caifa, all so unworldly, how good you were to me, a wandering stranger from a distant land, and how gladly I would have abided with you, had not imperious circumstances fixed my lot elsewhere! Sacred land of our faith, writ as with the finger of God in its length and breadth—land where scenes of such mighty import to the whole human race in generations past, and to ages yet unborn, have been transacted!—land which, if the

unerring word of prophecy fail not, shall yet recover its ancient glory—I bid you for ever farewell; but the recollection of all I have seen, and felt, and experienced within your borders will never be effaced from my heart! Calmly and steadily the vessel bore on over the briny deep, while I indulged in such meditations; and when the morning broke we beheld the massive and grand heights of Lebanon, and the city of Beyrout, in its beautiful position. I landed at the Dogana near an old tower, and engaging a vehicle, was conveyed to the Oriental Hotel, the bed-rooms of which were hot and stifling, from the number of people that occupied them. The house consists of two courts, on which the windows of the various rooms open, looking upon pleasant growing flowers in the centre. Steep steps lead up to the roof, whence there is a fine view, which to me is always highly attractive. Some English midshipmen, and a few tourists, were at the table, the latter talking very glibly of what they had seen and done. I know not how it is, but I could never bring myself to rattle away in light conversation the names and scenes of Palestine, preferring always to listen in silence to what was said, in the hope of learning something I had not known before. People who could talk so superficially of camping on the mountains of Moab, as did those of our company at dinner, had better henceforth leave their homes only for a railway trip to Devonshire or Scarborough, in which, doubtless, they will find all they have in view—pleasure, comfort, and society. These, in their ordinary and

worldly acceptation, are not to be had in a *voyage en Orient*, and it is but justice to own that frivolous travellers are not often met with in these regions, the time, expense, and difficulties of every kind keeping aloof all but the really earnest or devout. I myself felt most thankful for the privilege of seeing so much of that most interesting of all lands; for such it is to all who can realize the importance of man's eternal destinies.

In two days I was established at Ras-Beyrout, an airy abode, close to the sea, with an arched corridor on the second floor, shaded by a large mulberry-tree. The waves came up close to the garden-gate, from which there was a view of the lofty piles of Lebanon and the stately ships in the harbour. An amiable English lady, wife of the consul at Latakia, rendered my stay here more agreeable than even the delightful tranquillity of the place could have made it, by her agreeable society. Every evening, as sunset drew near, she appeared with books, newspapers, letters, or whatever she thought might be interesting to a solitary countrywoman, who was delighted by her interesting company and friendly attentions. Many an hour did we spend together, sitting on the rocks before her pleasant residence.

The news from Europe at this time was entirely absorbed by the assassination of President Lincoln; matter of less interest being a letter written by the Pope to Victor Emmanuel (ah! we shall yet read of that honest-hearted soldier), when the King of Italy prayed for

an audience, and begged the good old man's blessing and forgiveness. Still, even the smallest item of news from home was pleasant, and I read with interest about the Queen and her family, and about the Emperor Napoleon's visit to Algeria; little events which reminded me that the dwellers in the West were jogging on in their usual way, while I was in the East, wandering amid scenes of sacred interest, known by heart from childhood, and which, since my eyes have seen them, have assumed a bodily reality.

I remained some weeks at this place, where, with such valuable society, I thoroughly enjoyed myself. One hot, still afternoon, when the doors were shut, and all the household were asleep, the Misses B——, whom I had formerly met at Naples, their brother, and a friend arrived, with a train of Arab guides and servants, tents and mules—in fact, their whole paraphernalia which they had used during ten weeks' camping. They had left Cairo early in March, taking a long track through the desert, and going past Akaba to Mount Sinai. Thence they had journeyed to Hebron and Jerusalem, round the Dead Sea, by Tiberias, and thence, by a long route, to Damascus, to Baalbec and the Cedars, coming down afterwards by the ravine of the Dog River to Beyrout, a long journey, during the course of which they had made some beautiful coloured sketches of the interesting views and objects seen in their route. The object of their journey, indeed, had been to look for illustrations of scriptural history, par-

ticularly on some portions of the track of the Israelites; and with this view their charts, books, and memories all seemed to have been well looked up. We had much interesting conversation over what they had seen; and by comparing notes, we were able to give each other some useful information.

Damascus being the destination to which I had determined next to bend my steps, I made all necessary arrangements to continue my journey in that direction. Accordingly, when next day, as soon as objects were visible, the huge diligence for Damascus, drawn by six strong horses, three abreast, made its appearance, I took my place in it, and the conductor started at once at a good round pace, with a *viva* from the Syrians, to whom a vehicle of such magnitude was, in these modern days, a novelty, though Naaman's chariot and thousands of others were known to generations that had long preceded them.

We soon began to mount the hills, from which, looking back on Beyrout and on the sea, we had some beautiful prospects. On the road, which is a fine broad one, we met a body of Turkish soldiers coming from some mountain station, and as we advanced, the ridges of Lebanon began to show finely in three tiers of heights; while the great Djebel Sheik, streaked and edged with snow, rose towering above all. We looked down occasionally on little villages, some of them perched on mountain torrents in the ravines. We also passed near the summit some curious formations of rock along the

hill sides, which imagination could almost picture as old temples in a state of ruin. No mountains in any part of the world that I have ever seen have such an ancient look as those of Lebanon, which are of a uniform grey tint.

About nine o'clock, we began to descend the mountains, and in a short time, while the wind, which had been boisterous, was still blowing sharply, we entered on a wide plain, in which we soon saw trees, and heard the blessed sound of water, beside which, at eleven o'clock, we halted for an hour to rest and refresh ourselves at a kind of Locanda.

The rushing stream and leafy shade were even more refreshing than the viands could have been: This place was quite an oasis, for beyond, on all sides, the plain was parched, dry, and stony, lines of rocky hills bounding it on all sides.

When we changed horses at the next station, an immense pacha, who was our fellow-passenger, got out, and the coupé was all the lighter and cooler for his absence. We met on the plain, about the middle of it, the diligence returning from Damascus, an event which was signalized by warm expressions of greeting between the staff of the two vehicles. Some large caravans, with merchandise, also crossed us on the road; and we met two or three half-insane Europeans on horseback, with white unbrellas, going at a snail's pace, at the hottest hour of the day, along that fiery road. People, indeed, in this country, cannot always choose their own time, for the distances are considerable, and horses are

frequently scarce, unless sent especially from Beyrout.

About six o'clock we came again to trees, and heard water falling down in a gushing cascade from a rock above the road. People must have been under the burning skies of Syria, and have felt its fiery winds, before they can understand the delight with which such a sight is hailed during a day's journey. We were soon in the shade of some higher ground, and, with six fine, fresh-looking grey horses, began to plunge down a descent which appeared to be the side of a ravine. Some signs that we were nearing Damascus now began to be apparent. Horsemen, in their gallant Syrian costume, rode past us, not on poor, tired animals, but on prancing, spirited steeds. We ourselves were going on at full gallop by the bank of a river which was rushing on vehemently, keeping pace with us. We soon came to a bridge, on sweeping rapidly across which the walls and minarets of Damascus were all at once revealed to us, having a high mountain on the left, which looked down upon the city, and embraced by leafy woods on every side. Beyond the city the arid plain stretched away to the horizon, except at some points, where the monotony of the desert was broken by mountains in the distance. I was heartily glad the journey was near its termination; and from the sensation with which the approach of the diligence was greeted, there must have been joy also in the city at its arrival. Gaily-dressed horsemen came galloping out from Damascus, and on meeting the vehicle, turned back with it. I particularly

noticed among the group who thus welcomed our advent, one richly-dressed boy who was excellently mounted. Turks and Arabs, as the diligence advanced, stood on each side of the road, giving many a salutation to the green-vested Hassan and his young brother, one the *conducteur*, the other the trumpeter, who had done their parts to the best of their ability all the day to facilitate our forty miles' journey over mountain and plain. Some horses now and then manifested such excitement when the huge noisy vehicle passed, that they had to be led off the road. Even the banks of the river, which rushed along its course with great rapidity, were covered with people vested in gay colours, turning out in such numbers as if it had been a holiday. Near another bridge, over which we passed, I saw groups of white-veiled women who had obtained permission to gratify their curiosity by gazing upon us.

CHAPTER XII.

Damascus—Rival Hosts—The Hotel of M. Demetrius Carà—The Old Castle—Minaret of the Grand Mosque—Ancient Tombs—A Bazaar—The Gazelle—The Grand Mosque—A Family of Travellers—Scene of the Christian Massacres—Franciscan Convent—Streets and Bazaars—The Shopkeeper's Siesta—Dress of the Women—Somnolent Worshippers—Paying a Visit—The Effendi—A Damascus Family—A Day Out—Eastern Courtesy—Climbing—Magnificent View—The Environs of Damascus—The Pacha's Seraglio—The Sheik—Evening—The Walls of the City—The Arab at Home—The Baths—Shady Courts—The Consul's Residence—A Holiday.

WHO can describe the scene that was presented to us when we entered the city of Damascus? The quaint old houses, with great beams of timber, the casemented, wooden windows, the light minarets, the heavy domes, the flat stone roofs of the houses, and the pointed trees rising above them. When we drove up to the hotel, Demetrius Carà presented his card, which promised the most liberal reception to travellers, and the best guidance to those who placed themselves under his control, in preference to that of his rival, M. Gigot, whose emissary also was there to catch unwary visitors to the East. Placing ourselves under the protection of Demetrius Carà, our host led us into a court, in the centre of which was a gold and silver fish-pond, surrounded with trees and flowers, into which water was

flowing pleasantly down. Large and lofty rooms opened off from the court, and there was a terrace above, which, though apparently cool, really was not so. However, a truce to description—it is repose I want at present. It was pleasant next morning to descend from the balcony on which my sleeping-room opened, into the cool shady court, with its blooming flowers and flowing water. I found my way into a kind of double salon, in the centre of which was an octagon marble fountain, with a raised dais on each side, spread with Turkey carpets, and furnished with marble tables and divans. Close to the trickling fountain was a writing-table, a tempting provision for leisure hours; but neither books, papers, music, nor anything of the kind, luxuries which, if necessary to the traveller, he must take with him into Syria.

In the outer court were several guides and dragomans, from among whom I chose a young lad whose face pleased me by its expression of ingenuousness. This youth was my first escort about Damascus, and with him I took very much my own way, for I much dislike being led about captive by a peremptory guide, who will enforce his claim on your attention to the long stories and descriptions which he considers it his duty to repeat. The city stands on very level ground, and it is difficult to find an eminence whence one may obtain a view of it. I asked permission to mount the battlements of an old castle which seemed quite in ruin; and while the guards, who were stationed at the stone bridge

that spanned the moat, hesitated, an officer passed, who at once gave the permission I desired. Crossing the bridge, I ascended some steps in the thickness of the wall, where, in consequence of several gaps and holes, caution was necessary. The building consisted of a succession of towers at intervals, enclosing a spacious court. The walls, which were massive, were constructed of large handsome squares of stone, and the crenellated battlements were provided with loop-holes, through which there was a picturesque view over some parts of the city, and down into the pleasant gardens and tasteful courts of some of the private dwellings. I observed two women and a child, dressed in bright colours, sitting by a fountain, which was partly shaded by trees, but by no means, even though in the "jealous East," secluded from the observation of soldiers who might have been stationed on the battlements.

The city speads in every direction, and appears to be enclosed on all sides by a mass of foliage. The tall minaret of the grand mosque, and the smaller ones of many others, rise above the white flat roofs, and the coloured walls enclosing the mosques. The devastated Christian quarter, which suffered so much in the sanguinary disturbances that took place here two or three years ago, was pointed out to me. My present view embraced a faubourg, which seemed to rise up the acclivity of a mountain behind the city. Above the faubourg was a cemetery, in which were several ancient tombs, mostly of a circular form. The large trees that

grew in different parts of the city gave considerable novelty, charm, and variety to the view of this ancient Eastern capital. The young lad by whom I was accompanied, and who, I suppose, cared little for the picturesque, now suggested that the grand mosque would be open to an English visitor in the forenoon. I accordingly descended, crossed the court-yard, and went out by a gate which opened into a bazaar where arms are fabricated, and near which are some large old trees, among them one that served as a dwelling for a hermit years ago, with a little door in its trunk. Turning into a narrow passage, I entered a street with high walls, in which was a small building that seemed to be an hotel. Thinking that I might obtain a short rest here, I knocked at a low entrance, on which the door immediately opened, and a beautiful gazelle came out, as if to see who it was. The pretty creature was quite domesticated, running about the court, and into the rooms, and even jumping up on the divan. The hostess soon made her appearance, to whom I explained the reason of my intrusion. She informed me that the house was an hotel, though on a much smaller scale than that of Demetrius. The place looked secluded, and if I had been staying for a longer period, I should gladly have made it my home. The lady was very civil, and expressed her willingness, if in her power, to oblige me in any way she could.

The grand mosque, which I soon reached, is entered by a great doorway, handsomely sculptured, and dark

with age, opening upon a marble-paved court. The interior of the building, the roof of which is at present undergoing repair, is filled with scaffolding, and covered with rubbish. In the body of the mosque is a covered tabernacle, containing the tomb of St. John, concealed with carpets, some portion of which were removed to enable me to see the white marble, richly and elaborately sculptured, forming the tomb, which is arched, and stands high from the pavement. The enclosing frame round the tabernacle is lined with glass, and provided with curtains, as the tomb is not always intended to be visible. The mosque is divided by columns of marble into three aisles, running into an open court, in which is a curious raised octagon tabernacle, entirely closed up, and within which the spirit of St. John, and of many other saints, are believed to be enclosed, for the protection of the city; at least, so says the legend told respecting them. One of the most pleasant objects in the mosque is a fountain from which water is constantly flowing.

I had some conversation in the evening with a family of travellers who had passed the winter in a boat on the Nile, moving up and down the river as they pleased. According to their account, they found it pleasant; but, for my part, I would rather avoid so much sociability with the crocodiles. Next day I went through a quarter of the city where the horrors of the Christian massacre were recently perpetrated. Here everything was in ruins, houses demolished, and walls torn down; though in some parts they are beginning to rebuild.

The traces of that savage and sanguinary warfare between the Druses and Christians, and the knowledge that the two parties, with all their smothered hatred, still exist in daily intercourse, give an unpleasant feeling of insecurity to those who are living in their vicinity, for at any hour the flame of rancour might be kindled anew.

A new church is building in this quarter for the Franciscan convent, which I went to see. The place where the conversion of St. Paul is supposed to have taken place, is about two miles from the city, and a chapel has been erected on the spot to distinguish it. The house of Ananias is pointed out near the convent, in which mass is said three times every morning.

The family who had accompanied me to Damascus having departed for Baalbec, on the route to which they intended to camp, and sketch such views as came in their way, I enjoyed the benefit of the room and fountain which they left vacant after their departure. Of all things at Damascus, one would like, if possible, to live awhile completely in that Eastern seclusion which is lulled to repose by the harmony of falling waters, the shade of trees, and the fragrance of flowers in the quiet courts. The number of trees in the city, and the numerous fountains, make Damascus, even though it has no ornamental places, according to our notions, no squares, no terraces, an exceedingly agreeable residence. The streets of Damascus, however, present many interesting remains of the past. Here are old lichen-covered walls, antique trellised windows,

and quaint doorways, through which are seen curious figures sitting on mats, and under shrubs in the recesses of their dwellings, the doors of which are thrown open for air. Some rare old Arabesque remains, pierced stonework arching a fountain, or built into a wall, &c., occasionally meet the eye of the curious in search for the remnants of the past. Some of the little narrow winding streets, neither damp nor dark, form the approaches by which entrance is gained to many a luxurious and graceful abode, adorned with rare creeping plants hanging down over the pink walls which are often met with. On some old stone seat, by a venerable gate or doorway, may be seen now and then figures, reminding one of the personages that flit before the imagination in reminiscences of the "Arabian Nights." The amalgamation of the European with the Eastern, which spoils Smyrna, and, though in a much less degree, Beyrout also, Damascus is destitute of—it is thoroughly Asiatic. The European is followed and stared at, his clothes are touched and examined as he stands at booths in the bazaars to make any purchase; and if there is enjoyment in finding himself really amongst the people he came to see, and in observing the customs indigenous to the country, he may experience that enjoyment in Damascus. It is amusing to notice the sleeping shopkeepers, as you pass during the hour of their siesta, reclining on their goods. One, who had to be awakened when I called for something I wanted, was alive to business in a moment—a circumstance that

might probably be explained by the fact that he was a Christian, perhaps a Greek, for his young son (my guide) spoke both French and Italian. A thorough Turk would not, I am persuaded, have condescended to minister to the convenience of any troublesome Frank who dared to disturb his slumbers.

The day I was in the mosque, I saw many individuals sleeping about in the recesses, and under the portico, at the base of the walls. "They sleep to be blessed," I was told; a comfort which all somnolescent persons in the house of prayer may appropriate to themselves, Moslem notion though it be.

There is apparently a great consumption of English manufactures here. Muslins, calicoes, and cotton prints are in great demand, mostly of very bright colours, for the Asiatic will not wear any dull shades. The robes of the women are often made of yellow-sprigged muslin, or of material with a tint of lilac. We should, however, scarce recognise our own island productions in the novel arrangements which, in obedience to the requirements of the female toilet, they assume here; the material being disposed in such a way that the proportions of the figure, and more of the neck than is customary among us, may be seen. No Manchester cotton muslin would know itself again in such circumstances.

While here I paid a visit to a Damascus family whose residence was entered by a low doorway which opened on some steps, and, after two turnings, brought the visitor into a court with a marble pavement, arched over, and

shaded by a few trees round its central fountain, an embellishment which every house possesses. On the left of this court was a large and lofty chamber, with a raised flooring, on one side of which, covered with pretty matting, was a fountain and flowers. A divan went all round the apartment, which was as large and lofty as a moderate-sized church. On the dais squatted the prettiest of a group of young women, her eyebrows marked with a thick black line, and a turquoise ring through her right nostril. Several children, under the superintendence of an old woman, gathered round me as I entered, and after kissing me lifted my hat to see how my hair was dressed. When I took off my gloves they seemed surprised to find no rings on my fingers, their own being really cased in them. All this time the Effendi, who was crouched on a cushion at the head of the immense room, was quite deserted by his fair friends, and though he twice made a grave salaam, as if to attract observation, no one took any notice of him. When I took my departure they all came to the court begging me to stay much longer, or inviting me to come again, and when I took leave, they wished that my steps might be blessed, a parting salutation which, as you cross the threshold, has something graceful and friendly in it.

I visited another family living in their summer residence outside the city, in a garden, or rather orchard, in which grew a number of fruit-trees. A stream which ran through it was artificially made to rush down in a little cataract before a wooden house, divided into

several rooms, and covered with a vine. This miniature house stood across the stream, and was built on a foundation of trunks of trees fastened together. Two little balconies, with a handsome crimson hanging suspended from them, opened from the rooms, and in these the family occasionally sat on cushions in the cool of the evening, all the ladies employed in a lazy way, pulling some coloured wool. The children were clothed in bright-tinted muslins, and, like youngsters in our western clime, delighted in tucking up their full trousers to put their feet in the stream, which was pleasantly shaded with dense foliage. One of the children, a girl about nine or ten, was such a handsome creature, with large brown eyes, oval face, and cheeks in which the glow of carnation mounted as with intense enjoyment she ran round the mimic lake. A beautiful little creature she looked, lifting up her superb eyes to her mother in playful triumph and delight.

The principal wife or mother kept her veil constantly down over her face, and only showed her long eyes. She was almost as reserved in her manner as the coyest of maidens, who, like the Irish fish, wish, and yet say no. She did not, like the town family matron, either touch or pull at my dress. It struck me that the reason why all the women kept on their veils—indeed only three or four of them were visible in this rural retreat—was because my guide, who this day was rather an older youth, had ventured to follow me in, and stood all the time behind me.

June 2nd.—This was a very hot morning, even the little gold fish, panting as if the water was not cool enough for them, and coming up to the surface to breathe a cooler atmosphere. I went out soon after breakfast to find a shady retreat under some of the dense foliage, from whence to enjoy the view. The combination of these two advantages, however, was no easy matter to find, and after trying more than one garden through which brooks were meandering, bathing the roots of the trees, and giving the grass as bright a tint as that of a mossy bank, I came upon the Barada stream rushing along, and followed its impetuous progress for awhile, until I reached the mountain ridge which backs the city. I determined to ascend it, for there was no getting any prospect but of branches of trees amidst these otherwise pleasant resting-places. With Eastern courtesy the owners of some of these shady groves had spread a carpet for me to sit upon, and offered me the fruit they were gathering in. Having crossed the little river by a bridge, I ascended the base of the mountain, and came to some ancient tombs. Nothing but the shells of them appeared to be left, but these were structures as large as small mosques, with ruined cupolas, and arched loopholes, and turrets. I sat in the embrasure of one of these openings, looking out from the resting-place of the dead over the dwellings of the living, the city, with its charming border of deep green, its rivers, and its distant plain.

It was now nearly mid-day; all was perfectly still

and very hot. The flat roofs below looked like stepping-stones down to the city. In some of them mats were spread under a slight awning, to be used, perhaps, as the beds of the family by night.

After getting cool, and—an essential precaution before climbing—making all fast about me, so that no fluttering skirt, shawl, or veil, should make either eye or foot uncertain, I began to mount the rugged and frowning steep. The huge stones were very trying, and it was slippery work holding on to the rocky sides, where there was really no firm footing. I was very glad of a short interval of rest and shelter in a cave which I passed on my way up. The view increased in beauty at every pause, most of the city seeming gathered compactly beneath; while some parts ran out here and there among the fields and trees of the country. The sandy plain, extending on all sides, looked like the sea surrounding an island.

After the expenditure of some effort, the summit of the hill was gained, and I looked down upon the undulations of Lebanon, among which were two remarkable white eminences, all streaked as if with salt. Great Hermon, with its stripes of snow, as I had seen it through the overhanging clouds from the mount of the Beatitudes, above Tiberias, a month since, rose in majesty above all other heights in view. Imbedded in the mountains behind, I saw a wood, in the midst of which was a small town, Malpehamus, as Fermoy called it. To the east my eye ranged over the desert, stretch-

ing far away; and I discerned what at one time seemed mountain tops on the horizon, and at another apparently a lake. After rubbing my eyes in astonishment at what looked like a deception, I looked again, and all was gone. My senses had been deceived by the *mirage.*

The aspect of Damascus from this height was enchanting. Dotted in its encircling woods were four villages, two of them in what looked like a bay of sandy plain, or, rather, ocean. An old road running along above the river, and turning round a promontory of trees, led to a village; while, on the other side of it, the route could be traced across the sea-like plain of sand to the south.

The charming and luxuriant mass of verdure in the midst of which Damascus and its surrounding villages stand, are like an oasis threaded by seven rivers, or, rather, by two rivers and their branches; the distant lakes, and the broad belt of encircling sands forming a picture of peculiar beauty, which gives quite a peculiar character to this capital. As my eye wandered over the extensive view, imagination pictured the far-distant Palmyra, in all its lonely and ruined grandeur, the city where once reigned, in her loveliness and splendour, the dazzling Zenobia, to be at length made captive by the Roman legions, and led in drooping sorrow through the streets of Damascus, on her way to swell the conqueror's triumph in haughty Rome. The way by which the zealous persecutor Saul drew nigh to

where a lad was waiting for them, and receiving from him several pistols, rode on, probably on some expedition of danger. A few days before, I had heard, at the English Consul's, that Sheik Miguel and his tribe were at Hems, a journey of three days off. This native chief is the protector of all those who are courageous enough to encounter the fatigue, expense, and difficulty of the distant journey to Palmyra. The negotiation with him, however, is uncertain in its result, and is frefrequently lengthened out to an unreasonable period. Nearly three weeks, probably, would elapse before any arrangement could be made with him, and it is not always certain that the Sheik will undertake the escort for which he is solicited. The movements of these Arab tribes are most uncertain, but if a trust is once clearly undertaken by them, we may have implicit faith in its fulfilment.

I went out to walk quite late in the afternoon, but found the sun still too hot even for the pleasing promenade along the river's bank, which seems by far the most cheerful one the environs have to offer. The horsemen that gallop along in their gay costumes of every colour, would form a delightful study for a painter. Strings of camels, followed by white donkeys, there cross a small arched bridge. Here is a man in a pink dress, and there one in a yellow costume paces deliberately along. Women are but seldom allowed on the thoroughfares, but they are seen here in clusters, being permitted to sit apart in their white coverings and look on. The

wide bed of the river, which when full must form, at certain seasons, a rapidly rushing stream, is now all grass-grown, and frequented by groups of children, who are here free from the dust and dangers of the road. Close to the larger bridge, near the city walls, is a dome, enclosed by walls, belonging to the mosque of the Spinning Dervishes, those extraordinary enthusiasts, whose grave earnestness and composure, as they wind solemnly round, seemingly in a sort of trance, produce an impression on those who see them that is not easily forgotten.

The white dresses, very generally worn by the population, enlivened as they usually are with a scarlet scarf wound about the waist, and with gay tassels, give a very bright and pleasing aspect to the scene. A cemetery which I entered seemed to be of great extent. The stones of which the tombs were constructed were cemented with pink mortar. Some of the graves were enclosed by gratings, while others were within structures which were entered by a low door with a small orifice. On passing out of this closely-packed abode of the dead, I came to some corn-fields, and a secluded grass-grown road, leading to one of the suburbs of Medan. The walls here, as in other places round Damascus, have an ancient look. The stones of which they are formed are so large that three or four placed above each other form a wall above a man's head in height. Looking through an opening in the clustering trees to which I had clambered up, I saw in the centre of an adjoining

field an immense tree with a double trunk, by the aid of which a rural dwelling had been constructed, the only other materials being some stones with which it was fenced round, and a few mats for repose. A woman and children were crouching within, the former preparing food over a fire of dry leaves and sticks, from which a wreath of white smoke curled up into the evening air. A man sitting just outside, in the shade of the branches, was quietly smoking his tchibouque after the cares and labours of the day. Somewhere in an old school-book I remember having read a chapter beginning with a description of just such a scene as that which was now before me. Prompted by curiosity, I approached them, and as soon as they saw me a mat was spread, and I was invited to sit down with them and share the frugal supper of which they were about to partake. The simple grace of these people, in the exercise of those time-honoured habits of hospitality which they delight in exhibiting to the stranger, is always interesting. It was too late, or I should willingly have accepted an offer so kindly made.

As I returned through the city, the large bazaar was quite deserted, all the booths being closed by rudely-formed doors. I sometimes obtained a glimpse into the interior of a bath, either through a narrow entrance, or through large barred windows. The water is collected in a spacious centre tank in a lofty hall, around which side baths are arranged also. Figures, covered up in white cloaks, were sitting, crouching, or moving about

inside; and a few heads might be seen emerging from the water in which their owners were sitting, robed, most of them talking to each other in a subdued and orderly manner.

A mosque, with a pretty green minaret, was lighted up, and several people were at prayer within the enclosure, while others sat cross-legged engaged in conversation. Very many small lamps, hanging from the arches of the building, spread a subdued light through every part of it. In the courts, as is generally the case in mosques, were several trees.

The evening meal was waiting for me by the time I reached the hotel. Poor Fermoy could not understand my indifference, occupied as my mind was with scenes of such novelty and beauty, as to the indulgence of the appetite, or even attention to necessary nourishment. The courts of these Eastern dwellings certainly have a great charm with their fragrant lemon-trees, their beautiful shrubs, and their trickling fountains with the little fish at the surface. Can anything be more delightful than to turn in from a crowded bazaar, a dusty road, or a narrow street, and to find such quietude, coolness, and retirement in the innermost recesses of your own abode?—for there is an outer court first, with its tree, fountain, and seats, and then an inner one, the sanctum reserved for the family or residents.

Sunday, 4th.—I went to the service of morning prayers at the English consul's, who officiated himself, as no clergyman happened at the time to be in Damascus.

The congregation was very small, consisting only of two ladies of his family, another lady and gentleman, and the young assistant. The service was read in one of the beautiful richly inlaid rooms, in which there was a great deal of gilding, carving, and painting; the whole of the decorations being executed in a very beautiful, delicate, and artistical style. The consul's residence is one of the most desirable official abodes in the world. The spacious court, with its marble paving, its magnificent fruit-trees, whose clustered produce appears almost too heavy for the branches, its oleanders, its sweet-scented heliotropes, its rich-flowered cactus, its abundant growth of shrubs arranged overhead to afford shade from the burning rays of the sun, and the brilliant sky roofing the whole, forms altogether a picture of unrivalled beauty.

Whitsunday, which I spent here, seemed to answer also to some Moslem festival, for it was kept a great holiday; and a gay company, with turbans, vests, and waist-scarfs of the most brilliant colours, mounted on white donkeys, set off in groups from under the shady elm-trees near the hotel. Such gay mingling of colours in turbans, and vests, and waist-scarfs seemed the mode with the smartest young Damascenes; and, in contrast to the more prevalent costumes of several hues combined, dresses of the brightest shade of purple, were very distinguishing. The wife of Demetrius, a Greek young woman, who appeared occasionally with natural flowers round the net covering her hair, seemed to issue

forth on some special visit. A very nice horse she mounted *à l'Arabe,* veiled and covered with the white envelope worn by all the women, the steed led by a young lad. My room overlooked all going on outside; it was not large, but had five windows, or, I should rather say, one side of the room was all window (a custom here). Persians cover all, and can only be looked up to a certain distance, which so far limits the view that mountain tops, minarets, and lovely stars can only be peered at through the bars during the sunny hours. Every device to exclude heat and light is gratefully put into practice—arrangements which are truly acceptable in such a climate, where the rays of the sun are at once so ardent and so dazzling. Meanwhile, I heard the sound of harps in the court below, playing—could it be?—the Garibaldi Hymn. I doubted my senses, for what could account for such a *cri de guerre* being heard there? I accordingly stepped out on to the balcony to look and listen, when, lo! a huge "tri-colour" met my eyes, a banner exhibited by the Italian Consul, who had a dinner-party, whom he was entertaining in the pleasant court below.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Damascus—The Post House—Ascent of Lebanon—Ras Beyrout—Baalbec—Interesting Party of Travellers—Inscriptions in the Rock—The Terrace by Moonlight—The Streets of Beyrout—The Pine Forest—The Broken Lily—Cholera—Quarantine—An Egyptian Lady—Heights of Beit Miry—On Lebanon—Going to the Well—Mountain Villages—Beautiful Young Armenian—Turkish Ladies—Peculiar Female Dress—A Mountain Family—Preparing Dinner—Affrays—Traces of Violence—Coming down from Lebanon.

HAVING seen all considered interesting in Damascus, I prepared to leave it, not unwillingly, for the air was hot and oppressive, and my windows would not open as freely as I wished. Next morning, accordingly, at five, I set off on horseback, taking my way along the river-side, with a pleasant breeze blowing. The road lay through rocky defiles, from which, in the distance, appeared mountains tipped with snow. I had to pass, too, over the wide stony plain of Buaja, a most fatiguing part of the journey. The post-house of Sooda, the first place where water runs and trees wave, seemed to be hours in sight before we reached it. At last, however, we came to a stop before it at twelve o'clock, and the heat being now considerably diminished, I was very glad to sit down to a supper of some roast fowl, tough though it was. The master and mistress (French provincials) seated themselves, *sans cérémonie*, at the

board, and a grand-looking hound moved under the table from one to the other, to receive with canine gratitude such fragments as might be offered him from the repast. These dumb creatures, always the same in their instincts as well as in their intelligence and their friendliness, I delight to welcome in these far-off regions, finding them quite companionable.

The road, after leaving Sooda, ascends the Lebanon, and soon reaches the summit of the pass, where commences a beautiful part of the journey. Looking down among the recesses of the mountains, you see views of the greatest variety, enlivened by the presence of human beings, and the scattered villages in which they dwell, some of them pleasantly situated on the banks of rivers, along which winded the footpaths which led to them. The sea bounds the horizon, grandly finishing a landscape of more than ordinary beauty.

We seemed to be more than three hours descending, and the sun was just sinking in great splendour, as, after some delay, we entered the garden gate at Ras Beyrout, a pleasant resting place, where, after all the stir and novelty of Damascus, I was glad to find myself resting in peace near the sea-shore.

A few days after arrived a party whom we had met at Damascus, a French family, who had since visited Baalbec and the Cedars, an excursion occupying probably about a week. They brought some cones and a piece of wood from the venerable trees growing in that locality, which were to us presents more acceptable

than if they had been the most finished works of art. These young travellers had been in Algeria, and had with them a dog of heroic celebrity, bearing, like a veteran soldier, the marks of a wound received in honourable combat with a foe no less formidable than a lion. One of the ladies, the wife of Dr. ——, of Beyrout, was in the last stage of a decline. She had been brought down from the town for change and quiet, and I often saw her resting with apparent pleasure under the shade of the mulberry-tree, inhaling the breeze, nearly the last she was likely to enjoy on earth. She was a very interesting young woman, much loved and admired in her own circle, and was very meek, subdued, calm, even cheerful, in the presence of death. Can there be a more touching sight than this farewell to sublunary things in the presence and midst of the fierce stuggle of surrounding life in which Death summons its victims?

During my sojourn here, I stayed a few weeks at a house which, from its great height, commands a view over Lebanon, the bay, and the whole town. Beyrout presents a pleasant aspect, the houses being interspersed with trees, growing on the gently rising ground on which the town is built. Two old and ruined towers are seen near the dogana; and the large building of the quarantine, with its unpleasing suggestions, is situated near the mouth of the river St. George. Far away along the bay is the valley down which rushes the Nahr el Kelp, or Dog River, where the scenery is beau-

tiful, and the vegetation most luxuriant. Convents, too, are perceived here, topping the ledges and height.

Down this pass came the mighty conquerors of old Sennacherib and Rameses II. In the pride of their strength, they caused inscriptions to be cut into the solid rock, marking the track of their victorious armies. As if in rivalry with these memorials of ancient heroes, is one left by Napoleon III.

The weather became suddenly intensely hot at the end of June; nights and days being equally insupportable. Occasionally a heaven-sent little breeze came, and most gratefully was the blessing received. Mrs. G—— and myself spent many pleasant hours at such times on a breezy terrace, admiring the view in every direction, and talking, as compatriots love to talk in a foreign land, over subjects of common interest, our English poets and books, times gone by, our early friends, my companion's residence in Syria, and her remembrances of Athens, where another person told me she was so admired for her youthful beauty, that her picture was taken as Sappho. Her little boy would often drop asleep beside us, and then her tall, handsome Arab servant (so unlike a trim English footman) would make his appearance, and carry off the child to bed, where he would faithfully watch over him.

The streets of Beyrout are hideous at night, dogs, the pest of Eastern towns, roaming about in every direction in search of food, some of them occasionally rendered ferocious by hunger. I rode out one day a

couple of miles to the Pine Forest, as it is called, though it scarcely merits so grand an appellation. The place so named is a wood of limited extent, crossed by numerous paths and roads which are entirely covered with fine white sand, and near which are many sand hills. I have often ridden slowly among the trees, looking up to the charming green canopy above, which opens here and there to disclose views of a soft lavender sky. The long, slender branches of the trees are frequently knotted together, providing resting-places whence the agile creatures that abound here may attain the lovely tufts on high. You sometimes look through long vistas, extending for a considerable distance in a straight line, and narrowing far off to a point of light. This wood is frequently alive with persons passing through it—travelling groups of horsemen, country people with baskets, and sometimes women all covered up and veiled, as if their Moslem lords were conveying them, like goods or furniture, to their summer retreat on Lebanon. The scene is so pleasing that it inspires fancies of fairy tales, suggests visions of elfs hiding behind the trunks of trees, and represents these opening vistas as leading to enchanted castles.

The invalid I left at Ras Beyrout sank rapidly and died this morning, one of the latter days of June, when all nature seems so radiant. I felt much saddened by her departure; and, short as our acquaintance was, I regretted that I had not been permitted to say adieu to her. She was carried home, and the next morning she

called her family and servants round her bed, and took leave of everyone in an affectionate manner. Peace be with her gentle spirit!

While passing my time here in this dreamy contemplative sort of existence, I was roused from it by an alarm-bell from the real world—the cholera prevalent in Alexandria, from which steamers full of fugitives began to arrive. The quarantine laws were immediately put into force, and passengers were rowed off to the guard-house of the pestilence. An officer from the ship sat within bars at the Lazzaretto, responding to the inquiries of the friends of those who were thus confined *pro tempo;* and so great was the influx that the Belle-Vue at Ras Beyrout, that pleasant spot, was seized upon for a branch quarantine station, soldiers having surrounded the house. The yellow flag, that dreaded signal of plague and death, was hoisted beside the shady mulberry-tree, while the spacious and quiet corridor was thronged with noisy people, who also crowded the two delightful rooms in each wing. In this Pandemonium, for such it really seemed, dusky Egyptians, Arabs, and Negroes were moving about in all directions. The pretty cottage which a lady of my acquaintance had just taken and furnished in the most agreeable manner, and fitted up to pass a quiet summer, was now made little better than a prison to herself.

Riding out one evening to the large quarantine house, I saw a confused crowd passing in and out of the gates, and several people from the town lounging about in

dangerous proximity, if the regulations are made to prevent contagion. Ladies' parasols were visible on a terrace near the wall, and there seemed a careless recklessness in all comers and goers that to me was inexplicable, considering that many deaths had already taken place. Was the conduct of the people explainable only by their conviction that it was impossible to resist their appointed destiny—the apathy of fatalism? Near the town is a cemetery, quite close to the old part of Beyrout, which is inhabited solely by the natives. As I entered by the Turkish Bazaar, it was all lighted up, and busy with buyers and sellers of eatables. My horse slipped at every step on the smooth round stones. Hassan's black eyes glittered with animation as, in his hope, doubtless, of backsheesh, he assured me, in his few words of broken English, that I might trust myself with him to the end of the world.

A few days after the cessation of quarantine people came pouring into the hotel, glad to be at liberty. Among them were Egyptians, mostly merchants, some Greeks, and an exuberant Frenchwoman. An Egyptian family had been occupying for two months a wing of the terrace where I was located. The lady had two black slave girls, who used to sit and fan her for hours together, as she sat in a handsome silk dress, adorned with a profusion of diamonds. The girls themselves were dressed in white muslin sprinkled with spangles. These dark maidens seemed to be very fond of their mistress, and one of them, though she had served out her term of

years, and was consequently free at any moment she chose, would not leave her.

July 1*st.*—Cholera was announced as being in Beyrout. A Mr. and Mrs. S—— at dinner arranged to take a tent and depart at once to the mountains, and seeing no just cause or impediment why I should not do the same, I proceeded up the heights to Beit Miry, where my guide succeeded in getting two large rooms, with an open balcony and two arches, in the house of the Chief, who offered delicious coffee, fresh milk, and stewed apricots, of which I partook with great relish, sqatted on mats and cushions in Arab style. The sweet young wife of the Chief spread an Arab bed for me, in which I lay all night looking at the stars. This pretty creature unconsciously illustrated, more than once during my stay, a Scriptural custom. When her husband had eaten his meals, she came, wearing her long white veil and her coronet of gold coins which bound her glossy black hair, and "poured water on his hands," standing before him all the time, bearing a small jar of graceful form and with a long neck.

On Tuesday came a message informing me that my friend would arrive. The Chief made me understand in how many days by directing my attention so many times to the sun's course from its rising to its setting. Moukre, a daily envoy to and from Beyrout, brought up such stores as were requisite, for there is little to be had in this locality, and in a lodging on Lebanon there is scarcely any convenience for cooking. Fruit, bread,

milk, and maccaroni, sugar and tea, are easily procurable, and the traveller who is not content with such simple fare had better not try a sojourn in the mountains. I was perfectly satisfied with such provender, and therefore remained where I was, sitting for hours under the great pine-trees beneath the precipice on which the house was built, and wondering at the huge masses of rock, the fall of which had formed the narrow defile many thousand feet below. Near the house were a few trees, under the shade of which a school was held in very primitive style. Juvenile ushers, male and female, were placed over still more juvenile pupils, administering punishment to them very liberally. In the intervals of quiet amid the stunning noise kept up by the whole pack, the monotonous murmur of the young voices was heard, uttering in a sing-song tone the lessons which the master had appointed for the day. A door of the room opened on a space of ground surrounding this mountain seminary, the windows of which are innocent of glass, but had wooden shutters. From these windows the spectator had a view of the precipices, the villages of Abadee, Buscunta, Aela, Bummana, Kurkana, and many others. Djebel towered in the distance, surmounting a succession of eminences with sharp ridges. A grove of pines below looked as if they might be reached in ten minutes, but though an agile clamberer, I was more than an hour before I found myself under their fragrant shade. The bottom of the defile is narrow, and might have been the bed of

a torrent, but I never penetrated to its utmost depths. Plantations of mulbery-trees were arranged in terraces down the slopes to the first ridge of rocks, and at the foot there was a pleasant fountain, whose trickling waters made music to the ear. It was a pretty sight, at all hours of the day, to see the young women and children with earthen jars, carried picturesquely on the shoulder, going to the well, disappearing occasionally as they went down some rapid descent, and occasionally coming more or less into sight again.

In all these mountain villages, the immediate foreground of each abode is littered with jars, cooking vessels, babies, and rubbish; and, under the shade of a young mulberry-tree, is placed a clay fireplace, where the mother, or young wife, may be seen preparing the evening meal, her dark hair hanging in plaits at her back, each finished with a gold coin, a coronet of the same encircling her head, bound generally with a bright-coloured kerchief under her muslin veil. A red scarf binds the waist; the neck, and even the bosom, are bare, or, at most, covered with the thinnest of transparent kerchiefs; a chain, with a small silver box attached to it, is worn round the neck, and silver bracelets round the wrists, red slippers on their bare feet completing the costume. One young Armenian was really a sweet-looking, pretty creature, with soft dark eyes, the lids of which were blackened with a powder when she appeared in what was called *full dress*. Her hands and arms were marked in patterns; and from her neck

was suspended a wide necklace of gold. It was amusing to notice her baby, carried astride on her shoulder, with what fearless confidence the diminutive being kept its seat, even while the mother was engaged in her different occupations, such as washing, sewing, cooking, &c. Occasionally one tumbled from its perch, and then a tremendous outcry is made, and the squalls and outcries are incessant. I never, however, had the diversion of actually witnessing one of these downfalls, which rarely, I believe, are attended with any injury. Wide Turkish trousers were worn by all the women. The Druse females, who wear a sombre dress of blue cloth and a long black veil, have mostly flashing, fierce, and very dark eyes.

The brother of the pacha, Prince Meer Sit, was staying at Beit Miry; and a house standing on the summit of the eminence, near a few tall firs, was having rooms added to it for his accommodation and that of his suite. Not knowing the house was already occupied, I went with the dragoman to ask if it was to be let, as it was by no means a large building, and, I thought, would have suited myself and friends better than the Chief's. His highness civilly asked me to go in and see the rooms, and also the ladies of his family, who, three in number, were sitting on Turkey carpets in one of the apartments. They rose politely on my entrance, never looking askance at my boots, which bore very evident traces of the dusty road, but which I could not, as a Turkish lady would have done, shake off on the threshold. The

youngest female, a fair girl, with blue eyes and light hair, offered me the flower of a pink hollyhock, which I took from her distractedly, my attention being more occupied by the lady herself. On smelling it, I could not help making a grimace of disgust; and, in the thoughtlessness of the moment, returned it to her, an act of rudeness which I was happy called forth no expression of offence or displeasure, which I own it well merited. Indeed, the same young lady received me with great sweetness another day, when she and her companions met me unexpectedly near their dwelling. I was again invited in and requested to seat myself on the carpet. Their rooms, into which I was introduced, looked both ways, to the sea and to Beyrout; and, from the doorways and terrace, surrounded by shrubs and pines, there was an extensive prospect of the coast all along towards Sidon; while, through the large barred windows, the eyes ranged over the beautiful mountain region. Though the members of the family of a prince, there were only four rooms set apart for these ladies as their own peculiar abode; and these rooms seem to have been an addition erected specially for their summer stay. A family of little kittens, nestled on the cushions beside them, appeared to afford them constant amusement.

On Sunday, and other festas, the little chapel near had a tolerable congregation. Females in muslin, sometimes in silk, passed under my balcony, their robes made in a fashion which combined the gown and full trouser,

an arrangement which had a droll enough effect. One lady, in blue silk and gauze, with gold sprigs, diamond earrings, beautiful gold bracelets, and a clasp in form of a quiver, paid me a visit, She was a Syrian dame, of family born in the interior of the country, though living in Beyrout; and as she spoke no language but her own, we could only communicate by signs, the act of greeting being expressed by placing the hand on the forehead and breast. I offered her some refreshment, which she evidently did not like; but from courtesy she forced herself to eat.

Monday, 17th.—I walked along the hill to a village two miles off. While sitting to rest on the way, a native family came up, and invited me to go with them. They were all in holiday attire, the mother, an immensely tall woman, in white, with a very long white lace veil hanging down behind, her left breast quite bare, as if ready, on the first imperious demand of the little thing carried on a boy's back preceding her, to afford the young Turk the maternal nourishment to which he was accustomed. They were at present on their way to this child's christening or betrothment; and, later in the evening, they were met coming, with drums and singing, up the steep, from which, in some places, there were views over most terrific precipices. I afterwards met the eldest daughter, a very pretty girl, dressed in pink, hurrying after her friends.

In the village is a remarkably beautiful tree with two trunks and mingled foliage, sheltering a guard-

house occupied by twenty soldiers, who, as I passed, were playing at some game under its shade. The palace of the Pasha Prince of the mountain is here also standing on terraced ground, with windows trellised like those of the seraglio at Damascus. On the side towards the sea, this village commands a fine view over strips of land that lead down to the sands, which extend along the coast to the Dog River. As I passed on one occasion, after mid-day, the whole hamlet was asleep, with the exception of a child or two, who timidly peeped at the stranger from behind walls, and immediately fled as fast as their little feet could carry them. A Greek priest, whom we happened to meet, gave us a courteous salutation; and a young woman in a distant garden, who ran after us with a wild cry of astonishment, stared fixedly at us till her curiosity was satisfied. As it was a fine breezy afternoon, and we enjoyed the privilege of resting occasionally, the heat was not much felt.

At Beit Miry the Chief is ill of the fever, and his young wife devotes herself to him with the greatest solicitude. A young girl has been hired as a substitute to wait on me, in her tattered pink dress. She has wild, wondering eyes, many a curious glance of which she fixes on me. I have brought the family into discipline thus far, that I have succeeded in keeping them out of my rooms, and now they halt on the threshold, or peep round the door, instead of entering and squatting down on the mats beside us.

In this village we have excellent mutton, killed two

or three times a week. Fresh milk and new-laid eggs are also to be procured in abundance, and everything else which is wanted must be obtained from Beyrout. Unless people bring with them their own servants and comforts, they may have the diversion—and no slight one it is—of finding by experience that it is almost impossible to make the natives comprehend any orderly way of preparing the food for strangers who come among them. Their cooking tactics are very simple. A blaze is made with dry branches, the pot is elevated above it, and whatever it contains is fiercely boiled, and brought in the same vessel to the table, where it is placed on the plates. Any passer-by may be summoned to throw more wood on the fire, or to stir the pot suspended over it. The quarreling amongst these people is sometimes very savage. One day a woman bearing a huge stone, and making an immense outcry, came down the slope behind, expressing, with frantic gestures, her determination to pound the head of "Kelah," coins and all, into powder, and make her husband "drink it in a glass of her blood!" These individuals hid themselves in the recesses of their underground habitation while the heroine of this adventure prowled round it, raving like a fury, and it was with difficulty that she was at last coaxed, dragged, and threatened off the premises. I know not what the provocation had been which had so excited her. Something, I understood, had been said about a "sabby," (baby) which, to judge by her awful screeches of rage, had highly displeased her.

Another time a crowd would collect round the butcher's, disputing about the carcasses they were buying and selling with such animation, that when they happened to differ on any point, the immolation of a few human victims seemed by no means improbable, especially as their dispute was accompanied by the brandishing of knives. Two or three, sunning themselves on the tops of cottages at some distance from each other, would occasionally engage in wordy war, expressing their hostility by fiendish gesticulations and furious tones.

It was in this village, as every one remembers, that the first horrors of the Lebanon disturbances commenced. The savage fierceness of the race is most remarkable; their rapacity and avidity are such that they resemble a band of brigands. Some instances, indeed, of the reckless ferocity of these people, who call themselves Christians, came under my own observation, while the Druses I happened to meet with were invariably civil and respectful. It would be very desirable if the Consuls could obtain some authority over these retired villagers for the protection of strangers visiting them in the summer months.

Some cases of fever while I was here ended fatally, and there were whispers that cholera had appeared when I left. At that breezy height, however, I think it could only be where the cottages were crowded together, and where cleanliness was not enforced, that the pure air could have been tainted.

Many houses and walls torn down, and lying in ruins,

still remain as evidence of the dreadful warfare which the ferocious hostility of race to race had excited here. Far down the valley, near some lofty pines, is a most romantically situated abode, consisting of several chambers, that has been sacked and burned, part of an old seat under the trees being all that remains to tell of the once peaceful hours that were spent there. It had been the Patriarch's residence, I was told.

The view descending the mountain was enchanting —the blue sea and Beyrout at the foot. We seemed to arrive at platform after platform, each dotted with a few pines. The rocky path down which the poor mules jerk painfully, is no less painful to the riders, whose joints it almost dislocates by the ever-recurring jolts which knock them about. At the intervals when the ground is smooth it is delightful to look up or down, to the right or to the left, the view being truly charming, the land rising in terraces, shaded by mulberry-trees, in the midst of which are the cottages of the inhabitants. A more beautiful miniature mountain region than this cannot be conceived.

I met several parties slowly toiling up the mountain. How the women manage to sit on mule or horseback, with their legs bent under them, as when on the floor, is marvellous. I saw two or three so disposed, who seemed to be quite at their ease. The sandy soil at the foot of the eminence, as on descending we drew near to Beyrout, was intensely hot, and on approaching the suburbs, and entering the town, I found the shops and

booths closed, and every accustomed haunt deserted. This was caused, however, by fear of the dreadful disease. I witnessed the melancholy spectacle of a cart load of rough coffins, which told but too plainly the prevalence of the malady that was carrying off daily so many victims. I therefore hurried on to Ras Beyrout, to the pretty cottage beside the sea, where Mrs. G——'s amiable reception was doubly welcome after a sojourn on wild Lebanon; and that night's sleep, with the murmur of waves beneath the windows, was sweet indeed after several weeks of constant fatigue, not without danger and alarm.

CHAPTER XIV.

My Departure—Chasing a Steamer—At Sea—Rhodes—Coast Scenery—Bay of Smyrna—View of the City—In Quarantine—The English Consulate—Quarantine Establishment—Allowed to move on—Channel of the Dardanelles—Constantinople—Hôtel d'Angleterre—Moonlight Row before the Sultan's Palace—Old Stamboul—The Mosque of Sultan Achmet—The Tomb of Sultan Mohammed—Chairs for Prayer—Les Isles des Princes—Ruins of the Old Seraglio—Scutari—Mosque Aya Sophia.

MY departure was fixed for the morrow, but I had some difficulty in resisting the kind persuasions by which I was pressed to lengthen my stay. On Sunday afternoon, towards five o'clock, Miss H—— and myself, our numerous packages being all ready, issued for the last time from that shady porch through which we had so often passed. Mrs. G—— and her little son, with the two maids following, accompanied us a few steps, to see us off, as we vainly thought. We had made arrangements to leave from the rocks, and go at once on board. But, lo! when we were preparing to send our luggage on board, a dusky officer came to say that it could be taken only from the dogana. We lost much time in descanting on this matter, and more ere the men could be prevailed upon to hurry on. The consequence was that on our arrival at the wharf

the steamer was seen in motion. Just at this moment, however, the French man-of-war's boat fortunately dashed up, and the officers most politely placed it at our disposal. Our trunks, however, were still far in the distance, and the steamer was rapidly making for the open sea. The minutes that elapsed seemed to us hours, but at last our baggage made its appearance, the reason of its tardiness being that the men were afraid of the cholera so near the dogana. When we got properly seated in the boat, off we flew, twelve oars doing their utmost to overtake the steamer. The chase was most exciting, the steersman waving his flag all the time, while the steamer's stern relentlessly receded every moment, until she was at such a distance, that we feared we should have to turn back. In about a quarter or half an hour, however, one of the men exclaimed, "Elle ne marche plus!" They had seen us, and stopped steam. Suffice it to say that, breathless with agitation, we at last found ourselves on board, and the kind young French sailors seemed really rejoiced to have accomplished the feat with such dashing success.

Life on board a steamer, which, two hours before had been a dreaded anticipation, had, in the meantime, become the object of our most ardent desires, and we felt disposed to accommodate ourselves to it in the most gracious manner. We tendered our thanks to the captain for his kindness in arresting his vessel's progress, to wait for and receive us. Everything on board seemed much less nauseous to sight and sense

than usual; and it was not till next day they appeared as distasteful as ever. We were the only lady cabin passengers, and so had the pretty salons all to ourselves. There was a little Smyrna dog on board, the most minute specimen of canine beauty I had ever beheld. The weather was fine, and we could enjoy ourselves as much as we pleased without interruption. I greatly missed, notwithstanding, the pleasant and sympathetic party of companions with whom I had passed over the same track a few months before.

We reached Cyprus on the second day, and lay some hours before it. No one could land, of course, without going into quarantine. Boats came out with fresh lemons, of a size and flavour never seen or tasted in Europe, which the old boatmen dexterously "chucked" into expectant hands on board. We made another pause in a couple of days at Rhodes, behind which there is a superb row of houses on rising ground, embosomed among gardens. The numerous windmills were all in full whirl along the shore and near the hills.

The range of fortifications is extensive, and at each horn of the harbour there are two round towers, standing perhaps on the very points where the famous Colossus once stood. The dimensions of the statue, however, to have been capable of such a *stride*, must have equalled those of the largest pyramids. There is also a smaller harbour, which may have been the one into which, in olden times, ships sailed between the distended legs of the imposing guardian of the port.

The coast scenery of the island is fine, and it seems mountainous within. Memories crowd upon the mind of the voyager as Rhodes recedes from his gaze. The noble, chivalrous spirits to whom it was the centre of glory, the treasure house of wealth, the stronghold of their order, appear again to his imagination. How many of these bold warriors fell there in the courageous and desperate repulse of the infidel, in the manly stand made in fulfilment of their vow to defend Christianity, and support each other to the last extremity as champions of the Faith!

The whole coast of Caramania forms a magnificent outline of undulating mountains. We passed between many islands, threading our way, indeed, amongst them, but still the mainland was grander than all. One morning I for the first time saw villages on the bosom of these rampart hills, four of them connected by a pleasant line of pathway, which suggested pleasant thoughts of the sociability of the inhabitants in this remote region, where the mutual kindnesses of good neighbourhood are practised no less than among ourselves. Once again in the gulf and bay of Smyrna, I gazed with as much pleasure as if the scene was quite novel to me on that beautiful semicircle lined with the town, its houses gay with Turkish colour, and interspersed with a few trees rising up the slope, the cypresses marking the cemetery of the Turks, the old castle walls on the hill above, and the handsome Serai close to the sea below. The European quarter is level, and is easily distinguished by two

churches, new and white, with gilded crosses surmounting the cupolas. One is the French Roman Catholic, the other the Armenian church. There, too, was the old city castle, of whose battlements I formerly made the round, and the delicate minaret, with the blue cupola, which commands so charming a view of the city and surrounding mountains. We could only prolong our gaze, however, for quarantine regulations forbid us to set foot on shore.

A grand-looking Turkish man-of-war, of eighty guns, lay in majestic repose in the centre of the bay, her red flag, with crescent and star, flying at the stern, and a small one, precisely the same in design, fluttering at the bow. Light boats were skimming across the bay, but keeping aloof from us, our yellow flag and two quarantine guard-boats preventing all communication either with ships or shore. A boat despatched from the company with provisions, a privilege which was permitted only once, was the sole incident to break the monotony of our stay. The officers were constantly pacing up and down the deck, devoured with ennui. Two Turkish women, belonging to the family of a Pacha, who were sitting on their cushions within a sort of pen on deck, occasionally came out and signed to us, and we in return to them, though neither understood what the others meant, more than that it was an expression of good will. The younger one wore a wrap of light chequered green, making robe, trousers, and veil all in one. Her fingers were garnished with rings, one a fine

diamond, prettily set in filigree bars of gold. The mother and daughter, for such they were, seemed to be on most affectionate terms, talking incessantly to each other in low tones. They were accompanied not only by a group of children and pretty little slaves, but by a youth fully fifteen or sixteen years of age.

On Saturday afternoon we were in motion again, and, after our enforced rest, we felt at once the exhilarating effects of the breeze, which blew from the rocky coast to our right. On Sunday morning we made a pause off Tenedos, a barren-looking island, of which the port only is inhabited. Some menacing fortifications look as if their possessors were disposed to be offensive on the slightest provocation, and as the passage here is but narrow, any ship passing through it would run a bad chance from the formidable cannon which frown from the battlements.

We were soon after in the Dardanelles, and anchored in a spacious sheet of water, bordered by hills of no great height. The castles of Europe and Asia, which I had pictured as Brobdingnagian fortresses, guarding not cities but continents, are, comparatively speaking, modest structures, consisting of two or three thick, resolute-looking towers, surrounded by crenellated walls. The one nearest to which we lay was near a small town, Kanak, close to the water. A few minarets and trees marked the site of each mosque in the town, which was approached by a road over the hill. A line of houses, with small covered balconies, or latticed win-

dows, lined the beach and overhung the pleasant sea. On the opposite side was the English consulate, and the consulates of other nations edged the shore, backed also by a small town. The city of the Dardanelles was behind the hills, out of sight, a place with 80,000 inhabitants. Steamers were constantly passing up and down, and many ships were sailing up towards Constantinople, or coming from it down the Dardanelles, at whose mouth we, with several others, were to pass our quarantine of ten days. It was only by special favour that we were permitted to remain on board, and a pleasant thing it was to be at such perfect rest on the waters, defended from the rays of the sun by an awning by day, and having a charming moonlight in the evening. Though the time was thus rendered very supportable, yet most welcome was the intelligence, on the 15th of August, that we might "move on." The previous night had been one of unparalleled beauty, the sea as calm as glass, and the ships seeming to sleep on its lucid surface. A ship near us hung lights at her mast heads, in honour of some festa, in celebration of which also, I suppose, guns were fired about eight o'clock.

We were visited by the quarantine doctor after the ten o'clock breakfast. From his boat, he announced to the captain, with some formality, that as the malady was rife in the city already, and many hundreds were dying daily, the authorities kindly permitted any vessels to draw near without further delay. A steamer came round the point, covered from stem to stern with

human beings, fugitives escaping from the infected citadel; and yet we gladly bore on towards it, after receiving the second and third class passengers from their "durance vile" in quarantine. The building of the quarantine establishment looked new and clean outside, and had nothing particularly repulsive in appearance, except the enclosing wall. Divisions are kept up between the different classes of passengers, as on board ship; but there is no furniture in any of the apartments, not even mattresses. The people who were coming out did not keep us long waiting, for in a few minutes four boats full of them made their appearance, looking very picturesque with their gay coloured garments. The women's faces were closely veiled, and, as before, they took up their places within the "pen," bringing with them several utensils of rough pottery, smartened up with daubs of gilding and colour, and the cups they had purchased in quarantine. They told us they got good food, whence I am led to infer that only the first class are made to suffer and be fleeced into the bargain.

The whole of our passengers being now on board, we rounded a point edged with a white crenellated battlement, and held on our course. The coast was a line of hilly land, varied on the Asiatic side with openings, which showed an interior of mountains, but of no great elevation. About four o'clock in the afternoon the channel widened, and we had a view of a small town, with gardens and country houses on the sloping bank on our left. This was Gallipoli, a place of some trade,

as numerous merchant vessels lay anchored before it. The houses, which had all a European look, were dark, and had tiled roofs. To us, so long accustomed to see dwellings only of white stone, they looked old and ugly. They had, however, one compensation in the large, long sash-windows, a luxury rare in European towns.

The channel was now wider, and a marked contrast was presented by its two sides. The Asiatic was spotted with trees, and the heights were wooded; while a few villages enlivened the aspect of the country at intervals. The European side looked brown, scorched, and barren; and vessels, either becalmed or at anchor, lay like sentinels in single file under its banks. On the Asiatic side, the mountains approached the shore at one particular spot in a graceful bend, descending in a gradual slope, all covered with wood, till they reached the clear pellucid dark blue water, with which their smooth verdant slopes presented a marked contrast. The scene was enlivened by a flight of sea-birds, which rapidly skimmed the surface of the glassy waves; and far back I discerned a road climbing the hill tops. The view altogether is most charming to the traveller from the burning interior, when, surmounting these elevations, he turns round and surveys before him for many a mile the expanse of blue sea dotted with shipping, while the cool morning or evening breeze bathes his brow. The Sea of Marmora expanded as we approached the island so named. Its waters have a liquid beauty

peculiar to itself, and at sunset it became literally like a sea of gold.

Sunday, August 6th.—After an uneasy night, during which the steamer went at a tremendous pace over the swelling though not rough waves of a wide sea, with no coast lines visible, I had fallen into a slumber, from which I was aroused by a noise on deck. Opening my eyes, I saw before me lines of buildings arranged down the declivity which descended to the shore, close to which we were running. A beautiful white mosque, with four minarets, particularly arrested my attention. The numerous steamers and ships around showed that we were now in the Golden Horn. After coffee on deck, during which we turned our admiring gaze in every direction, a boat took us on shore to the Dogana, or Custom House. We followed our porters up the steep ascent of the street of Pera, in which the European shops and houses were liberally furnished with sash windows, to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, a clean, well-appointed house, but with very few rooms commanding any view at all, the managing woman of which appeared to have a most vinegar aspect, while the master was a pompous old fellow. As this place did not seem likely to suit us, we went next to the Hôtel d'Orient, a large house, in an airy situation, with *chambres meublées* unfortunately overlooking the cemetery, a view which we did not consider desirable. We finally installed ourselves in a branch establishment of the Hôtel de Pera, occupying two nice little rooms, with a charming view of one of

the sultan's palaces (now called the Burnt Palace) across the harbour, all imbedded in trees, beyond which appeared the open sea and "les Isles des Princes." The lofty gates of a handsome serai, in a spacious court-yard, faced the house, leaving the view unimpeded, and allowing of the enjoyment of plenty of air and sunshine.

Towards sunset, having engaged a *valet de place*, we went out and visited, first of all a garden in the town, where, under acacia trees, people were sitting, in which one turn we found was enough. Thence we passed along a road for some distance, till we came to an open terrace commanding a beautiful prospect over the Golden Horn, Scutari, &c., with the windows of the houses glowing in the sunset like burnished gold. Descending then to the palace of the Sultan beneath, arranged along the edge of the water, our attention was first attracted by the entrance gates at each end, of white marble, with doors of worked iron, beautifully gilded, and with sentinels on each side in little semi-tents fringed with gay colours.

We stepped into a caique and coursed along before this elegant abode, all so white and silent, with its large open windows, porticoes, and galleries with light pillars. Some of the apartments were closed with a sort of persiani, the size of the room, and others opened at once on a marble terrace, with a railing or balustrade, only a few shrubs intervening between them. Some of the terraces with marble steps descended even to the water, in which was reflected the light of lamps sus-

pended from the gilded railings, a sight which altogether had a most fairy-like effect. I thought of Aladdin's palace, of many a poetical description of Eastern splendour, and of the charm of Oriental life, which this beautiful palace certainly realized to us as in the moonlight we silently skimmed before it over the glittering and gently rippling waves. After we had satisfied ourselves with a sufficient sight of the dazzling beauties of the Sultan's palace, we returned through the dark cemetery, and by a thick plantation of cypresses edging the eminence on which Pera stands.

August 7th.—We set off at nine, crossed the "bridge of boats" spanning the harbour, and ascended wearily to the mosque of St. Sophia. After some demur about our boots and francs, we went on to the ruins of the old palace of Constantine, near which we looked with interest on an immense tree, thirty-three metres round, and many hundred years old. A gateway was pointed out to us—no very pleasing sight—where the heads of refractory Pachas used to figure as decorations. The mosque of Sultan Achmet, which we also visited, is spacious, with a central dome, and several smaller ones, besides four half domes. Four enormous pillars support each of the domes, and beneath them are clusters of small lamps hanging from the roof. This mosque is surrounded by a court and corridor not unlike cloisters, of which the domes form the roof. Six beautiful and lofty minarets rise high above it, and outside is an obelisk with gilded figures, the base representing the

Emperor Theodosius surrounded by his officers and court, with an inscription in Greek below. The obelisk rests on four pieces of malachite. Rising from an enclosed cavity I observed a twisted pillar of malachite, representing serpents with their heads broken off, while beyond is a pillar of rough stones, once covered with bronze and gilding. The shutters of the windows, too, we observed, were all ornamented with mother-of-pearl.

After this we went through some ugly lanes to a hole in the earth, into which we poked, and descending some twenty steps, saw a great number of columns, several hundred perhaps. This cavity we were informed was anciently a cistern, and was dark, damp, and horrible, but really a wonderful sight. In another lugubrious place to which we went were about twenty-eight columns, in the same underground position, but built in lines. Men were here winding silk on wheels, and the sun and light strove in vain to get down to them.

Emerging from these dismal precincts, our course lay in the vicinity of a gilded octagon building, the tomb of Sultan Mahmoud, which we desired to see. We entered accordingly by a quiet garden in which flowers were blooming in abundance, and over the marble portico of which climbed rare creeping plants. Ascending the steps that led to this building, we passed along a matted passage to the door of the chamber of the tomb, before which, as well as in the windows, were curtains of black satin, edged and embroidered with silver. The tomb was surrounded completely by a

silver railing, and in many parts of the interior the walls were hung with rich silk, embroidered with silver. The Sultan's fez, decorated with a heron's feather, and with a diamond aigrette, surmounts the coffin.

Beside the tomb of Mahmoud are six others of smaller dimensions and less imposing height, those, namely, of his Sultana, his mother, and his children, the walls of which are all covered with shawls of value. Round them are railings made of some sparkling wood. Fixed up against the walls, too, are five boxes of silver and of mother-of-pearl, containing precious books, illumined and gilded, in which are the prayers used by the family when they visit the tomb. The chairs for prayer, or stools, of which there were more than a dozen, are objects of considerable curiosity. One of them is made entirely of silver, with ornaments of mother-of-pearl. An old venerable-looking man was at one in prayer. On one, which like the others was of silver, was the Koran, commencing, where our books end, with two illumined and coloured leaves, and adorned with much gilding and elegant tracery throughout, among which that of some small bouquets of flowers was particularly beautiful. Every page was marked by some new beauty, and I think we were told some of it was done by the Sultan's own hand.

We crossed the harbour on our return home in a caique, and, after toiling up the long steep, got to our rooms fatigued beyond description. While we were reposing ourselves a packet of *Galignanis* was brought

to us from M. Hanson's, which under the circumstances we read with great interest.

Tuesday 8th.—We set off at nine from the bridge of boats for "Les Isles des Princes," an hour and a half's distance by steamer, passing the beautiful site of the old Seraglio, which was destroyed by fire two or three years since. Lovely shrubs and trees were seen over the surrounding wall, growing up the rising ground, and out of them peeped the towers and wings of the white and trellised abode, now, alas! in ruins. The apartments, where once dwelt in peace and luxury many generations of Moslem royalty, were empty, and still showed traces of the fire that destroyed them. The secret recesses of those mansions of a tyranny often mysterious and cruel, are now laid bare; but the ruins only show the extreme beauty of a residence which nature and art combined to adorn.

On the other side lay Scutari, with its immense caserne, spacious hospital, and the cemetery, sadly suggesting so many scenes of British suffering and sacrifice, with which we were all but too well made familiar by report. Beyond Scutari, after a curve in the coast that would form a pleasant drive, is a green sward, adorned here and there with groups of trees, which render it very agreeable as a place of repose and enjoyment. Looking towards the Golden Horn, we beheld the city rich in palaces, domes, and minarets; or, embracing a wider view seawards, we looked upon a sea dotted with some islands. The isle at which we touched rises two or

three hundred feet out of the water, and has two eminences, one covered with wood, a road winding up between them. It is a flourishing sea-bathing place, with pretty residences built in the lightest and prettiest style, and is chiefly frequented by the Greeks of Constantinople. An elegant hotel stands about half-way up the ascent, looking down upon a nice flower-garden from its terrace. In some locandas close to the sea, accommodation was offered us for eight francs per diem. We returned about five o'clock.

The 9th also was devoted to an examination of places of interest in the city. We made our way, in the first place, to the Mosque Ali Sophia, a fatiguing tramp from the top of Pera, all down the steep to the bridge, and up another steep again to the mosque on the other side. There was much whispering and waiting ere we were admitted into the sacred pile; but once entered, all our previous irritation speedily disappeared, and was transformed into admiration. We looked up to a lofty and immense dome, in mosaics of green and gold stripes, which were bordered with Turkish sentences, one of them signifying, "God is the light of the world." Another half-dome rose over what, in a Christian church, would have been the altar, at the east end; and there was another corresponding to it at the west end. The north and south sides were not arched, but pierced with windows in two rows, finishing in seven elegant small arches, supported by green marble pillars, with most exquisite capitals of white marble in delicate open-work tracery.

Over these was a border in mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell. A gallery receded behind all this, supported by an inner row of columns beneath the wall. It finished in five arches, supported in the same way with green marble pillars. The spaces between the cardinal points of the building were semi-circles, with pillars and arches, bordered with ornaments of similar workmanship—four in the upper gallery, two in the lower. Eight shields, of immense size, of a bright green colour, and adorned with characters of gold, were suspended at the point where the cupola finished. Over the east end were three, or five, painted windows; and high up a face of the Saviour could be made out in a cloud of gold mosaic, the flowing hair and the *auréole* surrounding the head. On the left of the spectator, looking towards the east end, was a gilded and raised gallery, in an octagon form, where the Sultan sits; and on the right a narrow staircase, terminating in a sort of seat, or pulpit, from which sermons are delivered. This pulpit was shaded by a gilded extinguisher, that looked ready to drop down over any individual of sufficiently slender proportions who had ascended the stairs and turned round into the narrow seat. The cupola was supported by four massive pieces of masonry, covered with marble; and the walls were covered with two holy carpets from Mecca, very tarnished and old, but of the richest and most elaborate workmanship. Clusters of lamps were suspended from the very dome, and others ran along the edge of the galleries. There was one chamber filled with old boxes,

the property of people going away to distant countries, it being usual for them to send to the mosque what they value most, that it may be safe under the keeping of Allah. The porches of this immense structure are grand, of old Byzantine architecture, and lead to inner courts and fountains. The people who happened to be in the mosque were much displeased by our presence, and were in a great fidget to get us out. They are always very anxious to be rid of the inquisitive Frank peeping here and there, and grudge him a sight of the stupendous fabric constructed, as is well known, for Christian worship, and surrendered to the Moslem only after a most bloody and terrible contest. The dead are said to have been raised in heaps and used as ramparts in resisting the spoiler; and the impression of a large and bloodstained hand, said to be that of the conquering sultan, is pointed out high up on one of the walls near the porch, through which he leaped in on horseback.

CHAPTER XV.

Scutari—Howling Dervishes—Curious Ceremony—The "Furore" of Devotion—Tradition of the Sultan Mahmoud—Hospital of Scutari—Romantic Story of a Sultan's Daughter—Seeing the Sultan—Costume of the Spahis—The Spinning Dervishes—Religious Ballet in their Mosk—Turkish Women—Sad Mortality—The English Church—The English Embassy—Staying at Therapia—The Sultan's Kiosks—The Bosphorus—The Castles of Europe and Asia—Village of Buyukdere—European and Asiatic sides of the Bosphorus—Towers of Roumeli Nissar—Kandili—Constantinople—Jangin War—The Sultan's Friday Progress—Handsome Turks—Adieu to Constantinople.

ON the tenth, after looking over the beautiful things in the bazaar, we took steamer to Scutari (a quarter of an hour crossing), a populous suburb on the Asiatic side, having many ancient mosques. We passed close under the Turkish quarter of the city, in which there were trees round every house. Many red dwellings can be seen. Constantinople, with its white mosques, each adorned with four or six minarets, the dark clusters of cypresses here and there, the curving outline of palaces and buildings close to the gleaming water, and the unparalleled beauty of its position, forms one of the loveliest pictures that can be conceived. The numerous villages, too, within from half an hour to two hours' distance down the sides of the Bosphorus, in-

crease that admiration which Constantinople shares with Naples, which, indeed, I think it far exceeds in beauty.

One day we landed and proceeded to a mosque to see and hear the "howling dervishes." In the interior of the building a line of men were seated on the floor, and at the opposite end was the Fakir, a mild-looking man in a dark mantle and green turban, who was repeating prayers, by which, as it seemed, their movements were regulated. A low railing ran round the mosque, separating those who took an active part in the ceremonies from the general assembly. Our careful old Francesco succeeded in placing us safely under a gallery close to the entrance and near the Fakir, before whom the men were swinging to and fro, keeping time, their movement becoming gradually more energetic. After a while they all rose and bowed, throwing the body backwards and forwards with what seemed to us most dislocating jerks, increasing the rapidity of their movements at certain given signals, always jerking in time, and with a loud murmuring noise. It was, on the whole, rather a painful sight. Small children were brought in, laid in rows on their faces before the carpet, on white mats, and the Fakir carefully put his foot on their little rumps and walked over them. Several grown-up people extended themselves in the same way, some of whom were first touched on the head. The performers in this strange ceremony were rewarded in like manner for their superhuman exertions. Some black men

amongst them, who apparently enjoyed the bending and rocking, did their parts remarkably well, and with peculiar gusto, continuing for two hours in these frantic movements. We saw hanging up certain metal balls, with pointed little spikes, by means of which they sometimes draw blood, making a great outcry; but their furore of devotion had been suppressed by order during the malady. Outside were large jugs of some beverage, of which each in passing out took a moderate draught.

After this we went on past a cemetery on a rising ground, in the middle of which the horse of Sultan Mahmoud lies interred between four high cypresses. Report says that this Sultan had a Christian mistress, and that when she died he had this horse killed, and her body enclosed in the carcase, that she might lie amongst the faithful in a spot which he could visit. Arriving where the landscape opened fully to view, nothing could be more lovely. "Les Isles des Princes" were seen in the distance, and also some beautiful and fertile country. Beyond Scutari, inland, were the sea and the gleaming city; while before us were the hospital of Scutari and the cemetery where so many of our brave countrymen suffered, died, and were laid to rest. The house where Miss Nightingale and the ladies resided is at some little distance. We entered the cemetery and sat down near the column erected in memory of those lying around. Figures of life-size stand at each corner of the pedestal, some with wings,

bending in attitudes of sorrow. The tablets in the ground are not very numerous, mostly of young officers of three or four-and-twenty. One, erected in memory of two Nevilles, brothers, was a sister's tribute to their names; on others a mother deplores her son, and brother officers their comrade—all sad enough in scenes so beautiful, where sun, sea, and sky seem to breathe the very essence of life—cut off in the pride of their youth and strength in a cruel warfare to support the power of Islam.

We left the cemetery by a path winding along the eminence that overlooked the sea, and, impressed with melancholy thoughts, arrived at a small pier where Turkish invalid soldiers were sauntering up and down to take the evening air. Here we stepped into a caique and floated pensively away to the city, the breeze, however, soon reviving our spirits. We passed close to a little tower on a rock, in connection with which is told a romantic story of a Sultan's daughter who was sent there to avoid a fate which had been prophesied. The fame of her beauty having reached an inflammable Persian prince, he is said to have come rowing under her window in the tower, and to have sent up, by some of those means which passion can contrive, exquisite flowers to express his admiration and love. By an unfortunate mischance a poisonous asp, which was inadvertently sent up with them, bit the beautiful maiden. When the gallant prince heard of this melancholy event he at once obtained admittance, and rushing to the chamber

where the "ladye, beautiful exceedingly," lay dying, sucked the poison from the wound, an act of heroic devotion by which her life was saved. The good Sultan, in gratitude, bestowed her hand on the ardent lover; and the lonely tower was thenceforth deserted, and made a lighthouse to warn the mariner and guide him to port. The streets where we landed at this point were dark and gloomy. It was with some difficulty we groped our way into one of the principal thoroughfares, and slowly ascended the long precipitous road to our abode.

Friday.—This day the Sultan, who has been absent at one of his palaces on the hills, at some distance in the country, comes in to pray at one of the mosques—a weekly custom, by which his people have frequent opportunities of seeing him. Fortunately for us the mosque chosen was the one close to the handsome and regal residence which lies so luxuriously along the edge of the sea, whose lamps at night make so glittering an appearance. At the gateways are telescope-shaped towers, profusely decorated, the gilded gates supported by two pillars on each side. As the building can be but partially seen from the back, and faces the sea, those within can remain as long as they please in the privacy which they naturally desire in the performance of their religious duties.

Exactly at twelve o'clock the Sultan made his appearance; a plain, unpretending-looking man, more like a London banker than a luxurious Turk, but with a stern

expression of countenance. He wore a dark uniform, in the European style, with a fez, and rode on horseback, while his grand officers surrounded him on foot. They had all come mounted, but had descended on reaching the vicinity of the mosque. Two horses of great beauty, handsomely caparisoned, were led for the Sultan, and three carriages, for a drive or ride, if he should desire either after prayers. The costumes of the spahis by whom he was attended were very striking, four of them having full white skirts in the Grecian style, and white kerchiefs over the head, while others wore a scarlet and gold uniform. The head of the police, a tall, composed-looking man, in blue and silver, wearing spectacles, kept all in order within the enclosure. This important official politely but firmly requested us to move to a spot where the Sultan should not have to pass us directly on his way to prayer. Rows of soldiers were stationed here and there, and when the Sultan had gone into the mosque they raised a cry which we were told signified "Allah preserve the Sultan Naziz!" To us it sounded more like a murmuring wind than people's voices.

Three dog-carts which arrived before the Sultan made his exit contained some black leather portmanteaus, ornamented with silver, in which were a change of raiment, some prepared repast, his cushions, his prayer-carpet, &c. As he generally remained an hour at prayer, and Francesco assured us there was not much more to see, we returned to luncheon, after which, at

two o'clock, we set off to see the "spinning dervishes." Their mosque, which is off the Rue de Pera, commands a view, from the windows behind, over the harbour. The building is an octagon in shape, and consists of two stories. On the first floor, which is formed of smooth oaken boards, we beheld nine men and two boys dressed in white, with flower-pot-shaped hats, spinning round at the moment when we entered. Their arms were extended, and one palm was open, "to receive the gifts of Heaven," while the other was reversed, "to reject or drop the things of Earth." The full petticoats were flying out equally all round, having a rim of lead inside to keep them in that position. The feet of the men and boys were bare, and in stepping one was advanced and kept a little over the other, so that their progress was very slow, though regular, till they got round the circle. All looked grave, as if in a kind of trance; and their movements were by no means ungraceful. A low, lulling kind of music with flutes, marking the time, accompanied their movements; and one felt disposed to go off in a mesmeric sleep while looking at them. After half an hour of this ceremony, they suddenly stopped, and sank down, while a man went round with mantles, one of which he disposed on the shoulders of each individual forming the half-circle, everyone, after a moment's pause, gathering it round him and then remaining motionless. On leaving this wonderful ballet, we stepped over a little garden, where some half dozen women, with pretty dark eyes, were sitting on their carpets. They had the

usual muslin veils, and the enveloping robe worn by two of them was of bright colours, one yellow and one blue. These mantles, which are usually of fine stuff, look particularly neat in the streets, and form a very suitable costume for them, never seeming to get dirty or old. The women appeared pleased to see us; and I made my white umbrella spin to amuse the children, but it would not keep up so well as the dervishes did.

We met several funerals in returning this afternoon. An old man at a druggist's shop seemed to exult in the sad mortality, as, after reading out the statement of the numbers dying daily, his expression apparently was one of triumph at the inroads of the malady. I am quite sure he considered our staying at Stamboul at such a time a sort of insanity, which ought to have been looked into by the proper authorities.

On Sunday we went to the English church, a neat building in the garden of the ambassador's house, where there were about fifty people, and where the singing, to the music of an harmonium, was very good. Next day we went to stay at Therapia, a village two hours distance by steamer along the Bosphorus, where there are many good houses built in the European style, but with Oriental coolness, the stairs and halls being of marble. The embassy is an old-fashioned wooden building. The English consuls and some other families have residences here during the summer. There is also a French park and an English garden, both very charming loiter-

ing places, with abundant foliage. The vegetation seemed luxuriant in every direction. On one side was a small bay, round which were several dwellings of Greek families, and on the margin of the smooth sea a few scattered trees; while on the rising ground were the remains of terraced gardens and pleasure-grounds, which we were told had belonged to those involved in the old Revolution more than thirty years ago. The Sultan, at that time, we were informed, had peremptorily disposed of those who had thus risen against him, by the summary process of beheading them and ravaging their lands. The present sultan is building a palace at the foot of the wooded hill. He has many of these kiosks along the sides of the Bosphorus, where he can spend a few days, or hours, at pleasure. Report says that he is too fond of erecting palaces, regardless of cost, perhaps prompted by a tradition to the effect that a sultan will never die while he has one in process of building. Our rooms, as I have remarked, were delightful, overhanging the sea. One of my windows looked over the miniature bay. An old red house, built of wood, situated just opposite, contrasted with a new *maison en pierre*, which had lovely gardens, adorned with a perfect galaxy of flowers. On the opposite coast of the Bosphorus stood a magnificent palace, raised on terraces; and beyond it was a fine eminence, crowned with a circlet of trees, called the Giant's Mound. The grassy verdure which we saw on every side was very pleasant to the eye; and the scene was enlivened

by ships and steamers constantly passing to and fro from the mouth of the Black Sea. A row of twenty minutes took us to Buyukdere, on the same side of the Bosphorus, a place of some extent and pretension, having a promenade of full half a mile long, and many very elegant houses, with an hotel (the Belle Vue) inconveniently situated on a rough steep behind them. The hotel we occupy at Therapia has every convenience and requisite accommodation, but is far too dear; and, of course, being kept by an Englishwoman, there is no company at the *table d'hôte* but that of doctors, who *embellish* the repast with reports of cholera cases.

I went up one morning by early steamer to the city. There is not only the disadvantage of a crowd on these vessels, but the enjoyment of the sweet scenes of the romantic Bosphorus is spoiled by men puffing tobacco smoke on every side. On our course we passed the Sultan's palaces and kiosks, and many pleasant woody villages, besides occasional dwellings here and there isolated in their own loveliness. The Castles of Europe and Asia confront each other, and give some character of grandeur to the scene, for generally it is of a placid sweetness. The crowded state of the bridge of boats on our arrival was anything but pleasant, and the heat was intolerable. The freshness on our return to Therapia, however, was very reviving, and we sat the whole evening, on reaching the hotel, in our balconies, gladly inhaling the breeze that blew from the inlet to the Black Sea.

We spent nearly a fortnight at this place. The

evening before leaving we went up the hill behind it, and after passing the houses, two or three of which are tastefully decorated with gardens and summer-houses from which festoons of beautiful climbing plants hang, we turned to the right, over some grassy slopes, and came suddenly in view of the water, smooth as glass. At the mouth of the Bosphorus, where a few tall-masted ships were lying, the village of Buyukdere, with its long line of pretty houses, was reflected in the quiet waters, and light skiffs were constantly flitting over the beautiful glassy surface of the sea between Therapia and its neighbour village. I could even see the Black Sea over the opposite hills, on which flocks of sheep and goats were browsing, looking about as if they too enjoyed the sunset hour. To return, after this reviving sight, to the dulness of a *table d'hôte* dinner, made absolutely ghostly by seats without guests and plates unfilled, was damping enough. Early morning, however, again saw us pleasantly seated in a caique, rowing up the Bosphorus to Constantinople once more, a much more pleasant way of going up than that by the steamer, and we soon forgot the annoyance of an overcharged bill which had embittered our parting moments. The situation of the Hôtel d'Angleterre was, indeed, delightful. The proprietors of that establishment, however, were not sufficiently *empressé* to please my friend, rather an invalid, who required to change her large room for a smaller one, about which there was some difficulty, though the house was almost entirely empty. We used occasionally to

amuse ourselves with the appearance of business that was assumed before us, trays being carried about, and the doors of empty rooms opened and shut.

We set off a little after seven, taking advantage of the current. The boatman kept out in the centre, rather inclining, however, to the Asiatic side, so that we had the pleasure of contrasting it with the European. The houses on the Asiatic side are generally of a better order, more spacious and Oriental-looking, adorned with latticed windows, and covered with trellis work, indicating the part of them set apart for the fair recluses so jealously hidden from sight by the higher classes of Mohammedans. The variety and luxuriance of the trees, and their spreading foliage, form one great beauty of this delightful winding channel, which may be between two and three miles wide in some parts, perhaps more.

The two massive towers of Roumeli Hissar soon came into view, connected by a battlement with smaller towers, and enclosing a considerable space on the slope of the hill, with several wooden houses within it. Outside, next the water, were some young trees, and two or three pale green tents, while near the towers, close to the shore, was a white ghost-like little cemetery, the upright stones of which looked in the moonlight like so many spirits just risen up, as the ghost in "Hamlet" in the theatrical representation of that play. The Sultan's kiosk at Aqua Dolce is a beautiful structure, and there is a charming promenade between Anadol

Hissar (the corresponding fortress to Roumeli Hissar) and Kandili on the Asiatic side, which looked delicately beautiful in the soft sunshine of evening. The little mosque, too, and its minaret rising out of the trees behind, had quite a fairy-like aspect. We could not see the waters, which are those of a small stream, whose shady banks are frequented by numbers on Friday, when the Turkish promenaders form most picturesque groups, among whom are veiled women and children at play around them under the trees.

The houses of Kandili, on the slope of a hill, form a charming, retired, and shady village, where some English residents of Constantinople remain for the summer. Then there is Chingalku and Casjunjuk, the Sultan Mahmoud's palace of Teherazan, built in 1836, and last of all Scutari. Opposite Kandili, on the European side, are Bebek, Arnautkoi, Potiku, and Pera. A cloud of smoke hung over the city as we drew near, but the Sultan's palace looked dazzling in its pure white beauty; yet, alas! at that very moment one of the beautiful inmates was writhing in the first attacks of the malady which carried her off in a few hours.

I attended Sunday service in the English church, after the enjoyment of a tranquil half hour before it, pacing under the trees of the garden, where, also, on another afternoon I wandered, by permission, for a quiet saunter among the rose-trees, whose fragrance was most grateful at a time when in the streets a stranger was afraid of inhaling the pestilential

breath of cholera. Near a garden-seat I remarked a little stone enclosed within a railing, and marked "Filly," some favourite's place of rest, doubtless, where it used to sit beside its master. Ah! the sympathy and companionship of these dumb creatures makes many a human being experience no small degree of comfort in the assurance of their unselfish attachment.

The view from the garden is interesting. Old Stamboul and its mosques are seen across part of the Golden Horn, where once, in the spacious hippodrome, the Greek emperors appeared in all the magnificence of their imperial pomp. The distant *Aqua Dolce* of Europe is the winter public promenade, as that on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus is the summer one. Down the slope of one of the declivities that descend into the valley, is an old cemetery, through which, amid its melancholy cypresses and monumental stones, are pathways in every direction. These people seem to have none of the feelings regarding the resting-place of the dead prevalent in the West. Of an evening you may see chairs and tables without number ranged before an hotel, or close by a terrace of handsome houses, looking upon this city of the dead, in the midst of which is heard the voice of music and song. I once saw a little *café* established amongst the memorials of the departed, and in it men were sitting enjoying the refreshment laid before them.

The tower of Galata resembles one of those huge round structures which are sometimes found in old

Bibles, as representations of the Tower of Babel. Over the square green gate by which it is entered is an inscription in gold letters, and it is enclosed within a miniature garden. This place is inhabited by soldiers, whose duty it is to keep a look-out over the city for any fires that may occur. They hoist a flag by day, and show a signal light by night, to give the alarm when the premonitory signs of a conflagration appear. Two have taken place this week, one attended with dreadful destruction of property. From my chamber window I beheld the volume of flame, the height and length of which was awful to contemplate. I had been awakened by a roaring sound, like that of a distant cataract, and by the dreadful call of "Jangin war!" (Fire!) Turkish words, whose terrible import I had learned long before. Half-naked men were rushing along with horrid yells, bearing fire-engines, little machines carried on poles, followed by soldiers with staves and picks, to pull down and demolish the houses. Looking at the conflagration, however, in its fierceness and fury, it seemed as if no human effort could check the progress of that raging mass of flame, which every moment seemed to gather fresh intensity. It had commenced in Stamboul, across the harbour, and, advancing with awful rapidity, had made its way, like a conqueror, all across the city. The old towers of the seraglio were illumined with its fiery glow, and also the great mosques, one of which especially it seemed furiously to approach. What with the noise and crash of falling buildings, and the crackling

of the flame, the alarm through all the quarters of Pera, Galata, and the suburbs could not be appeased. Troops, under the direction of the authorities, were pouring the whole night towards the scene of devastation, a more appalling spectacle than which it was impossible to imagine. The destruction of property was immense; and those who visited the scene next day still beheld the flames rising in a way which showed that mastery had not yet been obtained over them.

On September 8th, some days after this calamitous occurrence, I went out to see the Sultan's usual Friday progress. He was to go from a palace at Dolmabagdche to a mosque near Bechiktache. In the hope of seeing him crowds of people were waiting in the shade under the trees outside the palace. About eleven o'clock the showy-looking officers, who walked beside his horse in the mosque enclosure, came down from the casernes. The last time, when they came in a similar manner, they dismounted and stood about under the trees, their white steeds being led about in the meantime by attendants in an orderly manner, or formed in a semicircle opposite their masters. Some of the officers were very handsome men. Four of them, whom I observed, wore white Bedouin cloaks of Broussa silk, with full white silk tassels to the hood. These they threw about at their ease, sometimes wrapped together round their swords, sometimes almost off, but they never got tumbled. Their entire uniform consisted of a scarlet jacket with black braid, full trousers, boots and spurs,

a belt by which the sword was suspended round the waist, a white kerchief over the head, bound with a double row of black camel's hair, to keep it firmly on the head. Under this Eastern head-dress, the jet black whiskers, moustache, and eyes of the military looked to great advantage; and as they chatted and smiled amongst themselves, they appeared, to judge from their manners, perfect gentlemen. The salute with which they greeted passing friends was somewhat original, the hand rapidly touching the lip, breast, and head. Two very young men, without either whiskers or beard, wore scarlet cloaks, trimmed with black braid, and a turban of several rolls of yellow and pink silk wound closely round the head; and two others appeared in very thin kerchiefs, made of some elegant material, with coloured border, and wound round the head. A carriage at this moment drove up, out of which leaped a young boy, dressed in uniform, who seemed to be somebody, for, when the troops advanced, they all presented arms to him, as he looked on, attended by a negro boy, and protected by a very juvenile guard, with whom he seemed to be on the most friendly terms, talking freely with them.

Numbers of women, too, were present, their dresses of brown, blue, pink, and purple, and their snowy white muslin veils covering the face, making a charming border to the shady walk. The veil which they wear is of very slight texture, and allows the delicate features to be dimly seen through it. Some carriages were driving

slowly up and down. A company of about fifty soldiers with lances now rode past, followed by a full band of music and a long line of troops. His Highness the Sultan came last, riding in the midst of a body of soldiers on foot. He is a sensible-looking man, about forty-five years of age, temperate in his manner of living, slightly grey, very grave, too, but not phlegmatic. It was amusing to see how the handsome young guards hopped over the railings at notice of his approach. As they had been gossiping together they had not observed his approach, but, on being warned of it, were across the road and on their horses before one could say "Jack Robinson," their white hoods and tassels pulled over the head, and the eyes of all dutifully turned in the direction their master was expected to come. I felt glad to think, or rather hope, that the times were gone by when such handsome heads might be sliced off at a Sultan's word—yet who knows? Thirty years have not passed by since the owners of lovely terraced dwellings on the Bosphorus were disposed of in a very summary manner. The present Ottoman sovereign looks a man who would not be trifled with, and has the air of one resolute enough for anything he may be called on to do. Returning over the brow of a hill through the large cemetery, I saw a man cooking on a small grave, the most astonishing place for such an operation I can imagine. In the cemetery of Pera the narrow monumental stones are erected very close together, and several of them appear ready to topple over. I see nothing to admire

in these Turkish cemeteries, unless it be the mass of cypress-trees, which would give them an appearance of solemnity, if it were not for the thoroughfares in every direction through them, numbers of people sitting about, not in sorrow, but as they would in a garden, to enjoy the sunshine, talk together, and, as we have seen, even take the refreshments which they have cooked in the same place, an act in which they seem to see no impropriety, disrespect, or irreverence.

A beautiful view may be observed ascending the acclivity towards this cemetery, and looking back on the palace, the gilded gates and railings of which, even to the minutest details of their workmanship, are seen to perfection in this bright atmosphere. When Europeans come here they ought always to be dressed well, and in becoming colours, the style of their garments in contrast with the Oriental, not being seen, even at its best, to great advantage.

CHAPTER XVI.

Adieu to Constantinople—Turkish Ladies—Mont du Géant—The Black Sea—Varna—Entrance into the Danube—Isle des Serpents—Sulina —Banks of the Danube—Toultscha —Young Women in Quarantine —A Memorial Russian Church—Arrival at Galatz—Appearance of the Town—Variety of Scenery—Braila and Hirsova—Giurgevo— —Bucharest—Interesting Group—Nicopolis—Salutations of the Garçons on the River Steamers—Turn Severin—Porte de Fer— Orsova—Golumbacz—Babakaj—Curious Rocks—Enormous Women —A Turk in the Ladies' Cabin.

SATURDAY 9th.—We embarked on board the steamer at one o'clock, and bidding Constantinople and its beautiful mosques and minarets adieu, gave our last look at a picture which for loveliness and grandeur cannot be surpassed, and once seen can never be forgotten. The steamer lay very near the ruins of the burnt palace, which are still overshadowed by cypresses and the dense foliage of trees, concealing the ravages made by fire in this once charming abode, so long the favourite resort of Turkish royalty. As I looked upon the enchanting scene I retraced all our haunts in, round, and about the great city, which for the extent and variety of its scenes, as well as for its historical interest, is unrivalled by any other city either of the east or west. It is a fortunate thing that as yet but few of the tourist species are met in it to destroy its characteristics, though their number

is now increasing every year. The families connected with the different embassies and consulates, however, form a considerable Frank colony, among whom the English are found in sufficient numbers. There is every convenience in this capital, except carriages. The hill of Pera, indeed, and the great steep from Galata, will always be a difficulty in the way of their use, as riding down the steps, which in broad lines form part of the ascent, would be impossible, except to adventurers bent on the performance, at the risk of their necks, of a dangerous feat. There are some vehicles, however, in use for the suburbs, whose exorbitant charges might be considerably reduced with great advantage both to the public and to their owner. The bazaars, which every one wishes to visit, are in old Stamboul, and some way up the hill there, necessitating a walk over those most uneasy stones of Pera, and across the bridge, &c., an undertaking of great fatigue, which must either be heroically performed, or abandoned by foot passengers. As the mosque of Aya Sophia, however, and all the old historical sites are in Stamboul, the curious must tramp and hobble with the spirit of martyrs to get to them. People, it is true, can ride on horseback, but that is hardly suitable for ladies in such a city. The fair recluses of the harems are sometimes seen at the shop doors in pretty painted carriages, with glass windows, making purchases. Generally there is a large bouquet fixed at one of the windows. Though their faces are veiled, they are fond of appearing in bright colours

inside, looking like hot-house plants. I have heard it said that some of them are very carefully instructed, and proud of their knowledge.

It is, on the whole, impossible to say too much of the beauty of this city. Nature has prepared its site with every advantage, and as I was rapidly borne past its grand and commanding points of view, and the lovely panorama of the Bosphorus faded for ever from my sight, I felt that it would be long ere I could look upon its like again in any part of the world.

After passing Buyukdere, we continued our course through the strait leading into the Black Sea. We had a glimpse of the Mont de Géant, round which a path winds, ascending on the side visible to the traveller who looks at it from the sea. There are many pleasant spots along the sides of this inlet, which is two or three miles in length; but the sea began to get very rough as we neared its mouth, and we were tossed about a good deal during the night. The water, however, soon became tranquil, especially towards morning. On rising, we found we were coasting the shores of a large bay; and about six o'clock came to anchor before a small town, called Bourgas, which, with some others, stands at its head. Zaiten and Emineh are the capes at each extremity of this indentation, or curve, of the land. A boat-load of bags of specie was here sent on shore. The mosque of the town and two wind mills are seen rising over the low ground, on which the town, whose coloured houses gave it a gay appear-

ance amidst the trees, is built. On the southern side of this bay are some mountains, of which Peppia is the highest.

Leaving at eight o'clock, we arrived at Varna early in the afternoon, where more specie was sent on shore. I counted no fewer than fifty bags, each heavier than I could lift. Varna has five or six mosques, and a high tower, from which, in case of fire, the warning signal is given —a very necessary precaution, since, in these Turkish towns, the people have a trick of burning themselves. The governor's house is a large yellow building, near this tower. On the rising ground is the Frank quarter, where the consuls' flags are seen fluttering above the residence of the consul-general. Behind the town is a mountain, the base of which is densely covered with vines; and, I was told, game abounded on the heights. A convent is prettily situated amongst the vines a mile out of town, along a sea-coast shaded with trees. The railway from Rustuck comes to Varna. The works, and a long jetty connected with it, will be finished in another year.

Monday, 11*th*.—How beautiful the soft sunrise from the sea! From the deck, lines of sand are visible, with glimpses of some lake in the interior. We entered the Danube about 8 A.M., and soon passed the Isle of Serpents. Corvettes, English, French, and Turkish, were lying in the mouth of the grand stream, of which this was but one of the channels. Sulina is a small town, lying in the fens. A house with a green roof—

the first seen—belongs to some English merchant, and has been raised on piles, through which the river passes. The inhabitants, in winter, are often seen walking about in boots half-way up in water. A nice young couple of whom I heard, whose home was in Sulina, went on shore, and had to pass two days in quarantine. The man was an Armenian, and an *employé* there. After a sea voyage the place, with its few trees, did not look so miserable as it must be, though the young couple evidently did not think it so, thanks to the blessed influences of home and happiness. They kindly invited me to visit them, should I pass through the place again. Their little dog was in ecstacies, and seemed quite aware of the approaching pleasure of freedom in his accustomed haunts, as he looked out and barked over the vessel's side. The banks of the river were flat, but looking green and fresh; and the stream was lively with vessels, many with high poops, like those in old pictures. Some of the sloops and brigs were in full sail, and others were moored close to the bank, on which the crew were dispersed among the long grass.

Well, fairly on the Danube at last, and feeling no little exultation to be there! This great river may be entered by three channels; but large ships must use that of St. George, which is deeper by twenty-five feet than the deepest of the other two. It was curious to see the ships at a little distance from us, looking as if they were sailing through the fields above or below us. On the banks were Turkish guard-houses at intervals.

We began to see distant mountains as we advanced, and were always meeting ships spanking down the rapid stream, all sails set. After passing St. George, the river nobly widened, commanding a view of distant mountains; while on the banks were pleasant fields, with low hills near at hand, and lines of bushy trees occasionally diversifying the prospect. Toultscha, which we passed, is the residence of a pacha, and a considerable town, with many boats and vessels lying at it, and with numerous windmills in its vicinity. The town is built on sloping ground, down which, as we approached, a crowd came busily towards the steamer, one man clothed entirely in bright yellow amongst the group. Two young women, whom we took on board at Varna, were bound for Toultscha, and on their arrival were sent across the river to pass five days in quarantine, under the trees on an island, before being allowed to land. The captain rowed after the quarantine boat, to recommend them to care and shelter, if possible, as none, it seems, was provided by the authorities. A high hill at one end of this town, with windmills on the top, presents a somewhat remarkable appearance; and, beyond, the mountains of the Dobrudscha were always in sight. After we had left the place, and had got some distance from it, we looked back, and were gratified by a very picturesque view of its houses, descending close to the water, and the sloping hills around it. The river became wider and wider as we advanced, and in a short time a range of horizontal hills, tinged with the purple

reflection of a soft evening sky, came in sight. An estuary to Isman opened on the right hand of the stream, and, looking back, a very pretty effect was produced by these two rivers.

Dinner was served on the bridge, high above the paddle-wheels, commanding a delightful view of the broad stream. As we concluded our repast the sun was setting, and clouds of rose-colour were reflected on the fair, tranquil surface of the river, while on the left were seen hills covered with woods, and on the right a flat and uninteresting country. A Russian church, built on the spot where the Emperor Nicolas was standing when a cannon-ball from the Turkish camp fell close to him, in 1828, was pointed out to us. Oil, wine, and all things requisite for the service of the church, were sent, as we were told, yearly from Russia.

After sunset, continuing our course on the river, the surface of which was like glass, we passed Reni, when the darkness of night had begun to gather over it. There is a good stone house built for a quarantine here, but fortunately we had no luckless females to be left in it on this occasion.

We arrived at Galatz late in the evening, perhaps at ten or eleven o'clock, and in the morning, after a good night's rest, changed into one of the real Danube steamers, an immense boat, with a long, elegant saloon on deck, adorned with mirrors, windows, and pictures of the beautiful and striking views on the river. Galatz is not a place of much interest, but it has some good

houses. I remarked, however, two church towers, and thinking it my duty to pray, I went towards the nearest, but found that it was a German Protestant edifice, the doors of which were of course shut. Some places further on have a more pleasing aspect, and to those who are condemned to live in Galatz may seem pretty. A high ridge of land, with trees in the valley beneath, appeared to indicate the vicinity of a lake.

All day long we made our way rapidly over the majestic river, the width of which gave it an imposing aspect. We passed every variety of scenery—mountains long and low, banks flat and uninteresting, eminences covered with trees, and occasionally curious rock formations. Braila, Hirsova, and Rassova were successively left behind, and greater variety was given to the scenery by the numerous islands which we were now constantly passing. Night closed in with rain and wind, which, indeed, had prevailed at intervals the greater part of the day. At Rassova the width of the Danube seemed rather that of a lake than of a river.

Early next morning we arrived at Giurgevo, where two diligences, and some other vehicles more or less nondescript in appearance, were waiting to take passengers for Bucharest, the journey to which was over a dreary-looking wild country. Bucharest itself, however, is an agreeable, stylish city. The roofs of the houses present a remarkable appearance, being formed of some metal which glitters in the sunshine like silver. The first view of it on a fine sunlit day, after a wearisome

journey over a most desolate country, is quite dazzling. I had the good fortune to see some specimens of its inhabitants too. Among those with whom I conversed were two nice girls and their mother. The eldest of the maidens was going to Temesvar, where her *fiancé* lived, to be married. This interesting group were Jewesses, and the bride elect had an overpowering number of immense trunks. I suppose she had been sent for like Rebecca in Scriptural times. I had also some conversation with a pretty English lady and a Wallachian noble, who, like all long residents at Bucharest, were eloquent in their praises of its attractiveness and conveniences.

About mid-day we came to Nicopolis, its spires and houses appearing at the opening of a gorge between dry sandy mountains. It is at a little distance from the Danube, but two roads run inland to the city. Izlas, on the brink of the river, was one of the prettiest places we had yet seen on the Danube, and as we passed it we observed walls on the mountains above it. We passed on the same day a little woody isle, with a vessel moored beside it, which certain ruminating animals seemed to have quietly to themselves. Droves of cattle, sheep, and goats we had frequently observed on the banks of the river. Next day we perceived another vessel, with blue masts, moored under the trees of a beautiful islet, and after passing it we met a large steamer, painted white like our own, which flew swiftly past us. The staff of waiters belonging to both boats saluted

each other with their *serviettes*. The stream still continued of immense width, and after we had passed many little isles we enjoyed an unimpeded view of its extent from bank to bank. The country, however, for a long time was very desolate, and the banks were flat. It was but rarely we saw any signs of life. Men cutting the coarse flowery grass, and some white cows, were sights so rare that when we caught a glimpse of them they became objects of the most eager interest. Hundreds of wild fowl were descried on sand-banks in the stream, and occasionally some of the passengers amused themselves with a shot at them. At the dinner-table to-day we had only some gentle Wallachian girls, and a few other travellers, whose appearance excited no particular interest. We passed Piguet station after sunset, and in the morning the scenery was quite of another character from what it had been. The banks were high and woody, and occasionally there were houses near the water. Approaching Turn Severin we observed beautiful woody hills on both sides of the river, and arrived at the town named about eight o'clock. Here we waited some hours, as we were now at the Austrian frontier. The town possesses two hotels, and connected with some new houses are shady gardens, in which are to be seen the ruins of the towers of Trajan's bridge amid large chestnut-trees, through which there are pleasant walks. Count Oscar, the handsome young Wallachian noble, as we were strolling through them, dwelt with something like wounded feeling, natural enough in a man Prince

Couza had just banished from Bucharest, on the little gratitude that had been exhibited in return for the enthusiasm with which he had sprung from his horse to greet and kiss the newly-chosen ruler's hand at Turn Severin, and then, remounting, had never drawn bridle till he reached Bucharest to announce his approach.

Here we had to change into a small steamer to pass the rapids. The luggage of the Jewish bride, whom I have already mentioned, seemed heavy enough to sink the little vessel. We left Turn Severin at 4 P.M., going through the famous Porte de Fer of the Danube, on each side of which are now richly-wooded hills. The river was now raised in waves, and what with the whirlpools among the rocks, and the strong wind, two officers had to be kept at the helm. Our position was like that of persons on a raft, the water being almost even with the deck. We passed some pretty inlets amongst the mountains, a Turkish fort, and some islands, on one of which the crown of Hungary was once interred by some patriots, and where it was discovered only recently Orsova was one of the stations at which we stopped, and, on reaching the dogana, the steamer was again changed. It was quite dark when we settled into the new and elegant boat which was now assigned to us. In the beautiful saloon, however, we passed the time very pleasantly. Orsova seemed a nice place, with sweet, fertile hills close to it, descending almost to the water's edge. We left it at 6 A.M., and arrived at Basiasch at 4 P.M., passing all day long woods and precipices covered with

trees, and a country the appearance of which was often rich and beautiful. The defile of Kasan, one of the most picturesque scenes we saw, was entered directly after leaving Orsova. The Danube now seemed quite shut in by rocks, on one of which we saw an inscription, said to have been made there by order of the Emperor Trajan; and in another a staircase, which he commanded to be made on the face of one of these huge precipices for the descent of his army. As I was looking on both sides of the river with great attention, the little steamer in which we were to pass the cascades suddenly grated on the rocks, causing considerable alarm and screaming amongst the females. On a sailor running down to pull up the cabin planks, in order to see if the water was coming in, one of the ladies fainted away. The ladies here, it is to be remarked, are not in the habit of travelling much. At Basiasch, there was another change of boat; and those who preferred the railway took it there. Though we had still two days and nights constant travelling, I chose to remain in the steamer, being still determined to follow the course of the majestic river on which I had so long sailed. Golumbacz, with its nine towers, presented a lovely scene on the left; and on the right was another tower, on a hill called Babakaj, where the Donauklause (Porte de Fer) ended. From this place to Turn Severin the navigation of the Danube is very dangerous, and all the timid people were glad to have it over. I remarked several peasants on the banks in white clothes, with a

red fringe hanging from the waist. During the day we passed some curious rocks, covered with flowers of a pink shade. At Basiasch were only two or three houses, and the remains of an old convent. The railway is close to the place of embarcation. The "Albrecht" steamer, to which we were here transferred, is large, but not an *accelerè* boat, as were the others from Galatz and Orsova. We had to-day a German dinner, and afterwards retired to a saloon divided off from the general one, for the use of the ladies, where I reclined on a sofa close to the window, enjoying the beautiful moving panorama of the river, and the scenes on its banks, in the soft, calm evening twilight. Two handsome girls and their mother came on board from some of the villages which we passed, one with her dress trimmed in red—the best-looking of the two, as it seemed to me. They were so enormous in size that they would really have made more than three ordinary English or French women. An old fellow was trying to do the agreeable to the beauty, with whom he continued for some time playing a game like draughts; and whenever he moved off the girls gave a low musical laugh, and shaking their fair, fat shoulders, made merry at his expense, to be in a moment as demure and affable as ever when he appeared again. Mammon, I fear, was to have a sacrifice of this fine creature in her youth and bloom. The steamer made a pause of four hours at Semlin, where many passengers left and others came on board. A Turkish officer, too, who, with half a dozen

ladies and black slaves, had been our fellow-passengers, bade us farewell. In spite of every remonstrance, order, and sign to the contrary, this gentleman had persisted in installing himself in the ladies' cabin, as if for the purpose of guarding his fair dames, for he sat in his full military costume, and kept a scimitar in his hand, while he remained on a sofa near his charges, watching them carefully night and day. As he could not have been ejected without force, which those in command did not seem inclined to use, there was nothing for it on our part but to remain in the little day-cabin above, though the stewards suggested that the Moslem would never notice our presence if we entered the cabin he had appropriated. None of the company, however, fancied forming part of the Ottoman household for thirty-six hours. As for the ladies, they must have been eating melons the whole night, for the floor was strewn with rinds, and, indeed, even after they were gone, no attention was paid to cleanliness or order in this compartment of the vessel.

CHAPTER XVII.

Belgrade—An Hungarian Princess—Dalys, Apatin, and Paks—Ezchaue Station—Hungarian Children—Buda and Pesth—Blocksberg—The Museum—Jewish Reformed Synagogue—The Fortifications of Buda—The Ancient Crown of Hungary—Marionville—Pettau—Beautiful Pass—Der Schwarze Adler—A Disagreeable Travelling Route—Bruneck—Francis Festung—Botzen—Monument to the Archduke Rainer of Austria—Curious Old Monuments—Baffled Curiosity—Beautiful Mountain View.

BELGRADE is a fine city. A steamer plies constantly between it and Semlin, a distance which can be surmounted in about a quarter of an hour. The name of the city is rife with the memory of sieges and battles fought in former days between the Turk and the infidel. An Hungarian family came on board, with whom we soon picked up a steamboat acquaintance, and had a long chat by starlight at the open window with one of its members, a charming young girl, who could not be persuaded to sleep, and was eloquent in the expression of the anticipated pleasure to be derived from spending some time at a place further up the river.

The Danube is the high road for the travels of all the dwellers upon its banks, who frequently go up or down a few miles by the steamers merely for their pleasure. Early next morning we came to Karlovitz bridge, near

which was a fortress on a hill. St. Marie Fried, a church built when some famous treaty of peace was signed in 1799, had five doors for the different ambassadors, a scheme by which the question of the right of precedence, which was raised before the opening ceremony, was satisfactorily evaded. The town, which is situated on a hill, with stations amongst the trees, forms a pretty object from the river. St. Marie Schnee, a famous place of pilgrimage near Karlowitz, stands on a mound, on the top of which is a fortress of considerable extent, the fortifications extending in lines one below another. A bridge of boats leads across to Neusatz, a town or village situated upon a low level site, but which seemed to be much frequented by visitors. My young companion had been in ecstasies when speaking of it the previous night, having been landed there with her family and many other persons. A group of young military boys was drawn up on the bank to receive their comrades, a considerable number of whom had come with us. We next touched at Nestin, a village with thatched houses, and two churches, where, as at every other station, passengers were now constantly coming and going. Banostor is another little thatched village, with a church on the hill rising behind it. Here there were many great boats in the middle of the river, among them mill-boats grinding corn, for Father Danube never allows his children to be a moment idle.

Pretty rural landscapes, with trees growing down the

slopes, now rapidly succeeded each other. We passed several large barges in tow, on the bows of which were faded paintings of saints. Near Illok we saw fine groves of trees and magnificent oaks rising in all their majesty. Before an immense semi-circular wood herds of cattle were lying down, some in the water, and some close to it, apparently in bovine or vaccine contemplation. Groups of persons were constantly coming on board, sometimes in the strangest costumes. In one group was a Servian priest with broad hat and hair hanging down on his shoulders, while immediately following him were some Austrian officers and their families. An Hungarian princess and her daughter, with a most unpronounceable name, joined us at one station, and remained two or three days amongst the voyagers, with whom they made themselves so agreeable that we were all sorry when they took their departure.

Dalys and Apatin were passed on Sunday morning, as also Paks, a long village of thatched houses, sheltered under a bank above which vines were growing. Odon station we reached at one o'clock, a village situated in a flat country. As Turks of one rank or other were constantly in the ladies' cabin, keeping jealous guard over their harems, we had passed several nights without going to rest, and, as may be imagined, were getting dreadfully fatigued, but we had no remedy for our sufferings but patience. After passing a woody island, near which was a huge flat vessel with the Austrian flag

at the stem and stern, we saw several islands near which were colonies of mill-boats, busy in summer, though in winter they are removed. An enormous boat, like a Noah's ark, which we rapidly left behind, was slowly propelled by one helpless rower.

How busy the river became as we neared the large cities! At Ezchaue station my attention was directed to some children in costume, with dark gowns, large worked muslin aprons, ribbons crossed over their chests, and necklaces hanging from the high collar round the throat. Pert little things they were, bandying saucy answers with people on board, who amused themselves by joking with them.

Promontore, a favourite place of resort half an hour from Pesth, was the last station we passed, and at four o'clock Pesth and Buda came in sight, and a noble appearance they made. The fortress of Buda on the cliff, and the royal palace a little further on, look down upon the town, in which we observe the chain bridge crossing the river, and the handsome quay and buildings of Pesth. The Blocksberg looks higher than it really is. Its rocky sides overhang many rows of small houses. It is a fine majestic eminence, and we ascended it next day, getting to the summit in about twenty minutes. The view seen from it was very extensive, including the palace and gardens, and the town, together with the several vine-covered mountains by which it is invested. Johannisberg and other villages, with foot-paths to them running up the eminences, and little churches nestling

under the shade at the foot of the heights, formed most pleasant views. The Danube (here 1,500 feet wide) is visible for many a long mile north and south, with two islands, one of which, Margarethen, is laid out as a park. We touched in the steamer first on the Buda side, and then, letting fall our chimney, went under the suspension bridge (a magnificent structure joining the two cities) to Pesth. The Europa Hotel, to which, on landing, we proceeded, looks well outside, but has a range of close rooms opening on a corridor surrounding the court, into which travellers are often thrust. Pesth is a large city on level ground, and has fine, wide, clean streets and good shops. We visited, too, its interesting museum, entering, however, only those rooms in it which are stored with historical souvenirs, such as ancient armour, the swords of old heroes, guns with Damascus barrels and gilded ivory stocks, ornaments presented by old Hungarian families, belts studded with precious stones, massive gold clasps worn on the breast and shoulders, ladies' necklaces, stomachers, rings, and bracelets set with superb rubies and emeralds. In one of the cases was an ornament for the altar, adorned with a figure of the Madonna cut out of a single pearl, her feet resting on a footstool of topaz. On a square of Carrara marble was represented a picture of some saint, done in delicate red, the figure with clasped hands and upward ecstatic regards, looking up to the clouds. There were many gold and silver chalices, cups studded with precious stones, amethyst and opal church vessels.

The whole collection was of immense value, and of great historical interest, one of the articles with the most touching recollections being a harp once belonging to Marie Antoinette.

In one of the rooms was a silver figure of Napoleon Buonaparte, fully three feet in height, and of beautiful workmanship. The old custode seemed to take great pride in showing his treasures and in parading his intimate acquaintance with their histories. One of the most interesting places which we visited was the Jewish reformed synagogue, a strikingly original and handsome edifice, quite new, and well adapted to the recent changes these remarkable people have made in some of the forms of their worship. In the roof, which is flat, are three octagon painted windows, and on each side of the aisle are three arches, extending up to the roof. Two galleries are divided into nine partitions by small bronze columns. The tabernacle, which is of white marble, partially gilded, has a malachite door, and it is surmounted by an elegant dome, which is ornamented with blue and gold stripes, two small tablets for the commandments standing higher up. Two pulpits, with large gilded candelabra on each side of the raised platform on which the tabernacle stands, are divided by a railing from the rest of the synagogue. Outside are two octagon towers, and at the two wings are small towers, with four little gilded balls on their battlements, round which runs a pattern in stars, decorating this and every other part of the architecture.

The fortifications at Buda are now laid out in pleasant walks, with trees and seats. In the fortress the ancient crown of Hungary is kept under seal. I visited some of the mineral baths, the water of which, though piping hot, can be had at any temperature. Rooms, restaurant, and garden are connected with each establishment; and there are swimming-baths for ladies.

So recently returned from Constantinople, everything looked very dull and common-place; but I have no doubt these cities would form an agreeable residence, though they present a perfect contrast to each other, the modern Pesth and the ancient Buda. The streets are gay and bustling. Within a morning's walk are rocky cliffs and breezy mountains. The pleasant island park, too, is a most attractive and agreeable spot. The grand river is always surveyed with deep interest, conducting, as it does, in one direction into the heart of Europe, in the other towards the sunny lands of the East. Of the proverbial kindness of the good Hungarians, I had several agreeable proofs during my long voyage on the river, and even in this short sojourn.

After a few days' stay, I left by the six o'clock train from Buda, crossing the chain bridge and going through a tunnel to the first station. After so much travelling my brain wanted rest, and I could scarcely bear to look at the country while whirling rapidly along. Marionville, a pretty village, with park and trees, and with a Swiss cottage on the bank of a little river, was one of the first places we passed. In a few hours we came to

a lake, wide and charming to the eye, and with four towns on its distant coast. The railway ran close to it for some time. At a place where there were no houses or villages, we saw a man hurrying along the sands to a little solitary boat, which probably had brought him from one of those remote little towns we could just see. Beyond the lake we could perceive a distant mountain, with woody top, and another eminence in the form of a cone. Passing through an oak wood, where the grass spreading beneath the trees was very pleasant, we came to Pettau station at 4.30 P.M., after crossing a large river, and some fertile woody country, with mountain ridges in the distance. At Pettau is a large monastery, and near it a river crossed by iron bridges. We arrived at Marburg at seven o'clock, and slept there for the night, starting again at eight next morning, when I felt quite refreshed. We soon came to a most beautiful pass, situated in the Steyermark, or Styria, with a torrent foaming in its depths and firs growing on the mountain ridges. Lower down all was life, beauty, and sunlight on the one side, repose and shadow on the other. The diligence left the post of Villach at five, reached Brixen late on the next evening, and halted at Niederdorf half an hour in the middle of the day. The woman at the post where the diligence stops being very uncivil, we went to the Schwartze Adler, kept by Kellensteiner, a few doors further on in this dusty village; but the whole of this travelling route, from Villach to the Tyrol, is

disagreeable, the diligences being poor, rough little carriages. The scenery, however, is beautiful. An unfortunate family, under the command of a courier, had to make four or five days of the distance between Villach and Brixen.

About four o'clock we came to Bruneck, the prettiest little place on the whole journey. A castle on the hill had a picturesque appearance among the woods by which it was surrounded. It would have been pleasant to remain amidst this rural scenery, but for the inconvenience of making another change. The great Francis Fortress (Francis Festung) is situated in a defile which is reached not long before coming to Brixen, and near it the road branches off to Innspruck. After sleeping at Brixen, we left early next morning for Botzen, and passed through a beautiful defile. The railway which is now constructing beside the road completely spoils the rocky banks of a torrent. Botzen, at which we arrived about mid-day, is a quiet town amidst mountains; and here I anticipated my pilgrimage was to end, for Meran, the appointed place of meeting with dear and expectant friends, was close at hand. The prospect of rest and leisure, surrounded by the silvan beauty of the Tyrol, was most grateful to me, and in a spirit of thankfulness I entered an old church, standing in a peaceful-looking, open space, and offered up thanks. This church is ancient, but has been partially repaired. The supports of the western porch are two red marble leopards of great antiquity, on the backs of which pillars are

raised. Behind the high altar is a monument of the Erzherzog Rainer von Oesterreich, "geboren in Pisa, 1783, gestorben in Botzen, 1853, hat Höchstselbst diese Grabschrift angeordnet im Testamente vom Mai, 1849," with the following verses—

MEINE GLAUBE.

Meine Glaube darf nicht wanken,
O tröstlichen Gedanken!
Ich werde durch sein Auferstehen
Gleich ihm auf meinem Grabe gehen.
Die Nacht die mich hier decket
Bis mich der Engel wecket,
Ist kurz, dann ruft mein Heiland mich,
Dorthin wo Niemand stirbt, zu sich.

Wanderer, der du an meinem Grabe stehest, bete für mich, armen Sünder, auf dass meine Glaube verwirklichet werde.

A marble bas-relief of the Resurrection of our Saviour, and the figure of two angels kneeling beside the tomb, are exquisitely chiselled. And I, who had been in far distant Palestine, where, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the spot is believed to be enclosed on which that stupendous event took place, read with devotional interest the pious lines, which seemed to me the pure emanation of a Christian heart that had never been gladdened, as mine had been, by visiting the holy shrines of the Saviour's human career. In another part of the town was a little chapel, wherein were some curious old monuments, ten of which were in the walls, and five more under the gallery, in which also thirty coats of arms were hanging up.

A droll instance of baffled questioning I must note. While to obtain answers when requiring any directions or information, was an impossibility, one at least of the inhabitants thought a stranger should satisfy *her* curiosity. Entering a shop for a bun a woman darted out of an inner room, put her arms a-kimbo, set herself down on a stool opposite me, and bluntly asked me where I had come from? "Von weit," was my reply. Where was I going to? "Weit," I answered. Was I French, English, or Italian? When did I come? How long was I going to stay, &c., &c.? I stared in her face, never giving her more than a perplexing monosyllable in reply, till, quite out of breath with her own queries, she followed me with a look of vexed eagerness, which appeared so ludicrous that I could not help smiling. As I had determined, however, to answer none of her queries, I left her to satisfy her curiosity in the best manner she could by divining who I was, whence and why I had come, and whither I was going.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Meran—German Social Life—Hotels and Pensions—The Parish Church—Relic of a Saint—Chapel of St. Valentine—The Tyrol—A Tunnel—Picturesque Old Castle—The Rauchenberg—Ruined Castle—Sunday Gathering of Peasants—Railroad to Verona—Verona—The "Kaiserkrone"—Brixen—Stertzing—The Brenner Pass—Houses of Prayer—The Brenner See—Innspruck—Under Valley of the Inn—Nuns—Bavarian Frontier—Passport Annoyance—Alpine Scenery—Munich—Augsburg—The Domkirche—Ulm—The Minster—Wood-Carving—Geislingen—Stuttgart.

AT two o'clock we set off for Meran by a dusty road, arriving in sight of the two painted church spires of that town about five. I was considerably disappointed at first with its general appearance; but next day observed a beautiful mountain view from it. Finding in my walk, too, a quiet-looking garden, walks with seats, and arbours where a tired traveller might possibly sit and muse unmolested, I thought it might be as well to remain here for a short time. I was, accordingly, soon installed in a pleasant apartment in the best and cleanest house in the place, whence I at once sent off a packet of letters to apprise my friends of my determination, and then tried to feel at ease. The German element in social life, however, I must confess, is not to

my taste—their speech at dinner, their looks, their food, and their manners have generally a homeliness that fatigues and annoys me. After two or three days' experience of it, therefore, I had to decline dining at the *table d'hôte*, which was frequented almost exclusively by Germans.

There are here four *pensions*, Hasfurther's, Proxauf's, Weinhart's, and D. G. Putz's, one hotel, combined with the Erzherzog Johann *pension*, and two houses where rooms are let with attendance, coffee, &c., and where occupants can have dinner sent in or go to the *table d'hôte* at Hasfurther's or the hotel. The Bellevue seemed to be in a favourable situation, being on a slight eminence, and with the advantage of seclusion. The Deutsche Haus is in the midst of the public walks, and in a garden attached to it the sun blazes all day, while the noise of the neighbouring torrent is disturbing all night. The rooms, however, are nice and airy, and the windows large. By the code of regulations which is hung up in the salon, smoking either in the rooms or corridors is strictly prohibited and quietness enjoined—very requisite in any establishments frequented by Germans; and Meran seemed to be a complete colony of them. It is, however, on the whole, a very tolerable place, and has the most abundant supply of the finest grapes I ever met with anywhere. The people are Roman Catholics, and consequently the churches are not shut up. The parish church seems well attended; and I never passed in the evening, just as the light was fading, without

finding, on my entrance into it, an assemblage of kneeling people, all responding in mass to the solemn prayers that were murmured at the high altar. The organ and choir seemed to be well directed for a country place, and the peasantry on Sundays and festas appeared in costume.

There is also a little church on the hill, with a green spire. Its interior is rich in the possession of the skeleton of a saint, whose poor bones are clothed in brocaded satin and decked profusely with jewellery. The chapel of St. Valentine, a modern erection, built in fulfilment of a vow, is situated in a remote vale, under a mountain about two miles from the town. The architecture is Gothic, and the interior is beautifully painted and gilded. On an eminence above the town are the ruins of a castle, once, doubtless, formidable enough, as guarding the pass, but now a quiet spot, where one may spend an hour out of sight of the grape-eaters to be met with at every turn in the walks. From the window of my apartment we have a good view of the torrent, which is an object of interest here. A fine row of trees runs along its course. The best view of it may be obtained from the centre of the bridge entering the town. All the jagged mountain tops around appear thence to the greatest advantage. I went one afternoon up the mountain to Tyrol, about two hours' distance, where I remarked some charming views down into the valleys, along which the torrent takes its course. A tunnel has been bored through a most inaccessible-look-

ing rock, which had formerly to be climbed ere one could reach the vicinity of the castle.

On emerging from the tunnel, the castle is seen standing most picturesquely on a mound of beautiful verdure, and is approached by a winding way. A number of little old rooms, like those in a guard-house, are shown in the wing, after which the old custode opened a door leading to a chamber of good proportions, having old furniture carefully covered up, the Emperor Francis Joseph's picture in a light blue uniform, and also that of his predecessor. From this room there is a most beautiful view of the valley below, dotted with villages, and the surrounding mountains of varied forms. The mound, rich in verdure, is seen sloping down to a plain below, a tremendous depth, and in the ravine, guarding another approach lower down, are the ruins of a smaller castle. Beneath the chamber in which the Emperor's picture hangs is a chapel, with a very ancient doorway of white marble, recessed like that of some of our old cathedrals, and beautifully sculptured with curious figures of animals.

The silence and seclusion of this place would make it a delightful retreat, and its history in times gone by suggests many a romantic legend connected with it, when it was the stronghold of the mountain passes of the Tyrol. A road winds along the side of the hill beyond the town, and the valley can be reached in time by returning through some villages. The route on my return was very pleasant, being in the cool of the even-

ing. The moon rose splendidly over the mountain top and lighted the path. I found my way homeward. Day after day of unclouded beauty had given me every opportunity of seeing the beauties of the place; but at last rain, which was said to be "wanted," came down in earnest, and at once everyone set up a lamentation, as if it was the most vexatious calamity that could have happened. After a short interval, however, nature, freshened up by the welcome showers, shone forth again in glittering loveliness, rocks, trees, and waters appearing in such radiant beauty, that in the language of Scripture all seemed to "rejoice."

Throwing aside my pen and book I sallied forth to partake in the universal gladness; though from my large double window I had already been more than a spectator of this brightest of transformations. Mounted on a mule, and accompanied by a boy, I gradually ascended the Rauchenberg to the remains of an old castle standing on a finely-formed projection of the cliffs, at a point whence the views are very pretty, as they are also during the ascent by a path along the mountain side overlooking the vale.

On another of those fine days which I had the good fortune to enjoy I went to the Lebenburg, a castle with a high tower too ruinous to ascend. In the ruined chambers hang portraits of the lord and lady of this château, besides some old armour, and an object which causes the prying visitor to start when he perceives it, namely, a formidable bear stuffed, doubtless killed in

the neighbouring woods on some great hunting day. Several rooms, either repaired or well preserved, are furnished as bed-chambers. The family having the care of the château liberally dispense refreshments, and strangers may pass a few days at this old romantic place, exploring the surrounding silvan dales and heights. I regretted to find the tower so dilapidated, as its summit must command an extensive prospect, though there is nothing more than the valley to be seen at any distance near Meran.

On Sundays the peasant men, collected before the church, with their red-edged coats and pointed hats, make a gay appearance. Far in the country a few of them are to be met with wearing a most gigantic head-gear of feathers, quite formidable if seen in the twilight.

After a rest of some weeks I left for Innspruck, and passing through Botzen, the environs of which are more interesting than those of Meran, I remarked some fine projections of rock with ruins on them, and the remains of old shrines with stations leading up the ascent. The hills are high and rocky, and there are in the neighbourhood some curious pyramidal formations in a valley. The railroad to Verona looks quite romantic (if that is possible), going through a rocky opening to dear Italy, the land of softness and beauty, separated by its Alpine barrier from these rougher northern regions.

Verona is reached in six hours, and the Lake Garda station in three. There are gardens for promenaders, and a pretty view from the hills at both these places. The

hotel called the Kaiserkrone is a grand-looking establishment, and the others have clean and neat rooms looking over gardens overhung by rocks.

At five next morning I resumed my journey, and arrived at Brixen about mid-day. Brixen is one of the bishoprics of the Tyrol, and there the bishop's palace makes rather an imposing appearance as seen from the road. The suburbs, too, are very pleasant, and there are some fine residences in them. The great Francis fortress is at the entrance of a mountain defile, into which the road turns towards Innspruck instead of taking the Villach route. One part of the fortress stands high above the road, the other on what looks like an island of rock, at the base of which boils a torrent far below. Stertzing, our next station, we arrived at quite late, perhaps ten o'clock, in pouring rain. There was just light enough next morning to see some of the curious old houses painted outside ere plunging under a heavy archway on leaving the town. The Brenner pass was preceded by fragments of rock, increasing as we advanced to cliffs, and at last appearing as mountain heights. It was more than three hours ere the powers of three stout horses, which seemed to be heavily taxed, could bring to the summit the lumbering vehicle called the "Gesellschaft Wagen." In the village at the head of the pass was a large post-house and hotel, near which was a little chapel, out of which people were coming in pelting rain, followed last of all by the priest, who, opening and closing the wicket gate, went into his

home. Houses of prayer, wherever seen, however humble, are they not a social bond, knitting together the whole human race, and showing the need man has for communion with his Maker?

Passing on, and beginning to descend, I soon came to a minute lake called ostentatiously enough the Brenner See, though its waters indicate by their colour and movement that they are of considerable depth and volume; and as they pour down in cascades they gradually form a tumultuous torrent in the bed of the valley on the right of the road, where an intrusive railway is in progress. A fine wide carriage road winds down to the plain on which Innspruck stands. The river is here bordered with trees, and in the town are several churches and wide streets, in one of which is a house with a curious painted front and a gilded roof. We reached this pleasant town, seventy-nine miles from Botzen, about two in the afternoon. Proceeding on by railway, we got to Rufstein at six, passing through the "Under Valley of the Inn," a narrow defile between rocky heights, watered by the river, and spread with a carpet of brightest verdure. We came to several villages or small towns, such as Hall, Volders, Schwatz, Rattenberg, and Worgl. Two nuns with pyramidal white bonnets of the ugliest outline, but enclosing calm faces, and wearing beads and crucifixes appended to a death's head, went with us as far as Schwatz, the youngest catching up her rosary out of my heretical sight with a jerk which was rather amusing. They were succeeded

by three priests going as far as Worgl. The elder I soon found was an embodied note of interrogation, and must certainly have been of transatlantic origin.

The whole vale had a cheerful and pleasant aspect. Crossing the Russian bridge I came to an hotel, where I took up my quarters. Close to the town are several towers with extinguisher tops, which a dense mist next morning prevented me from discerning to any advantage. The people at the station were very troublesome about my passport, an annoyance which I could not help attributing to the priest's extraordinary curiosity.

As I am now on the Bavarian frontier I must bid farewell to the beautiful Tyrol, too interesting a region to have been so hurried through, if the season had not been breaking up, and I felt so fatigued, both mentally and bodily, by a year's almost incessant travelling. I was so exhausted, indeed, that I was only desirous to "flee away and be at rest."

After passing Rosenlei the valley merged into a dull plain, though the Tyrol mountains continued still some time in sight, and we once had a glimpse of some of the high Alps covered with snow, as well as of the points of the three Herrn Spitz and the Great Glockner.

We stopped next at Holtzkirchen, a common restaurant station, where a halt of half an hour seemed to be made especially for the benefit of the third-class passengers, who take one of their meals at half-past ten. At Munich, where the train halted before mid-day, the aspect of everything was dreary in the extreme, under a low and

cloudy white sky, and where not a height was to be seen rising a foot above the plain. Munich, however, is a handsome city, but I shivered as I entered it, remembering the touch I once had of the rigour of its winter climate. I was very glad to hurry away from the Bavarian capital to Augsburg, though the rain was pouring in torrents. I arrived, however, fortunately in a dry interval, during which I had the pleasure of seeing the Domkirche, the grand portal of which is so beautiful, adorned with figures similar to those which are sculptured on the exterior of the walls. The interior is of noble height, with slender pillars rising to the roof. A painted window with immense medallions at the east end, and another at the south-west, seemed very beautiful productions of art. Many persons were kneeling near one of the altars, engaged in the service of vespers.

The city seemed handsome, its high, picturesque houses having arched roofs. A spirited military band was passing to quarters while I was looking on, playing most exquisite music. The comfortable, large, warm room at the station, with table laid out and cutlets excellently cooked, seemed always magically ready for every one, come when he might.

I left at half-past six, and by the slowest of slow trains came to Ulm at a very late hour. I had time, however, to see the Domkirche here before leaving next day. The Minster being in German Protestant hands was of course hermetically shut, the old man's house

through whose rooms one must pass to enter the sacred building alsolutely intruding into the aisle itself, as if to keep the house of God the more secure. The grand entrance-doors (always kept closed) are deeply recessed, and the decorations of the arch represent the Creation, the Fall, and the quarrel of Cain and Abel.

Within there is some beautiful wood carving over the stalls, between each of which there are busts of the heathen sages, Pythagoras, Seneca, &c.; above are those of the prophets of the Old Testament, and still higher those of the Apostles. On the opposite side are figures of women, the Sibyls of Delphi, &c., the Jewesses Sarah, Rachel, &c., and the martyrs and holy women of the New Testament. Amongst the female saints' the bust of St. Cecilia is exquisitely finished. Five painted windows in a semi-circle are of great beauty, two of them the workmanship of the fifteenth century, the others more ancient. The chapel of a family named Bergass, with a window in medallions, is pointed out; and a painting of the good Burgomaster himself, most life-like in execution, is kept in a kind of case fixed against the wall. Yet these worthy people would have had their Protestant feelings shocked by the picture of a saint.

The length of the Minster, looking from the west end, is remarkable. The pulpit is adorned with some new and beautiful spiral carving. There have been in former days some frescoes on the pillars and walls, but these are now almost obliterated, I believe purposely. It was

a cold, windy day, but going over this Minster excited a glow, not of fatigue, but of something like anger. The sermon was on Sunday, *then* it was open. I was informed that to have said anything about prayers would have been thought *papistical.* I set off at ten o'clock, and arrived next at Geislingen, a town at the end of a valley, in the midst of rocks and woods, and some pretty fertile country, which, indeed, is characteristic of Würtemburg in its whole extent, but otherwise without any remarkable features. I arrived at Stuttgart at 2 P.M., where the kindest of friends awaited me with the kindest of welcomes. And here, my long journey completed, I lay down my pen.

THE END.

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13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, NOVEMBER, 1866.

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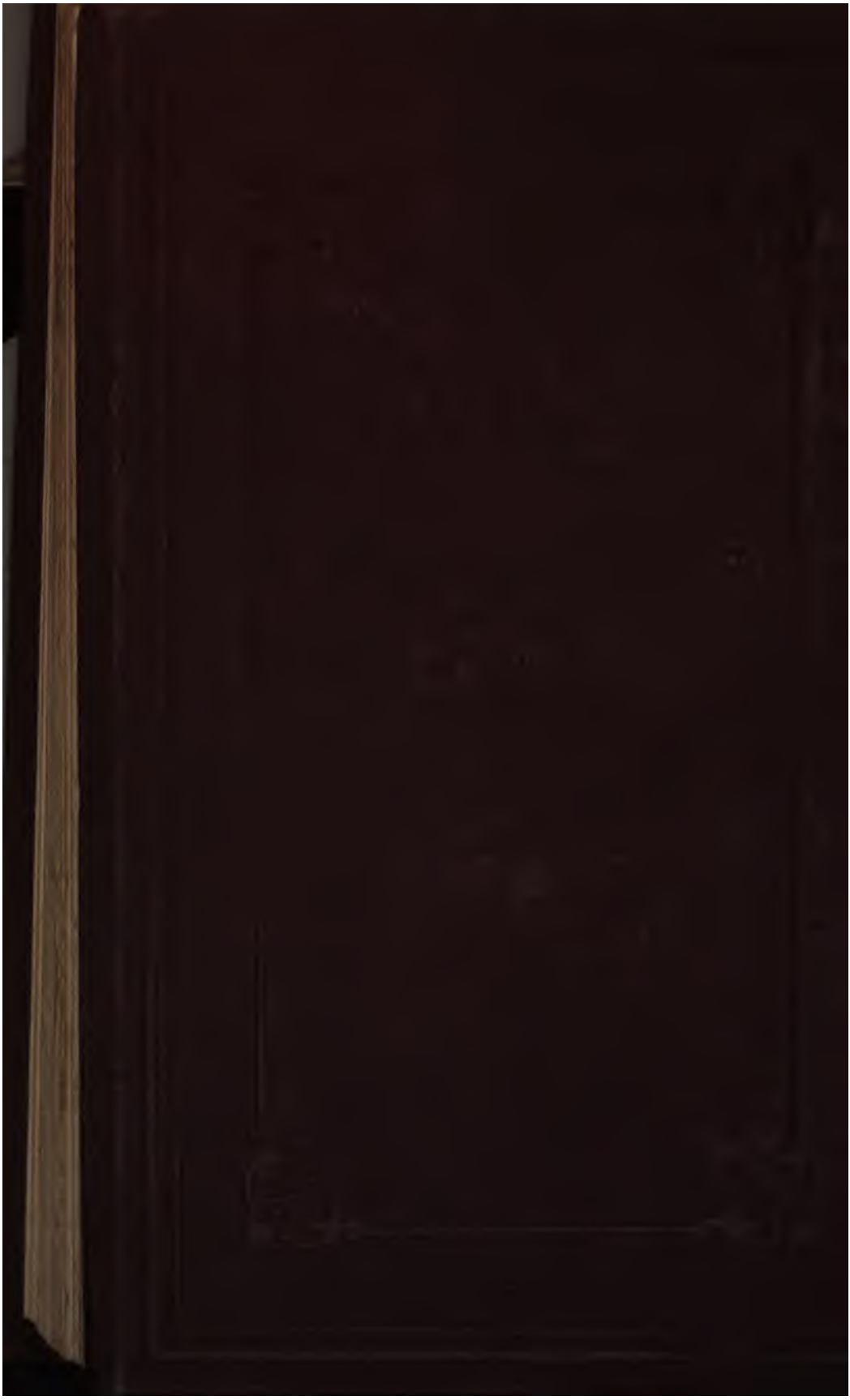
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